Mar. 1, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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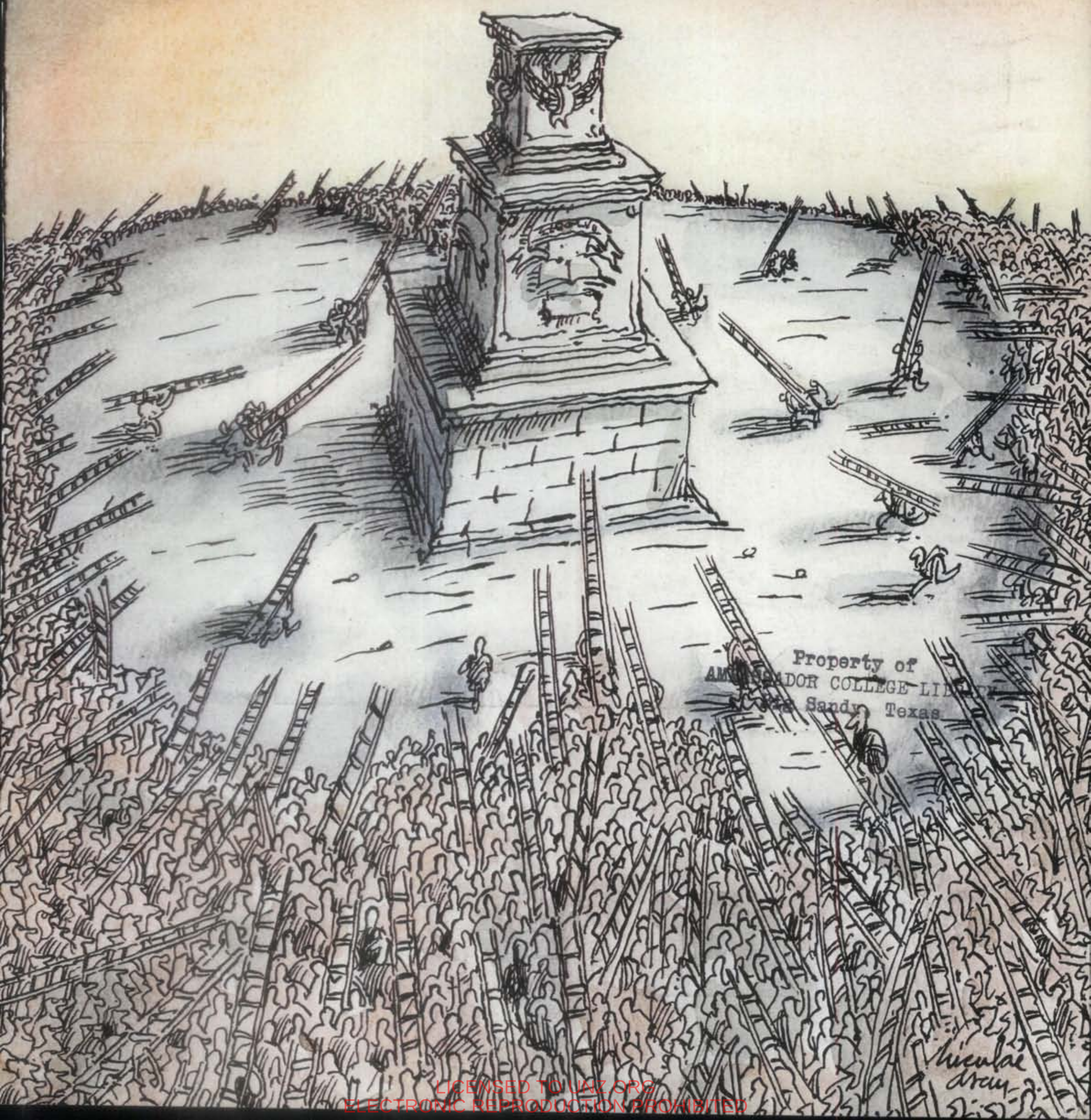

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Apple Pie—This work is billed as an opera, but Myrna Lamb's libretto is so much stronger than Nicholas Meyers' score (appropriate and spirited though it is) that the show is more properly described as a musical play. It tells the story of an oppressed young woman, and although it often seems disjointed and muddled, and somehow out of date in point of view, it has its moments. Robert Guillaume is impressive as the heroine's lover, Stephanie Cotsirilos does well as the heroine, and so do Lee Allen and Lucille Patton in other roles. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Boss—A revival of Edward Sheldon's 1911 melodrama. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except March 3, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A musical with a book by Loften Mitchell, with music by Eubie Blake, Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, Andy Razaf, Cab Calloway, Earl Hines, W.C. Handy, and others. Avon Long, Josephine Premice, Vivian Reed, and Joseph Attles head a cast directed by Robert M. Cooper. Previews through Sunday, Feb. 29. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 2. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesse and the Bandit Queen—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime, Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is at least an occasion for two performances—by Barry Primus and Dixie Carter, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 29.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Judd Hirsch is everybody else. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Matter of Gravity—Katharine Hepburn with merry acerbity pretending to be almost eighty. The scene is a charming English country house, and Enid Bagnold, who wrote the play, knows a lot about houses, gardens, and (being eighty-six) the eighties. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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29	1	2	3	4	5	6

Me and Bessie—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Mrs. Warren's Profession—Lynn Redgrave is brilliant in this amiable revival of one of Shaw's earliest plays. Also on hand are Philip Bosco, Ruth Gordon, Ron Randell, Edward Herrmann, and Milo O'Shea. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, March 3, at 2:30.)

The Norman Conquests—Alan Ayckbourn requires three full-length plays to tell us as much as he thinks we ought to know about his nasty Don Juan of a hero. Funny lines and situations, and first-rate acting by Estelle Parsons and Carole Shelley. The schedule is complicated—**table manners:** Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 2; Friday, Feb. 27, as well as Monday, March 1, and Wednesday, March 3, at 8; and Saturday, March 6, at 2. . . . **living together:** Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2; and Tuesday, March 2, as well as Thursday, March 4, and Saturday, March 6, at 8. . . . **round and round the garden:** Thursday, Feb. 26, and Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8; Wednesday, March 3, at 2; and Friday, March 5, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

Pacific Overtures—A musical that, with comparatively little music, tells the unedifying story of how Commodore Perry helped open up Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian and almost all-male cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Phoenix Theatre—A five-play repertory that will

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COVER: *Niculae Asciu*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, William Steig, William Hamilton, Donald Reilly, William O'Brian, Warren Miller, Charles Barsotti, Mort Gerberg, Barney Tobey, George Booth, James Stevenson, Frank Modell, Dean Vietor, Joseph Farris, Edward Frascino, Dana Fradon, Henry Martin, Joseph Mirachi, Lou Myers, Mischa Richter, Arnie Levin, Al Ross, Stan Hunt*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

run for several months. Tennessee Williams' **27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON** and Arthur Miller's **A MEMORY OF TWO MONDAYS,** a twin bill directed by Arvin Brown: Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Feb. 26, and Tuesday, March 2, at 8; Wednesday, March 3, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, March 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Sidney Howard's **THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED,** directed by Stephen Porter: Friday, Feb. 27, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Feb. 29, at 3; Thursday and Friday, March 4-5, at 8; and final performance Saturday, March 6, at 2. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820.)

POLISH MIME THEATRE—The last two in a series of performances by Henryk Tomaszewski's company of twenty-three. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 7 and 9:30.)

THE PRIMARY ENGLISH CLASS—A one-act comedy of misunderstanding that goes on a bit too long but is full of merriment all the same. With Diane Keaton. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

RICH AND FAMOUS—John Guare's imaginative and very funny fantasy about—of all things—a failed playwright. William Atherton is excellent as the hero, and he is well attended by Anita Gillette and Ron Leibman as all the other characters. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

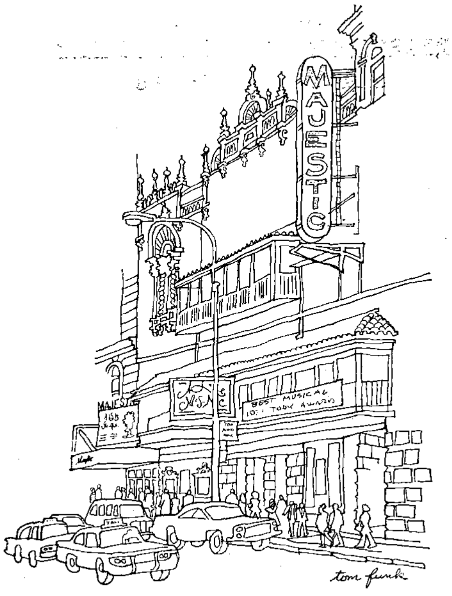
THE ROYAL FAMILY—This revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores, under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE SHORTCHANGED REVIEW—This first play by Michael Dorn Moody may be brimming over with words and episodes, but it is brimming over with talent, too. Some of the episodes may seem stagy and melodramatic, but the characters, more often than not, are believable. The principal character is a self-deluded, middle-aged owner of a rock radio station, whose unswerving determination to promote the career of a young singer causes considerable trouble, and even tragedy. The performances, under Richard Southern's direction, are very good indeed. Mason Adams is the lead, and he receives splendid support from T. Miratti, Virginia Vestoff, Herbert Braha, Tricia Boyer, and William Russ. Notable, too, are the settings, by Marsha L. Eck; the lighting, by Cheryl Thacker; and the music, by a group called Clouds. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 29.)

SHOWDOWN—A comedy by Don Evans. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 29. Free.)

TRAVESTIES—The King's English as few kings have ever been able to speak it. An exceedingly witty play by Tom Stoppard, acted to perfection by John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) in the leading role. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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VERY GOOD EDDIE—A saucy little musical, which was the bee's knees in 1915. The music is by Jerome Kern, and some of the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

YENTL—An awkward play about Jewish life in Poland in the nineteenth century. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, in which the many implausibilities of the plot must have been easier to steal past than they are onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Richard Burton, Keith McDermott, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; on Thursday, Feb. 26, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,593 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run *through Sunday, March 28*—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 690-3189); Thursday, Feb. 26, and Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 29, at 2: "Fête Noire," "The Combat" (company première), "Manifestations" (New York première), and "Forces of Rhythm." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2; and Sunday, Feb. 29, at 7:30: "Holberg Suite," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Every Now and Then," "Biosfera," and "Dougla." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 2-3, at 8, and Saturday, March 6, at 2: "Concerto" (company première), "Carmen," and "Rhythmetron." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 4-5, and Saturday, March 6, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Bugaku," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux" (company première), and "Forces of Rhythm." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

DANCE UMBRELLA AT ROUNDABOUT STAGE ONE—A four-week season by seven contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, March 14. **KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday evening, Feb. 25, and Saturday and Sunday evenings, Feb. 28-29. . . . **ELIZABETH KEEN DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 26-27, and Sunday matinée, Feb. 29. . . . **KAZUKO HIRABAYASHI DANCE THEATRE:** Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, March 2-3; Saturday evening, March 6; and Sunday matinée, March 7. . . . **MARGARET BEALS & IMPULSES COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday evenings, March 4-5, and Sunday evening, March 7. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE—A six-member troupe in a program of contemporary dance that consists of "Ciona," "Pseudopodia," "Walklyndon," "Ocellus," and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, March 5, at 7:30; Saturday, March 6, at 8; and Sunday, March 7, at 2.)

LES BALLETS TROCKADERO DE MONTE CARLO—Thursday, Feb. 26, at 7:30, and Sunday, Feb. 29, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Go for Barocco," "The Great Ladies," and "Don Quixote." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, at 8: "Walpurgis Nacht," "Pas de Quatre," "The Forgiven," "Liberation of the American People," and "Go for Barocco." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quartet (trumpet, baritone saxophone, bass, drums), which became the rage for a time and helped get West Coast jazz off to its cool, damask start. He put together an ingenious sextet (trumpet, tenor saxophone, trombone, baritone saxophone, bass, drums) that not only swung but used marvellous improvised ensembles that had infinite, and still largely unexplored, possibilities. And he organized a thirteen-piece "concert" band notable for its polish and for the fine, loose-jointed arrangements of the late Gary McFarland. But since then Mulligan has abandoned his world-beating role and, though playing just as well, has divided his time largely between woodshedding in Connecticut and occasional appearances with Dave Brubeck or with pickup groups like the quintet he has here until Saturday, March 6. (It includes Tom Fay on piano, Dave Samuels on vibraphone, Frank Luther on bass, and Bill Goodwin on drums.) On a recent evening, he played "My Funny Valentine," and such originals as "A Walk on the Water," "For an Unfinished Woman," "Wondering," and "Chalk Garden," and he soloed at length on all of them. (On "Chalk Garden" and "A Walk on the Water," he played soprano saxophone, which he has taken up in recent years and which resists him.) Mulligan falls about midway between his two great compeers, Harry Carney and Serge Chaloff. Carney luxuriated in tone, in making mountain-moving sounds, and Chaloff played with a shaking emotionalism. Mulligan, in contrast, has always kept design and logic uppermost in his improvisations. Most solos never get where they are going, but Mulligan's do; you go first class with him, and you arrive. Two or three sets from around ten. Closed Sundays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN** (piano, leader), **PEE WEE ERWIN** (trumpet), **BOB WILBER** (soprano saxophone, clarinet), **MILT HINTON** (bass), and **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** (drums) have gathered together to play Scott Joplin, James P. Johnson, and Jelly Roll Morton, and it is an enlightening, and even exciting, event. Hyman, who is one of the directors of the New York Jazz Repertory Company, has done the arrangements, which are a nice blend of the old recordings and fresh improvisation. The first couple of sets on opening night included a good band treatment of James P.'s piano piece, "Carolina Shout," as well as his graceful "Old Fashioned Love;" Morton's mysterious "Fickle Fay Creep," his mournful and beautiful "Buddy Bolden's Blues," and his rampaging "Black Bottom Stomp;" Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag," done as a piano solo, and his "Aunt Dinah," from "Treemonisha;" and several ringers, among them "Gone with the Wind," a fine medium B-flat blues, Louis Armstrong's "Cake Walkin' Babies," and Smith and McCarron's "Down in Honky Tonk Town." The band is spirited and precise. Hyman is a first-rate distiller, and Erwin, who enlivened Benny Goodman's famous 1935 band, still celebrates Bunny Berigan. Wilber, of course, is the best soprano saxophonist we have, and on the B-flat blues and "Old Fashioned Love" he was impassioned. Hinton got off some rumbustious slapped-bass solos, and Rosengarden paraded his Zutty Singleton press rolls and his Baby Dodds spooky tomtoms. The best thing about the proceedings is that they are not tongue-in-cheek, and as a result the music shines as brightly as it did when it was first played. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. . . . **HUBBELL PIERCE,** the singer and pianist, is here in the attractive Bird Cage after a long absence from the New York night scene. He has the insouciant, swinging approach that one associates with composer-singers like Matt Dennis and Johnny Mercer and Hoagy Carmichael. Tuesdays through Saturdays eight to one. Closed Sundays.

•

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings,

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collard greens and ribs on the menu, and mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON** is now installed on it with a quartet that features **GEORGE COLEMAN** on tenor saxophone. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Wednesday, Feb. 25, is baroque-jazz-enthusiast night: pianist and movie-music composer Claude Bolling teams up with M. Flûte—Jean-Pierre Rampal—to carry on in the tradition of the Swingle Singers. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 26-29, Tom Scott, a television composer, a King Curtis-derived saxophonist, and a jazz consultant to the stars—Carole King, Ringo Starr, Barbra Streisand, et al.—will head up his well-rehearsed band. Folk and pop singer Mary Travers will come in for three nights—Monday through Wednesday, March 1-3. On Thursday, March 4, the Brecker Brothers, a soul-jazz-R. & B.-rock outfit co-piloted by Randy and Mike Brecker, will begin a four-night stint. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist, Bill Takas, play against the din through Saturday, Feb. 28. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS,** whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** will return home—wearing a tux rather than a N.Y. Bets T-shirt—on Tuesday, March 2. He'll perform Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty five, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** currently in the Bemelmans Bar, was a good minor pianist when she came up in the fifties; now she commands and moves. Her time is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato, backpedalling figures, double-time sprints, and spacious, collecting rests. Weeknights from nine-fifteen.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—**DUKE JORDAN,** not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, he is fleet and immaculate, but the same cannot be said of the house instrument. Music from eleven until four. Dining.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Stride pianist Joe Turner winds up his first American club engagement in some thirty years on Saturday, Feb. 28. On Monday, March 1, vocalist Dolly Dawn will come in with pianist Marty Napoleon and bassist Bucky Calabrese. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN** outlines the history of the jazz piano. Dining.

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Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Gary Hawkins, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. Trombonist Jimmy Knepper will sit in with the regulars on Tuesday, March 2. Red Richards plays piano most nights from five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, Feb. 29, will be set aside for soprano saxophonists **KENNY DAVERN** and **BOB WILBER** and their quintet, Soprano Summit, from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER,** who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **RUSSELL PROCOPE** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-four-year-old **BROOKS KERR,** a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, **ATTILA ZOLLER,** a quick-stepping guitarist with a full-bodied tone, and the fine bassist **WILBUR LITTLE** run the store Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 29, from five to nine, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson works with bassist Jimmy Lewis and guitarist Ted Dunbar.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**RUBY BRAFF** is here, leading the resident traditional group through Saturday, Feb. 28; Max Kaminsky will be in charge on Monday, March 1; and on Tuesday, March 2, **ROY ELDRIDGE** will be restored to the helm after a two-week absence. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Weekly (Mondays through Thursdays) celebrations of blues, R. & B., soul, funk, and the like. The celebrants: bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** guitarists **ERIC GALE** and **CORNELL DUPREE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** and either **STEVE GADD** or **CHRIS PARKER** on drums. Large numbers of upper West Siders tend to show up. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 27-29, drummer **ROY HAYNES** takes his youthful quintet through some familiar and still moving material. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. The Good Old Boys, a loose San Francisco bluegrass quintet, sings and picks through Thursday, Feb. 26. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 27-29, Tom Paxton, who wrote some of the sixties' best, if not best-known, folk songs, will be here. David Sancious, Bruce Springsteen's pianist, will come in on Wednesday, March 3. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Le Petit Café, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—**HANK JONES,** a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dinner and supper.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Ellen Greene, who appears in the film "Next Stop Greenwich Village" and will perform in a Lincoln Center production of "The Threepenny Opera," first showed up on this doorstep a few years ago as an irony-studded, theatrics-first singer. Her various affectations included a twenties torch singer (she gave the audience lots of suffering profiles) and an aspiring Ethel Merman belter (she emphasized the vibrato but couldn't handle the range, control, or conviction). Her irony used to set her apart from the scores of local cabaret singers who sell their audiences short by emoting rather than feeling; her current stage persona—a sort of Tin Pan Alley version of Patti Smith—tries to combine her sardonic bent with the sort of playacting

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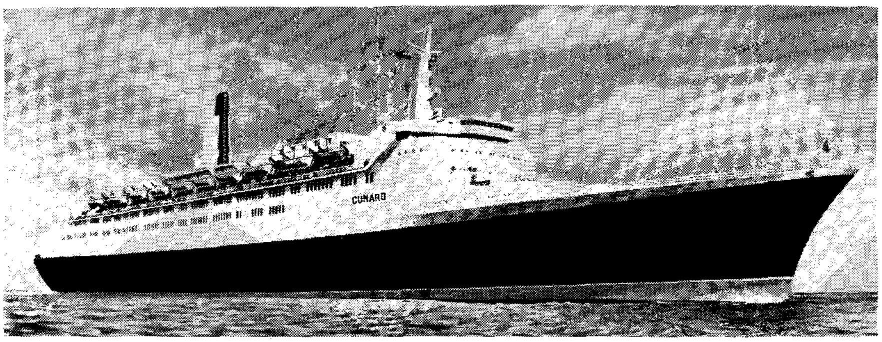

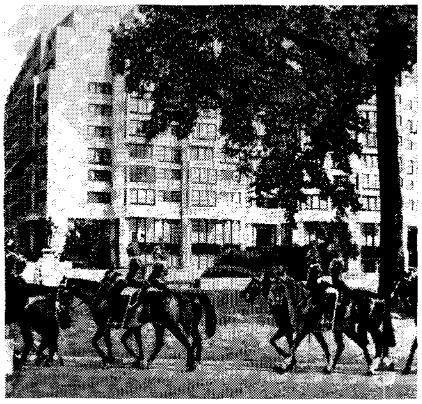

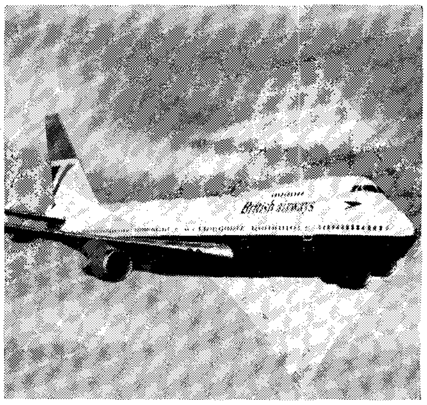

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sentiment that is so fashionable on the cabaret circuit. Wearing a sloppily draped Dietrich-like tuxedo and top hat, she sings "Just a Gigolo," slips into stagy, outmoded accents and gestures, and careers into "straight," crescendi-ridden versions of "Make It Easy on Yourself" and "Where Is the Love?" Miss Greene may think of her act as charming, anachronistic vaudeville, but then again, she may not—she changes levels so many times, it's sometimes hard to keep up with her. Through Sunday, Feb. 29. On Tuesday, March 2, **ANITA O'DAY**, who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, will return with her refined and, sometimes, elusive musical insights. Shows at nine and midnight. **BLOSSOM DEARIE**, who looks out steadily and brightly from inside the songs she sings, is again doing her five-thirty-to-seven pocket concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost that usually features small jazz combos. On Wednesdays, guitarist Joe Puma, bassist Victor Sproles, and saxophonist Carmen Leggio perform; on Thursdays, the proceedings are turned over to saxophonist Eddie Daniels and his group; and on Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, the very fine **ATTILA ZOLLER** will bring in his trio. Sundays, as always, are reserved for the **CHUCK WAYNE-JOE PUMA** guitar duo. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The acoustically perfect music corner of this highly congested bar and restaurant will be turned over to pianist **KENNY BARRON** and magical bassist **RON CARTER**, through Saturday, Feb. 28. Sunday through Tuesday, Feb. 29-March 2, pianist Jack Reilley will work with bassist Jack Six. On Wednesday, March 3, **DICK WELLSTOOD** will dive into stride numbers, rags, and other old-time piano fare. The hours run from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A very pleasant hangout with Saturday-afternoon poetry readings and a hectic music schedule that comprises various small jazz groups. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—The upstairs room in the Village Gate is alive and kicking on Friday and Saturday nights. On Feb. 27-28, **ART BLAKEY** and his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will alternate with **SONNY FORTUNE**, the hard-edged alto saxophonist who's been attracting a good deal of attention lately. The following weekend, March 5-6, pianist Ahmad Jamal, who once estimated that he has played "Poinciana" about a hundred thousand times, will bring in his quartet. Music from ten. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The **HEATH** brothers—tenor saxophonist **JIMMY** and bassist **PERCY**—finish up a week here with their quartet on Sunday, Feb. 29. On Tuesday, March 2, saxophonist Dave Liebman, who spent more than a year in apprenticeship with the seventies version of the Miles Davis band, will arrive with his own quintet. For the past year or so, Liebman has been furthering the cause of high-test jazz-rock with this group, which reflects the Master's preference for heavy amplification. It's called Lookout Farm, and its instrumentation is piano, bass, drums, tablas, and electronic reeds. On Monday, March 1, **BILL WATROUS** will execute some gliding trombone work with his youthful, jazz-rock-riffing, seventeen-man aggregation. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Nat Jones works out with his bassist, Clint Houston, Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. On Wednesdays, Harold Ashby's quartet takes the stand; and on Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays have been claimed by two tenor saxophonists—Buddy Tate and Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex—drummer Ronnie Cole, and others. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 5:45: **ODETTA**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 3, at 5:45: **JOSHUA LOGAN**.

California Soul—Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8: **STAPLE SINGERS** and **ASHFORD & SIMPSON**. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8: **GRAHAM CENTRAL STATION, LEROY HUTSON**, and **FIRST CHOICE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: **DIONNE WARWICK, IMPRESSIONS**, and **AL JARREAU**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 29, at 7: **ALICE COLTRANE, PAT MARTINO, DAVID NEWMAN**, and **DAVE SANBORN**. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718.)

Lou Rawls, Les McCann, and **Charles Earland**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Feb. 27, at 7 and 11.

Silver Convention, Touch of Class, and **Faith Hope & Charity**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 7 and 11.

Machito—With the Collective Black Artists Ensemble, his own rhythm section, Chico O'Farrill, and Sonny Fortune. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

George Burns and **the World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Sunday, Feb. 29, at 8.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The first of two special programs in which lyricists (in this case Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller) discuss their work, with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Herbie Mann and the Family of Mann—Two benefit performances. (Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. Sunday, Feb. 29, at 9 and 11. For information about tickets, call 688-8257.)

Stéphane Grappelli—With the Diz Disley Trio. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 2, at 8.)

Carole King—Beacon Theatre. Friday through Sunday, March 5-7, at 8.

Cat Stevens, the Majikat, and **Earth Tour**—Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, March 4-5, at 8.

Carmel Quinn—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 6, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Romare Bearden—Oil paintings on paper that continue this artist's American jazz series—a transliteration of the jazz idiom into pictorial form. Through March 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Norris Embry—Lurid mélanges, some of which depict, in paint and collage, an "I Am a Camera" view of pre-Hitler German high life, except that some of the revelry evoked here seems to have been really entertaining rather than just sordid. Through Saturday, March 6. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Elias Friedensohn—Twelve paintings that form a sort of documentary painted from recollections of a recent summer spent in Crete, where a group of dropouts had set up a commune in rocky caves along the seashore and sought the ideal existence without the bother of clothes or, except for their Volkswagen, any other trappings of civilization. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Semi-abstracts by a German artist who might be called shortsighted in that his compositions seldom range beyond his studio walls—the taboret with the palette on top, the coat hooks hung with stained smocks, the paint cans on the floor. Occasionally, he looks out the window, and it is murky out there. (First one-man show in New York.) Through Saturday, March 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Sidney Geist—Sculptures (wood, stone, aluminum, and other materials) in styles ranging from figurative to abstract. Through Saturday, March 6. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Robert Goodnough—Recent paintings. Through March 10. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

George Greene—Abstract Plexiglas constructions, plus drawings. Through Saturday, March 6. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

James Herbert—Figurative paintings. Through March 13. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

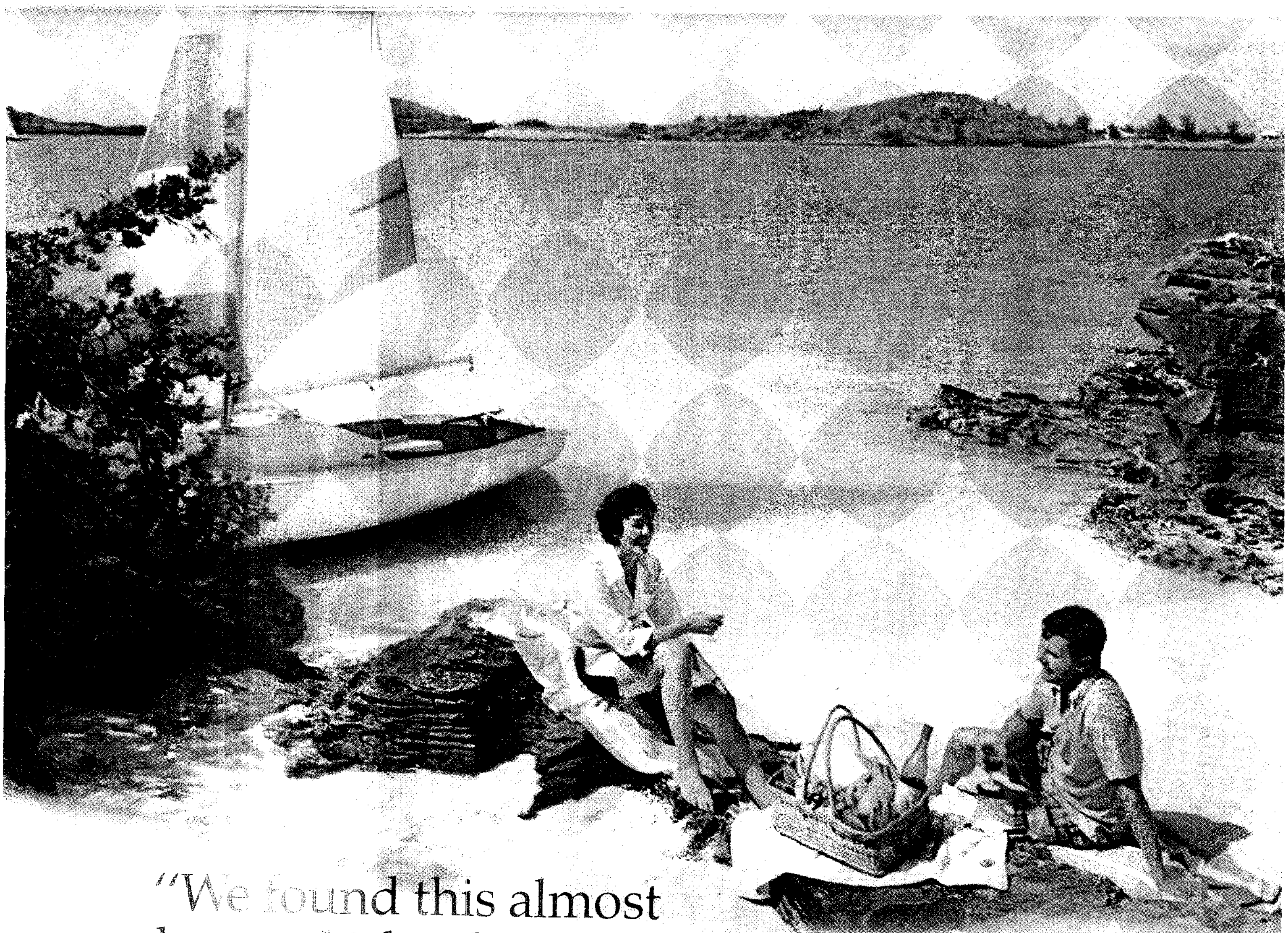
Peter Homitzky—Paintings of the New Jersey countryside, focussing on the colorful sharp-edged patterns made by industrial complexes, tidy farmlands, commercial flower beds, and the like, plus studies, painted with the same attention to pattern, of his newborn daughter's pacifiers. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Leonid—Peaceful landscapes, some with figures, of seaside marshes and flatlands. Through Saturday, March 6. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Jean François Millet (1814-75)—Four fully realized portraits, including an adoring one of his first wife, are the surprises in this show, which also, of course, offers examples of his more familiar, doggedly rustic works, which still evoke the smell of freshly turned earth. Through March 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Morris—There are two artists of this name now on the local scene; this is the new one, and he paints small grisaille works that have the quality of old snapshots, except that each contains either a jolting anachronism (Lincoln and McClellan in the tent where Brady snapped them, paying no heed to a swarm of helicopters thrashing by overhead) or an equally startling juxtaposition (a girl seated outdoors, in an old dentist's chair, calmly confronting the single-seater plane that is hurtling toward her, only a gasp away). First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 6. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Philip Mullen—Large abstract paintings imposed on a grid framework that seems to have been not so much painted as iced, like a cake; first one-man show in New York.



"We found this almost deserted island with a delightful little beach surrounded by flowers and pure pinky white sand."

Campbell and Marylou Miller on the Millers' third visit to Bermuda.

"I think the island is perfect, but the people make the island."

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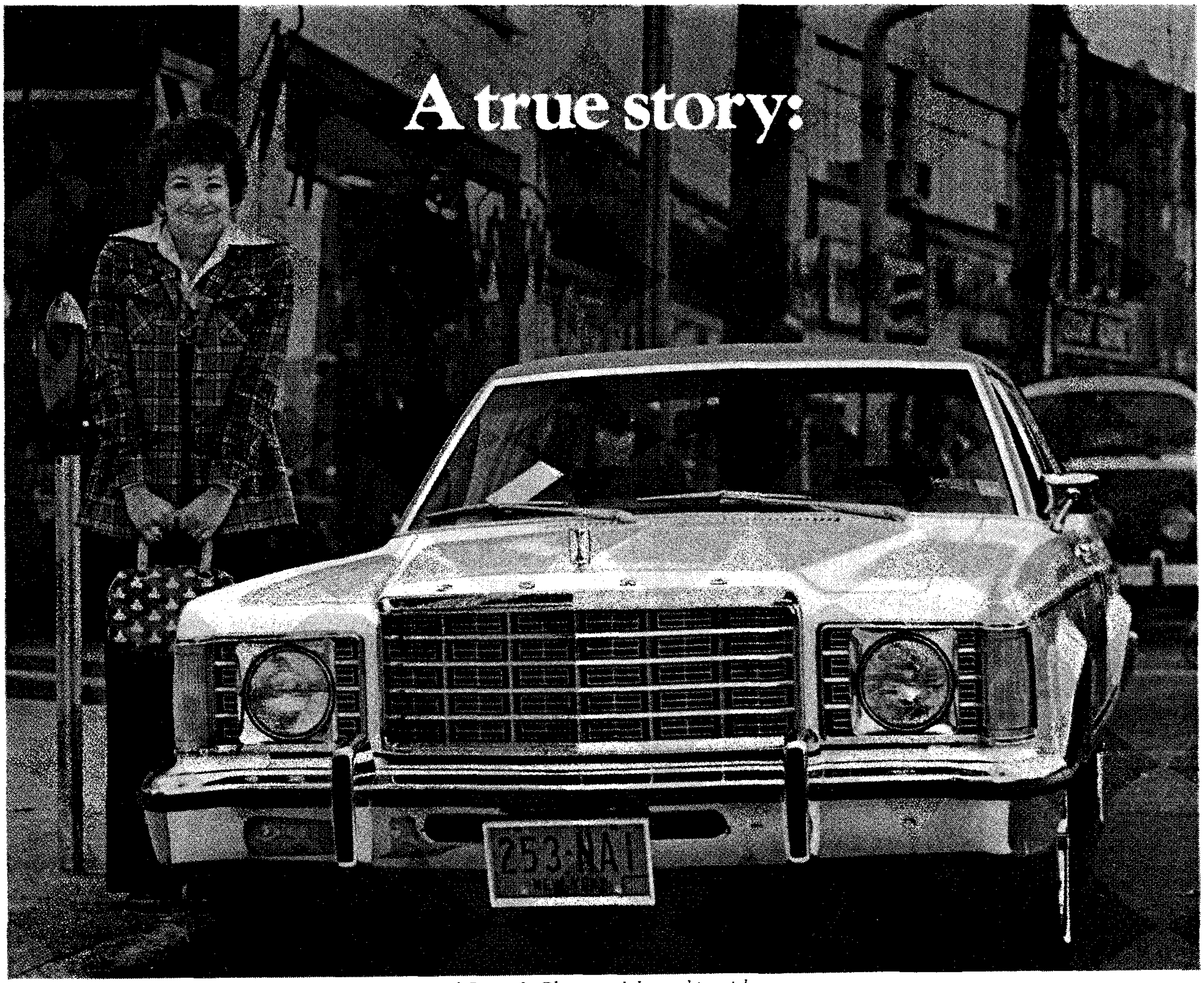
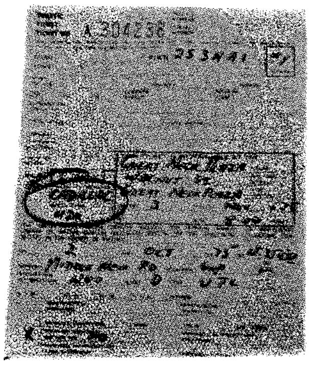


The Scene of the Crime: Elaine Finkelstein, her new Ford Granada Ghia...and the parking ticket.

"My parking ticket said Cadillac. But my car is a Ford Granada."

Elaine Finkelstein
Manhasset, New York

Exhibit A: The Ticket.



On October 2, 1975 the meter ran out on Elaine Finkelstein of Manhasset, New York:

"When I came out of the store and saw the parking ticket on my windshield, I thought Oh no! But when I looked at the ticket...and it said 'Cadillac'...I couldn't believe it! My car is a Ford Granada."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Alice Neel—Can it be that Alice Neel is softening? Some of the portraits in this show of recent work—particularly those of the artists Isabel Bishop and Sari Dienes—would seem to indicate so, but there are enough of the old hard lines of truth, and enough of her own naked style of nudity, to reassure the apprehensive. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Peter Paul—Paintings of architectural subjects (buildings, columns, and so on) in tempera on canvas; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 6. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Jean-Pierre Péricaud—Two or three bold swipes of brilliant color on a large white canvas typify these nonobjective oils by a French artist; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, March 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Gary Stephan—Arrangements of heavy rag paper that has been torn, and sometimes folded, into simple geometric shapes and daubed with Chinese white, plus larger oils, for which the paper works seem to have been preparatory studies. Also, a few small pieces of minimalist-looking sculpture. Through Thursday, March 4. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

Barney Tobey—Cartoons from the last twenty-five years. Through Saturday, March 6. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

American Cartoons—A collection of original drawings from the golden age of the comic strip—Maggie and Jiggs, Mutt and Jeff, Happy Hooligan, Krazy Kat, Little Jimmy (at an embryonic stage), and others—as well as a scattering of works by some of the better-known illustrators and magazine artists of the period, such as Peter Arno, Ralph Barton (represented by a rare self-caricature), Henry Raleigh, and Rollin Kirby. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: One Aubusson tapestry by each of twenty-five artists including Sonia Delaunay and Stanley Boxer. Also two pieces by Alexander Calder. Through March 16. . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: American Impressionist paintings by Childe Hassam, Maurice Prendergast, John H. Twachtman, and others. Through March 27. . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Gallery members Peggy Bacon, John Heliker, Tom Hardy, and others showing recent paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . **sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Watercolors, plus a few oils and drawings, by a group that includes Feininger and Klee. Through March 27. . . . **weyhe**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings, sculptures, and graphics by such artists as Arthur B. Davies and Gaston Lachaise. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . **doris wiener**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings and drawings dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Through March 20. . . . **willard**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten artists. Through Thursday, March 4.

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work uptown include: **agustin fernandez** at Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5); **elena kepalas** at Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **komar** and **melamid** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **bonnie sklarski** at Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **nicholas sperakis** at Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. (Through Saturday, Feb. 28. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

John Taylor Arms (1887-1953)—A comprehensive exhibition of etchings of Gothic architectural details. Through March 20. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Kendra Ferguson—Works on paper, some of them white-on-white geometric collages. Through Saturday, March 6. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

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Darryl Hughto—Large abstracts by an artist who continues to work within a diamond-shaped area, concentrating on a colorful field of energy cooped up inside. Through Thursday, March 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Morris Kantor (1896-1974)—Paintings and drawings from the twenties that reflect this artist's reaction to the successive waves of European influence—Cubism, Orphism, the Blaue Reiter group—that were washing over eagerly receptive young American painters at the time. Kantor eventually developed a distinctive style of his own, and left his stamp on a couple of generations at the Art Students League. Through Saturday, March 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sylvia Mangold—Precisionist paintings: schoolroom rulers laid out on wooden and linoleum floors. Through March 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paul Mogensen—Geometric abstractions on shaped canvases. Through March 13. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Hans Moller—Landscape paintings, some of the coast of Maine. Through March 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Two series of abstract constructions in wood, one group painted white, the other painted black. Through March 13. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Pace—Easygoing figurative paintings, mostly of summery scenes—luncheon on the terrace, nudes ascending from a pool, frisky saddle horses romping behind their fences. Through Thursday, March 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Cesar Paternosto—Nonobjective paintings on shaped canvases. Through March 20. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—A number of the large, painstakingly rendered nudes that are characteristic of this artist, together with a dozen or so portraits executed in the same searching manner. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Harold Stevenson—Paintings of anatomical details, some depicted as marble, some as flesh and blood. Through Saturday, March 6. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Denny Winters—Semi-abstract paintings of tidal waters and swamplands. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

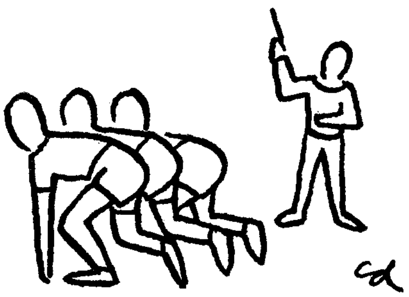
Group Show—Drawings from the early twentieth century to the present by Burchfield, Hopper, Shahn, Levine, and others. Through March 13. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Mel Bochner—Precise abstract drawings of geometrical shapes, frequently pentagons, in which some of the surfaces are covered with charcoal, red conté crayon, or sometimes a pastel, all almost literally ground into the paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Samuel Gelber—Still-lifes of flowers in vases, painted in a traditional manner. Through Thursday, March 4. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Howard Goldstein—Geometric paintings, many of them incorporating thin horizontal bands of color. Through March 11. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)



Terence La Noue—Amorphous wall hangings, vaguely semicircular, made of hardboard, a netting called tobacco cloth, and rubber tubing, matted together into a fibrous mass. Through Wednesday, March 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Nam June Paik—Fish undulating along the ceiling are among the electronic wonders to be seen in this exhibit. Through March 18. (Bonino, in a new location, at 98 Prince St.)

Martin Ramirez (1885-1960)—Fascinating collages and colored drawings by a paranoid Mexican mute who spent the last fifteen years of his almost wholly institutionalized life working out his own artistic vocabulary with the stub ends of pencils and crayons and whatever scraps of paper he could find and paste together into large sheets. He was absorbed by trains, automobiles, bandits, and saints, and it is interesting to see how elements of both Eastern and Western Indian art crop up, apparently spontaneously, in his work. Through March 13. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Joyce Rezendes / Helmut Amann—Abstract paintings in which horizontal bars of a neutral tone seem to disintegrate, colorfully, in the middle of the canvas. / Compositions, done in a metallic-looking paint, in which a series of rectangles are nested around a white, rectangular core. Through Wednesday, March 3. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Joan Snyder—Abstract paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through March 13. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

James Wolfe—Large floor pieces of sheet steel draped into leathery-looking conformations. Through Tuesday, March 2. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Show—A rotating exhibit of works on paper by about thirty artists, including at present Kline, Willem de Kooning, Steinberg, Wesselmann, and Red Grooms, plus erotic bronzes by Charles Frazier. Through Saturday, March 6. (Knowlton, 153 Prince St.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **michael goldberg** at Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. (Through Saturday, Feb. 28. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6); **diane karol** and **tom doyle** at 55 Mercer Street Gallery (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6); **harold olejarz** at 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. (Through Wednesday, March 3. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6).

Note: A new SoHo auction house, called Auction 393, has opened at 393 West Broadway, with an exhibition that includes works by just about everybody in the *Who's Who* of contemporary American art—Johns, Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Frank Stella, Warhol, Kelly—plus a scattering of oddments by European notables, like Picabia, Modigliani, Henry Moore, Matta. The first sale will take place Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8 P.M.

OTHER GALLERIES

Group Show—A memorial exhibition honoring Michael Freilich, the founder and former director of this gallery. Some of the artists taking part in this tribute are Louise Nevelson, Alex Katz, and Conrad Marca-Relli. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Richard Goldstein—Cityscapes and landscapes in 360-degree panoramic views, taken with a rotating camera and printed as a strip. Through March 15. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Robert Heinecken / Benno Friedman—Erotic images on stretched linen, plus other works. / Manipulated prints. Through Saturday, March 6. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—More than fifty photogravures made before 1911. Through March 20. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., through April 4: An anthropological show of photographs by Ken Heyman, with a text by

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Margaret Mead. . . . ¶ Milton Rogovin's portrait of Buffalo's inner city. . . . ¶ Pictures tracing various of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, civil-rights marches. (Open Sundays.) . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Artists Matisse, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others are the subjects of photographs by a group that includes Man Ray, Brassaï, and Cartier-Bresson. Through Saturday, March 6. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: Photographs by six young photographers. Through March 14. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Experimental works by Bobbi Carrey, Jim Cornfield, and George Obremski. Through March 20. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WITKIN**, in a new location, at 41 E. 57th St.: Examples of the work of Käsebier, Steichen, Stieglitz, and other Photo-Secessionists make up the first of a two-part exhibit of photogravures, halftones, articles, and advertisements taken from Stieglitz's quarterly, *Camera Work*. Through March 20. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred examples of American art from the museum's collection (among them paintings, sculptures, photographs, and decorative pieces), dating from the seventeenth century through the twentieth. . . . ¶ The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23. . . . ¶ A private collection: the Norbert Schimmel assemblage of classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century Italian architectural drawings, including an album by Filippo Iuvara, as well as drawings of stage sets and decorative objects, all from the museum's collection. Through March 14. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Aug. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The exhibition "Drawing Now" offers examples by the better-known artists—Johns, Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Warhol, Dine, Hockney, and the rest, along with works of lesser-known, rising stars. The show is confined to the past twenty years, and its objective is to tell us where drawing stands today. The lesson, one feels, is that drawing requires a lot more from the viewer now than it used to. Through March 9. . . . ¶ An exhibition entitled "Shinjuku: the Phenomenal City" acquaints us with a happy proliferation of tiny cocktail lounges, fast-food joints, bookstores, bawdy houses, rice bars, movies, jewelry stores, wig shops, and so on, that has grown up in the heart of Tokyo, mostly underground. Through March 7. . . . ¶ Constructivist paintings, sculptures, and other works conceived by Polish artists during the years 1923 to 1936. Through March 25. . . . ¶ A survey of Cubism, made up of drawings and prints from the museum's collection and covering the years 1906 to 1922. Through May 9. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen monumental pieces), terracottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Through March 21. . . . ¶ A full-scale exhibition of drawings, taking up the two top turns of the ramp. This one overlaps the Museum of Modern Art show to a certain extent, since many of the same artists are represented in both, but the Guggenheim show dates back to the beginning of the century, starting with works by, for instance, Joseph Stella, Arthur G. Dove, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Through March 21. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Thursday evening, Feb. 26, as well as all day Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 28-29, in the fourth-floor gallery, a series of what the museum calls simply "Performances" is being given. The performers are individuals (e.g., Terry Allen) and/or groups (e.g., the Medicine Show Theatre Ensemble), and the hours of performing are best established by a call to the museum: 794-0600. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, March 3, the museum will open a section of its big historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years. Ah, yes—the Bicentennial. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. Nothing doing Tuesday, March 2.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of objects acquired by the museum's decorative-arts department during the last five years, including a Bentwood side chair from the early nineteenth century and a Corbusier chair from the nineteen-twenties. Through May 23. This exhibit is open only until 1 on Wednesdays and Thursdays. . . . ¶ Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century silhouettes on paper and glass, from the museum's collection. Through March 14. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Indian drawings and painted sketches dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Sunday, Feb. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Cat in American Folk Art," an exhibition of a hundred and twenty-two paintings, sculptures, wood carvings, textiles, and other forms of naïve art in which cats figure. Through March 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—American Indian objects that incorporate the American flag and other symbols as design motifs. Wearing apparel, household utensils, and rugs are among the items on display. Through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia (photographs, programs, costumes, heralds, life-size cutouts of famous stars) celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Oils and watercolors by Boston artist Richard Yarde, including larger-than-life portraits of Paul Robeson and Jack Johnson as well as family scenes from the forties. Through March 21. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Feb. 25: A new production of Bellini's "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; conducted by Richard Bonynge. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 26: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Robert Merrill; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 27: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 28: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, John Alexander, and Raymond Michalski; Gianfranco Masini. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 28: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 1: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 2: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 3: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, John Alexander, and Raymond Michalski; Gianfranco Masini. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 4: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Benita Valente, Rosalind Elias, Betsy Norden, Shirley Love, Stafford Dean, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 5: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 6: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 6: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, John Alexander, and Raymond Michalski; Gianfranco Masini. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Eleanor Bergquist, Diane Curry, Elliot Palay, and Ara Berberian; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and John Darrenkamp; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Sung-Sook Lee, Ermanno Mauro, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Sandra Walker, John Sandor, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Craig, Eleanor Bergquist, Tullio Pané, and Richard Fredricks; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 29, at 1: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Elizabeth Haley, Gary Glaze, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 29, at 7: The New York première of Claudio Monteverdi's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria," with Frederica von Stade, Hilda Harris, Richard Stilwell, and Ara Berberian; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 2, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, Elliot Palay, James Billings, and Ara Berberian; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 3, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Spiro Malas; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 4, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Sung-Sook Lee, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and John Darrenkamp; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Henry Price, and Richard Fredricks; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 2: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Spiro Malas; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Faye Robinson, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—James Levine conducting on Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 27, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 2, at 7:30 (all with Jessye Norman, soprano, and John Shirley-Quirk, baritone). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, March 4, and Saturday, March 6, at 8:30 (both with Eliot Chapo, violin, and Lorne Munroe, cello).

NETHERLANDS WIND ENSEMBLE—Twenty musicians who perform without a conductor. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss directing a program of American music, with, among other soloists, Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano,

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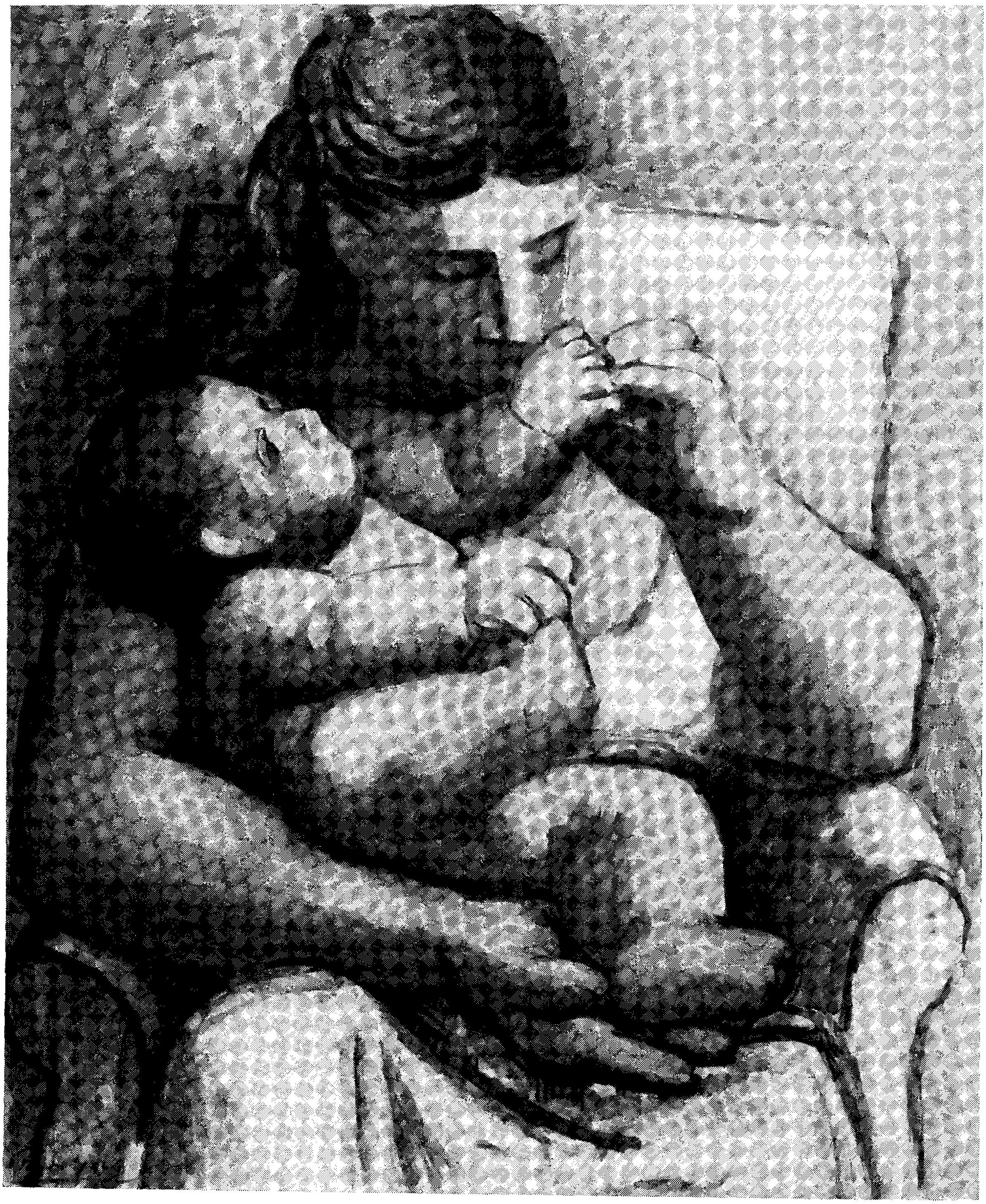

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and Leo Smit, piano, plus the Composers String Quartet, the Gregg Smith Singers, the Long Island University Chorus, the Barnard/Columbia Choir, and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 28, from 7 to 11.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York—With Barry Tuckwell, horn. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Feb. 29, at 2:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 8:30, the last in a series of concerts, this one with Leonard Raver, organ. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 6, at 8, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Predilections—Daniel Shulman conducting a new chamber ensemble, with Ken Bell, bass. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, March 5, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the second in a series of five programs of American music, this one devoted to "The Developing Years—1800-50." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with an orchestra and soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

RECITALS

Paul Sperry—Tenor, in the last two in a series of programs of nineteenth- and twentieth-century American songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 25—with Michael Wager, speaker—and Tuesday, March 2, both at 8.)

Orford String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Soloists of the Ensemble Nipponia—A program of traditional and contemporary Japanese music. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

American String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Stuttgart Piano Trio—The second of two recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

The Romeros—A program of guitar music by Celedonio Romero and his sons, Celin, Pepe, and Angel. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Martin Best and Edward Flower—Voice/lute/guitar and lute/guitar. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Flute and keyboard, with Claude Bolling, jazz piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Jiro Yamaguchi—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and Leslie Parnas, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5600. Sunday, Feb. 29, at 11 A.M.)

Ingrid Dingfelder—Flute, with Martine Geliot, harp, and Michael Haran, cello and tenor viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 29, at 3.)

Teresa Zylis-Gara—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 29, at 3.)

Witold Malcuzynski—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 1, at 8.)

Staffan Scheja—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 1, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Claus Adam, Elliott Carter, Andrew Thomas, Jeffrey Kresky, and William Albright. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, March 1, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Ena Bronstein—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 2, at 8.)

Raymond Lewenthal—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals of romantic ensemble music, this one with actress Stella Adler conducting a toy symphony, and with Constance Keene, piano; Robert White, tenor; Bert Lucarelli, oboe; and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Rachmaninoff program. The last in a series of recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.

Galina Vishnevskaya and Mstislav Rostropovich—Soprano and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 4, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 4, at 8. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 5, at 8, the fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Frederica von Stade and Michael Tilson Thomas—Mezzo-soprano and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8.)

Baroque Chamber Music—Jane Bryden, soprano; Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba; and Raymond Erickson, harpsichord. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 5, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions will be more than welcome.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Bartók String Quartet and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8, and Sunday, March 7, at 5.)

Eugene Fodor—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 6, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

New and Newer Music—The Ensemble in an all-Schoenberg program, conducted, in part, by Daniel Shulman, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and Robert Helps, piano. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 7:30. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the auditorium, call 362-1911.)

Celebration of Contemporary Music—Opening concerts in an eight-day Juilliard festival and symposium devoted to twentieth-century music, which will run through Saturday, March 13. Friday, March 5, at 8:30: Pierre Boulez and James Levine conducting the New York Philharmonic, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting the Juilliard Orchestra in a free concert. . . . ¶ Monday, March 8, at 8:30: The Juilliard String Quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 9, at 8:30: Sixten Ehrling conducting the Juilliard Orchestra in a free concert. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Tickets are available only by mail, and then only by filling out the festival's form, which doesn't help much. Anyway, the relevant telephone number is 799-5000, Ext. 238.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle, Tuesday, March 2, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, March 6, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Sunday, Feb. 29, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Friday, March 5, at 8:05.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. California Golden Seals, Wednesday, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, March 3. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Kansas City Scouts, Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. California Golden Seals, Tuesday, March 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, March 4, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, March 6, at 8:05.

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 6, at 7:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 15. The Next Move Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 28, and the Swift, Saturday, March 6. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:45; through Thursday, June 10. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 12. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 6.

Track Meet—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 27, at 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 6.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Galway Kinnell and Maxine Kumin reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 1, at 8.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 28-29, from 10 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 10:15 and 2: Printed books and autographs; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 2: Modern paintings, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2: French and other Continental furniture and decorations, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 4, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese prints, from various collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 27.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—First league games here—Mets vs. Montreal, at Shea Stadium, April 9-11 (all day games). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, at the rebuilt Yankee Stadium, April 15, 17, and 18 (all day games).

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: March 9 (Los Angeles). March 23 (Detroit). March 27 (Boston). March 30 (Phoenix). April 4 (Kansas City). April 8 (Buffalo). . . . ¶ The Nets at NASSAU COLISEUM: March 7 (San Antonio). March 11 (Denver). March 12 (Kentucky). March 14 (Virginia). March 18 (Denver). March 24 (St. Louis). March 26 (Kentucky). April 2 (Kentucky). April 4 (Virginia).

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden. March 19.)

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 8-11.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Ranger games on March 7, 17, 21, 28, and 31, and April 4. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islander games on March 9, 16, 20, and 29, and April 1 and 3.

Racing—At Aintree, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, April 3.

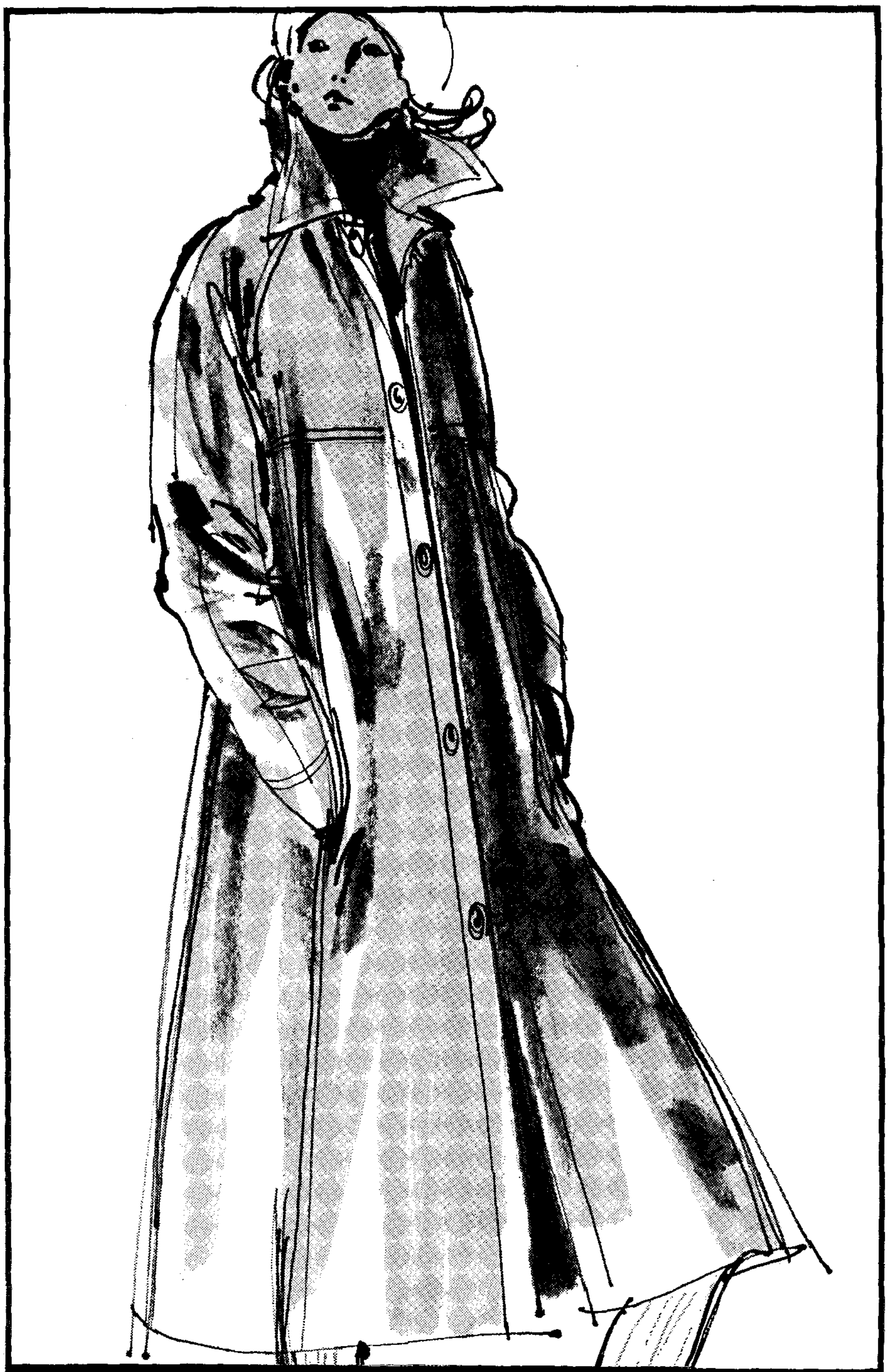
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: March 8-May 17.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 17. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 15. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classical guitarist, March 12. . . . ¶ Aleksander Slobodyanik, piano, March 14. . . . ¶ Brandenburg Ensemble, March 28. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Symphony of the New World, March 7. . . . ¶ Gabriella Tucci, soprano, March 7. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, March 8 and 14. . . . ¶ Erick Friedman, violin, March 9 and 23. . . . ¶ Ruggiero Ricci, violin, March 14. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, March 15. . . . ¶ London Symphony Orchestra, March 16-18. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal and Eugenia Zukerman, flute, and Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola, March 19. . . . ¶ National Orchestra of Canada, March 20. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 21. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 21. . . . ¶ Ann Schein, piano, March 22. . . . ¶ Sherrill Milnes, baritone, and Martina Arroyo, soprano, March 24. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus, March 27. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 29. . . . ¶ Vienna Philharmonic, April 1, 3, and 5. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 7-8. . . . ¶ I Musici, April 9. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Nicanor Zabaleta, harp, March 7. . . . ¶ Municipal Concerts Orchestra, March 13. . . . ¶ Anthony Newman, organ, March 17 and April 7. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, March 20. . . . ¶ Murray Perahia, piano, March 21. . . . ¶ Luigi Tagliavini, organ, March 28. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 28 and 30. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Ingrid Haebler, piano, March 7. . . . ¶ Gregg Smith Singers, March 10 and April 7. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, March 19. . . . ¶ Pierre Fournier, cello, April 4. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, Y.M.H.A. (427-6000): Joseph Kalichstein, piano, March 9, 22, and 27. . . . ¶ Beverly Somach, violin, March 10. . . . ¶ Gary Graffman, piano, March 13. . . . ¶ Tashi, March 17. . . . ¶ Pinchas Zukerman, violin, March 20. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Janos Starker, cello, and Jacob Lateiner, piano, March 11. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 13-14 and 27. . . . ¶ Miriam Fried, violin, and Garrick Ohlsson, piano, March 19. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, and Paul Sperry, tenor, April 9. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Ransom Wilson and Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and the Orpheus Ensemble, March 18. . . . ¶ Gyorgy Sandor, piano, March 29 and April 5.

Dance—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, March 10-April 11.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Me Jack, You Jill," a comedy by Robes Kossez, in which Sylvia Sidney, Lisa Kirk, and Barbara Baxley will appear. . . . ¶ Elie Wiesel's drama "Zalmen or The Madness of God," with Joseph Wiseman and Richard Bauer. . . . ¶ Ibsen's play "The Lady from the Sea," translated by Michael Meyer and starring Vanessa Redgrave, Pat Hingle, and John Heffernan. . . . ¶ A revival of Lerner and Loewe's musical "My Fair Lady," with Ian Richardson, Christine Andreas, George Rose, and Robert Coote in the leading roles. . . . ¶ Colleen Dewhurst, Ben Gazzara, Maureen Anderman, and Richard Kelton in a revival of Edward Albee's play "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?". . . ¶ The final two plays of the Phoenix Theatre's season—"Secret Service," by William Gillette, and "Boy Meets Girl," by Bella and Samuel Spewack.

Other Dates—The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., March 10-12. . . . ¶ St. Patrick's Day is Wednesday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 21. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, April 1-May 31. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1975 and estimates for 1976 are due Thursday, April 15.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"All Screwed Up."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through March 2: "Three Days of the Condor" and "The Conversation."
From March 3: "Hustle" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 2: "Scent of a Woman."
From March 3: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 2: "Three Days of the Condor."
From March 3: "Hustle."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through March 2: "The Black Bird."
From March 3: "Shampoo."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Seven Beauties."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Gable and Lombard."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 26: "All Screwed Up."
From Feb. 27: "Inserts" (X-rated).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"I Will, I Will . . . For Now."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Catherine & Co."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Story of Adèle H."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Salut l'Artiste."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Taxi Driver."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Nashville."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Seven Beauties."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Killing of a Chinese Bookie."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Killing of a Chinese Bookie."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cher Victor."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 2: "Three Days of the Condor."
From March 3: "Swept Away."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Hester Street."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Jaws."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (X-rated).

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Gable and Lombard."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 26: "Psychic Killer."
From Feb. 27: "Inserts" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through March 2: "The Black Dragon's Revenge" and "Force Four."
From March 3: "Adios Amigo."

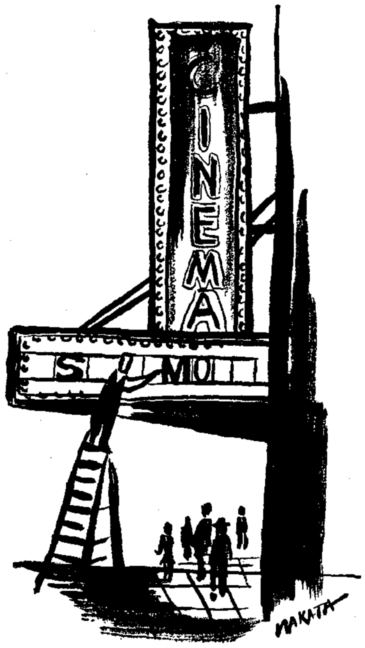
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Hester Street."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: Through March 2: "Dog Day Afternoon." From March 3: "Lies My Father Told Me" and "Marry Me! Marry Me!"
Theatre 3: Through March 2: "The American Soldier" and "The Merchant of Four Seasons." From March 3: "Hester Street."
Theatre 4: Through March 2: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother." From March 3 (tentative): "The Battle of Algiers" and "To Die in Madrid."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Challenge to Be Free."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magic Flute."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 2: "Three Days of the Condor" and "Report to the Commissioner."
From March 3: "Hustle" and "Framed."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Feb. 26: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."
From Feb. 27: "Taxi Driver."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Grey Gardens."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"I Will, I Will . . . For Now."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"All Screwed Up."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Hester Street."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 26: "Swept Away."
From Feb. 27: "French Provincial."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through March 2: "Lies My Father Told Me." From March 3: "If You Don't Stop It . . ."
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Would Be King."
Theatre 3: Through March 2: "The Hindenburg." From March 3: "Fritz the Cat" (X-rated) and "Heavy Traffic."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 2: "Papillon" and "Cabaret."
From March 3: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 2: "Three Days of the Condor" and "The White Dawn."
From March 3: "Swept Away" and "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 25: "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (1954), directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift; and "The Gold of Naples" (1957), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren, Totò, and De Sica himself.
Feb. 26: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Zero for Conduct" (1933), in French, directed by Jean Vigo.
Feb. 27: "Léda" (†); and "Les Biches" (1968), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Jacqueline Sassard, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Stéphane Audran.
Feb. 28: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Ingrid Thulin, Dirk Bogarde, and Helmut Berger; and "Ludwig" (1973), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano.
Feb. 29: "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1966), performed by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev.
March 1: "Rules of the Game" (†) and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange." (†)
March 2: "Barravento" (1962) and "Terra em Transe" (1966), both films from Brazil, in Portuguese, and directed by Glauber Rocha.
March 3: "Two Women" (†) and "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow." (†)
March 4: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 25: "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930), in French, directed by René Clair, with Albert Préjean; and "Le Million" (1931), in French, directed by René Clair, with Annabella.
Feb. 26: "The Spiral Staircase" (1948), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith; and "The Killers" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Burt Lancaster, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien, Albert Dekker, and Sam Levene.
Feb. 27: "Of Mice and Men" (†); and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.
Feb. 28: "The Seventh Seal" (†) and "Ordet." (†)
Feb. 29: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (†) and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." (†)
March 1: "Le Jour Se Lève" (†) and "Les Visiteurs du Soir." (†)
March 2: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" (†) and "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance." (†)
March 3: "Intimate Lighting" (†) and "Closely Watched Trains." (†)
March 4: "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "The Milky Way." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 25: "The Yakuza" (1975), directed by

Sydney Pollack, with Robert Mitchum, Takakura Ken, and Richard Jordan; and "Zatoichi's Conspiracy" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi, with Shintaro Katsu.

Feb. 26: "Love and Death" (1975), "Take the Money and Run" (1969), and "Bananas" (1971), all films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Feb. 27: "Greaser's Palace" (1972), directed by Robert Downey; and "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings.

Feb. 28: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "Payday" (1973), directed by Daryl Duke, with Rip Torn.

Feb. 29-March 1: "Gone with the Wind" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

March 2: "Joe Hill" (1971), directed by Bo Widerberg, with Thommy Berggren; and "Sacco and Vanzetti." (†)

March 3: "Red Beard." (†)

March 4: "Haunted Samurai" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Keiichi Ozawa; and "Sansho the Bailiff." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Feb. 28: "Kismet" (1955), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Dolores Gray, Vic Damone, and Monty Woolley; and "Kiss Me Kate" (1953), directed by George Sidney, with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, and Keenan Wynn.

Feb. 29-March 2: "Pride and Prejudice" (†) and "Fire Over England." (†)

From March 3: "Dressed to Kill" (†) and "Terror by Night." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 26 at 2: "The Youth of Maxim" (1935), in Russian, directed by Grigori Kozintzev and Leonid Trauberg; with Boris Chirkov; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 6: "Rameau's Nephew" (1972-74), directed by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2: Three films by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 5:30: "The Youth of Maxim.". . . ¶ Feb. 28 at noon: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), directed by Leo McCarey, with Charles Laughton and Mary Boland. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 3: "Rameau's Nephew.". . . ¶ Feb. 29 at noon: "Ruggles of Red Gap.". . . ¶ Feb. 29 at 3: "Wavelength" (1966-67), directed by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ Feb. 29 at 5:30: "Point of Order!" (1963), directed by Emile de Antonio and Dan Talbot. . . . ¶ March 1 at noon: "Anaïs Nin Observed" (1974), directed by Robert Snyder. . . . ¶ March 1 at 2: "The Central Region" (1970-71), directed by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ March 1 at 5:30: "Benedict Arnold" (1975), directed by Walter Gutman, with Susan Haviland and Peter Bartlett. . . . ¶ March 2 at noon: "Anaïs Nin Observed." . . . ¶ March 2 at 2: "A Casing Shelved" (1970), directed by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ March 4 at 2: "An Ideal Husband" (1948), directed by Alexander Korda, with Paulette Goddard and Michael Wilding. . . . ¶ March 4 at 5:30: "A Casing Shelved.". . . ¶ March 4 at 8: "Numéro Deux" (1975), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Sandrine Battistella; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vertov, Vigo, Murnau, Renoir, Robbins, Charles Henri Ford, Brakhage, Anger, and others. Showings Feb. 25-27 at 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 28 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 29 at 8; March 2 at 7 and 9; March 3 at 7 and 8:30; and March 4 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of three films by women. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 2.)

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1938)—Norman Taurog, who had scored at the box office with "Skippy" and other films starring children, directed this fairly straightforward version; the film is a reasonably good family-style comedy-melodrama of its period, and the humor in many of Mark Twain's episodes survives the Technicolor sunsets and the obviousness of the tone. May Robson is Aunt Polly, tapping her thimble briskly; Tommy Kelly plays Tom, and Ann Gillis is Becky Thatcher. The adaptation is by John Weaver. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 29.)

All Screwed Up—Lina Wertmüller finished this film early in 1974, just before starting "Swept Away." It's a noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Several aspects of the film, such as its poignant hero, Carletto (Nino Bignamini), and the scenes showing the monotonous dehumanization of labor, are reminiscent of René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" (which also influenced Chaplin's "Modern Times"). But Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse, which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. Lina Polito, who was the dark Tripolina in "Love and Anarchy," is here thin and blond as the lovely Mariuccia, who has quintuplets; Isa Danieli is the dark, soft-faced Elizabeth Taylor type who turns prostitute. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Art, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

The American Soldier (1970)—With Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Quad Cinema; through March 2.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Ziegfeld.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic, which stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Quad Cinema; starting March 3, tentative.)

The Black Bird—George Segal is engagingly peppy as Sam Spade, Jr., in this attempted takeoff on "The Maltese Falcon," and there are scattered good jokes, but it's a dumb comedy, with an insecure tone. David Giler wrote and directed; with Stéphane Audran. (1/19/76) (Kips Bay; through March 2.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Symphony; through March 2.)

Catherine & Co.—With Jane Birkin and Patrick Dewaere, directed by Michel Boisrond. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Challenge to Be Free (1972)—With Mike Mazurki, directed by Tay Garnett. (Guild.)

Cher Victor—With Bernard Blier, Jacques Dufilho, and Alida Valli, directed by Robin Davis. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—Jiri Menzel's ironic, tragicomic account of how a young man wins an amorous prize and becomes a dead hero. Perhaps because this was Menzel's first film, the sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks is more easily recalled than the point of the story—which appears to be that the hero is absurdly done in, like his foolish forebears. In Czech. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 3.)

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court (1949)—This version of the Mark Twain story has none of the Rodgers and Hart songs of the Broadway version and is devoid of the Will Rogers wit that graced the 1931 movie. Bing Crosby is effortlessly amiable as the Hartford handyman who gets a thump on the head, circa 1905, and is transported to Camelot, but the score (by Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen) is a series of duds, and the tricks by which Crosby proves himself a magician (such as lighting a fire by focussing the sun's rays through a watch crystal) become a little tiresome. The tacky pageantry is more suited to the opening of a West Coast supermarket than to an English court in the sixth century. Tay Garnett directed; with Cedric Hardwicke, Rhonda Fleming, and William Bendix. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 29.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 2.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir—not at the great peak of his "Rules of the Game" but very much by the same man. René Lefèvre plays M. Lange, technically guilty of murder but not morally. With Jules Berry. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 1.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 2.)

Dressed to Kill (1946)—Basil Rathbone plays Sherlock Holmes for the fourteenth, and last, time. With Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson, and Patricia Morison. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 3.)

Fire Over England (1937)—The Armada is a toy fleet, but the actors are full-scale and stirring—a young, daredevil Laurence Olivier leaps about the battle scenes and makes love to a young, incredibly pretty Vivien Leigh, while Flora Robson plays a greathearted Queen Elizabeth, and Raymond Massey is Philip II of Spain. It's swashbuckling nonsense, but with a fine spirit. Alexander Korda produced, William K. Howard directed, James Wong Howe photographed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 29-March 2.)

Framed—With Joe Don Baker and Brock Peters, directed by Phil Karlson. (Playboy; starting March 3.)

French Provincial—With Jeanne Moreau, directed by André Téchiné. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 27.)

Fritz the Cat (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting March 3.)

Gable and Lombard—Limply raunchy, meaningless movie, with nothing to say about the movies, about love, or about stardom. Barry Sandler wrote the trivializing, falsifying script, and Sidney J. Furie is guilty of the direction. With James Brolin and Jill Clayburgh. (2/23/76) (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

Grey Gardens—The Maysles brothers film of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, Edie, in their decaying East Hampton mansion. (Paris.)

Heavy Traffic (1973)—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about life in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photo-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

graphed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting March 3.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Juliet 1, 8th St. Playhouse, and Regency. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 3.)

The Hindenburg—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex; through March 2.)

Hustle—As a Los Angeles police officer, Burt Reynolds despairs over the American loss of innocence and, since the system is rigged on the side of the rich, he takes the law into his own hands. When the director, Robert Aldrich, tries for tenderness, it turns to sleaze. With Paul Winfield, Catherine Deneuve, and Eddie Albert. (1/26/76) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Playboy; starting March 3.)

Intimate Lighting (1965)—A small but charming and humane comedy about a young couple who visit an old friend of the man's and discover how the two men's paths—once so close—have diverged. Directed by Ivan Passer. In Czech. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 3.)

I Will, I Will . . . For Now—With Elliott Gould and Diane Keaton, directed by Norman Panama. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (U. A. East.)

Le Jour Se Lève ("Daybreak;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty, and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 1.)

The Killing of a Chinese Bookie—With Ben Gazzara, directed by John Cassavetes. (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

Léda (1959)—This ingenious thriller by Claude Chabrol, made directly after "The Cousins," is known as "A Double Tour" in France; it has sometimes been called "Web of Passion" in this country. Shot by Henri Decae and featuring peacocks and fields of scarlet poppies, as well as a murderer who conducts Berlioz, it is perhaps the most richly detailed and overripe of Chabrol's films. With Belmondo, Madeleine Robinson, Bernadette Lafont, Jeanne Valerie, and—as Léda—Antonella Lualdi. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 27.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through March 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 3.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (New Yorker.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life; you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Festival.)

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance (1962)—The reputation of this John Ford Western is undeservedly high: it's a heavy-spirited piece of nostalgia. John Wayne is in his flamboyant element, but James Stewart is too old for the title role as an idealistic young Eastern lawyer who is robbed on the way West, goes to work in the town of Shinbone as a dishwasher, and learns about Western life. Opposite him, Vera Miles is as proficient and colorless as always. There's not much of the outdoors; the action takes place mainly in Shinbone, and even a stagecoach robbery was filmed on a sound stage. With Lee Marvin as the villainous Liberty Valance, Edmond O'Brien as the newspaper editor, and Andy Devine, John Carradine, Woody Strode, and Strother Martin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 2.)

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The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Marry Me! Marry Me! (1969)—A slight but truly done film by Claude Berri, about a Jewish boy who gets shoved gently into rather the wrong marriage. The film is kindly and acute about compromise. In French. (Quad Cinema; starting March 3.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (Quad Cinema; through March 2.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 4.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (D. W. Griffith.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Cinema I.)

Ascot
DRIVE-IN THEATER
EXIT
LASZLO

Of Mice and Men (1939)—When Lewis Milestone prefaced the credits of his version of the John Steinbeck play and novel with George (Burgess Meredith) and Lennie (Lon Chaney, Jr.) fleeing a posse, he was, no doubt, aiming for economy and tension. He couldn't have guessed that he was starting a new vogue, and that it would become almost standard practice for a film's action to precede the credit information even when the action made no sense. The story, about the friendship between two lonely vagrant ranch hands—the small, bedraggled, intelligent George and the simpleminded giant Lennie—is gimmicky and highly susceptible to parody, but it is emotionally effective just the same. The film was beautifully put together, and has a fine Aaron Copland score. Betty Field's silly, vain, hapless Mae is a small acting classic, and the cowboy star Bob Steele is amazingly good as her sadistic husband, Curley. With Leigh Whipper, memorable as the lean, bitter Crooks (an unjolly black man), and Charles Bickford. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 27.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia.)

Ordet (1955)—A modern Resurrection, treated with extreme literalness by Carl Dreyer. Considered a masterpiece by many, interminable by others. From the Kaj Munk play. In Danish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 28.)

Papillon (1973)—A pointlessly gruelling movie in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Symphony; through March 2.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life, everything is changed. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. Greer Garson is Elizabeth Bennet, and she is not as phony as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and villainous Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 29-March 2.)

Psychic Killer—With Jim Hutton and Paul Burke, directed by Raymond Danton. (86th St. East; through Feb. 26.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx (1970)—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest. (Olympia; starting March 3.)

Red Beard (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous hero-doctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested in such resolute and uncommendable saints. In Japanese. (Elgin; March 3.)

Report to the Commissioner (1975)—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department. Moriarty is required to fall apart at the end, but he can't wait for the climactic collapse, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. With Yaphet Kotto, giving a respectable performance, against all odds, and a twittering blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, who is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (Playboy; through March 2.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and the masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 1.)

Sacco and Vanzetti (1971)—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Elgin; March 2.)

Salut l'Artiste—With Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Yves Robert. In French. (Baronet.)

Sansho the Bailiff (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of an undeniable film artist. In Japanese. (Elgin; March 4.)

Scent of a Woman—Vittorio Gassman, acting high on the hog, as a sardonic Army captain blinded in an explosion. We're supposed to be enchanted by his macho gallantry as he dashes around Genoa and Rome, literally smelling woman, the way hunters in movies used to claim they could smell bear. Is there still an audience for this kind of romantic swill? Dino Risi directed. In Italian. (Cinema Village; through March 2.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (New Yorker.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Murray Hill, and Cinema II.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with Death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity that Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 28.)

Shampoo (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (Kips Bay; starting March 3.)

She Wore a Yellow Ribbon (1949)—John Ford's film begins with Custer and the disgrace of Little Big Horn, and it has the handsome, faintly melancholy look of Frederic Remington's work. The subject is the burden of command, and the cavalry-captain hero (John Wayne), an officer on his last mission before retirement, is a man who, unlike Custer, is worthy of his office. Like Ford's other large-scale, elegiac Westerns of this period, it's not a simple action film but a pictorial film with great set pieces. There's some tedious Irish comedy (Victor McLaglen is around too much) and a lamentable pair of lovers—John Agar and Joanne Dru. The cast includes Ben Johnson, Mildred Natwick, Noble Johnson, George O'Brien, Francis Ford, and Arthur Shields. Based on James Warner Bellah's "War Party;" screenplay by Frank Nugent and Laurence Stallings. Filmed in Monument Valley. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 2.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Plaza.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting March 3.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver, which is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; starting Feb. 27.)

Terror by Night (1946)—Basil Rathbone plays Sherlock Holmes for the thirteenth time. With Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson, and Alan Mowbray. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 3.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through March 2.)

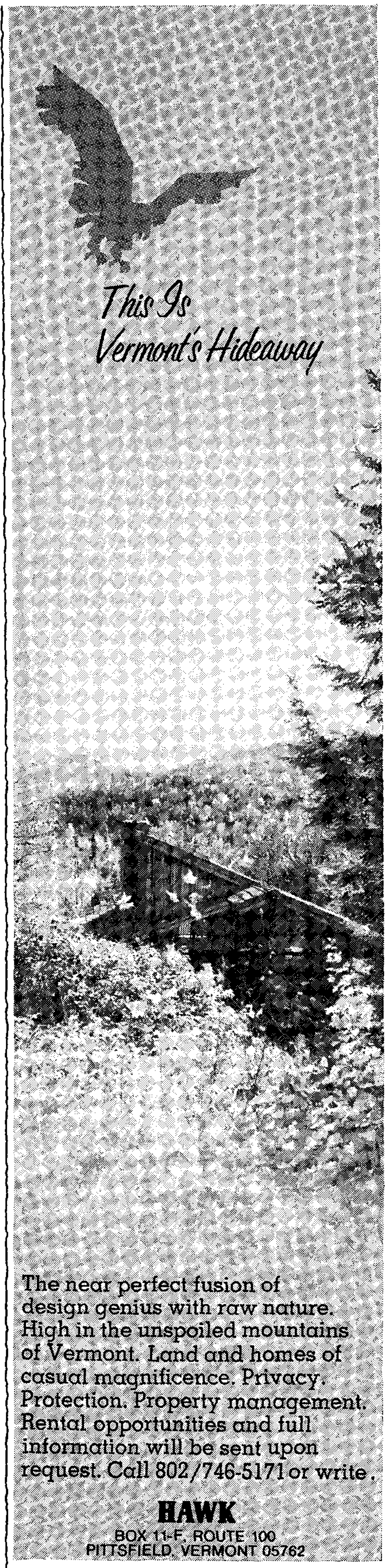
To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (Quad Cinema; starting March 3, tentative.)

Two Women (1961)—A young widow, Sophia Loren, takes her teen-age daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village and then starts back home too soon; both mother and daughter are raped by Moroccan soldiers. Emotional, even shattering, but far from depressing. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Eleanora Brown, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 3.)

Les Visiteurs du Soir (1942; American title, "The Devil's Envoys")—A romance based on a French legend: "And so in the beautiful month of May, 1485, the Devil sent on earth two of his creatures in order to drive the human beings to despair." The director, Marcel Carné, and the writers, Jacques Prévert and Pierre Laroche, intended a magical and seductive film poem, and they certainly had the cast for it—Arletty, with her incomparably lustrous eyes, Jules Berry, Marie Déa, and Alain Cuny (who in his youth, unfortunately, looked like a wooden Indian). But it turns allegorical and becomes rather slow and overstylized. Perhaps the sentiments (the Devil himself is unable to corrupt true lovers) are a little too fragrant. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 1.)

The White Dawn (1974)—Eskimo villagers and three stranded whaleboaters near the North Pole in the late eighteen-nineties. With Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett; directed by Philip Kaufman. (Olympia; through March 2.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 3.)



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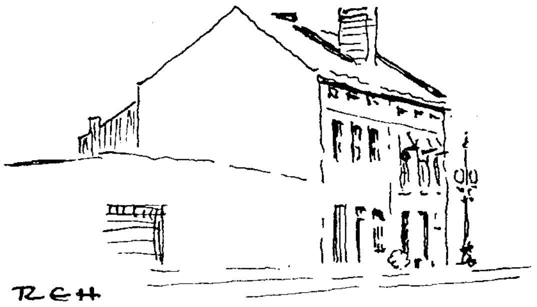
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A LITTLE over a year ago, the Senate and the House of Representatives each set up a Select Committee on Intelligence to examine and report on the various secret operations conducted by the executive branch against America's enemies at home and abroad. The basic issue involved in both investigations has been the same as the basic issue involved in Watergate—whether the government has placed itself above its own laws. In some ways, though, the problem presented by the activities of the intelligence "community" is greater, and perhaps even more threatening to the Republic, than the problem uncovered in the Watergate affair. For one thing, press reports and congressional revelations suggest that the illegal acts committed by intelligence officials under several Administrations may have been far graver and more numerous than those committed by President Nixon and his associates. For another, it is extremely difficult to do anything about intelligence officials' crimes, because the intelligence apparatus is not merely a bureaucracy whose members, like all bureaucrats, close ranks to meet outside threats but a bureaucracy that is dedicated to absolute secrecy. The most effective way to break through to its hidden truths, in order to reform and control it, would be to force some of its members to talk under threat of prosecution if they didn't, as was done with government officials in the Watergate case. But the one government department with the authority to do this, the Department of Justice, has expressed no intention—publicly, at least—of prosecuting anyone, even though the various agencies involved have admitted the commission of many thousands of crimes over the past twenty years or so. About the best suggestion that Attorney General Edward Levi could come up with during his testimony before Congress on crimes committed by agents and high officials of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, for instance, was that a law be passed making such illegal acts legal in the future. Another problem in dealing with the intelligence issue is that it is nearly impossible to expose and punish appointed government officials unless their elected superiors want them exposed and punished, and in this case President Ford has done his utmost to protect them. (In Watergate, of course, the same kind of dilemma was resolved by the appointment of the Special Prosecutor, whose independence from the executive branch was assured by the public fury that the so-called Saturday Night Massacre generated.) And, finally, little is usually done about official misdeeds until a large number of indignant and persistent citizens demand that something be done.

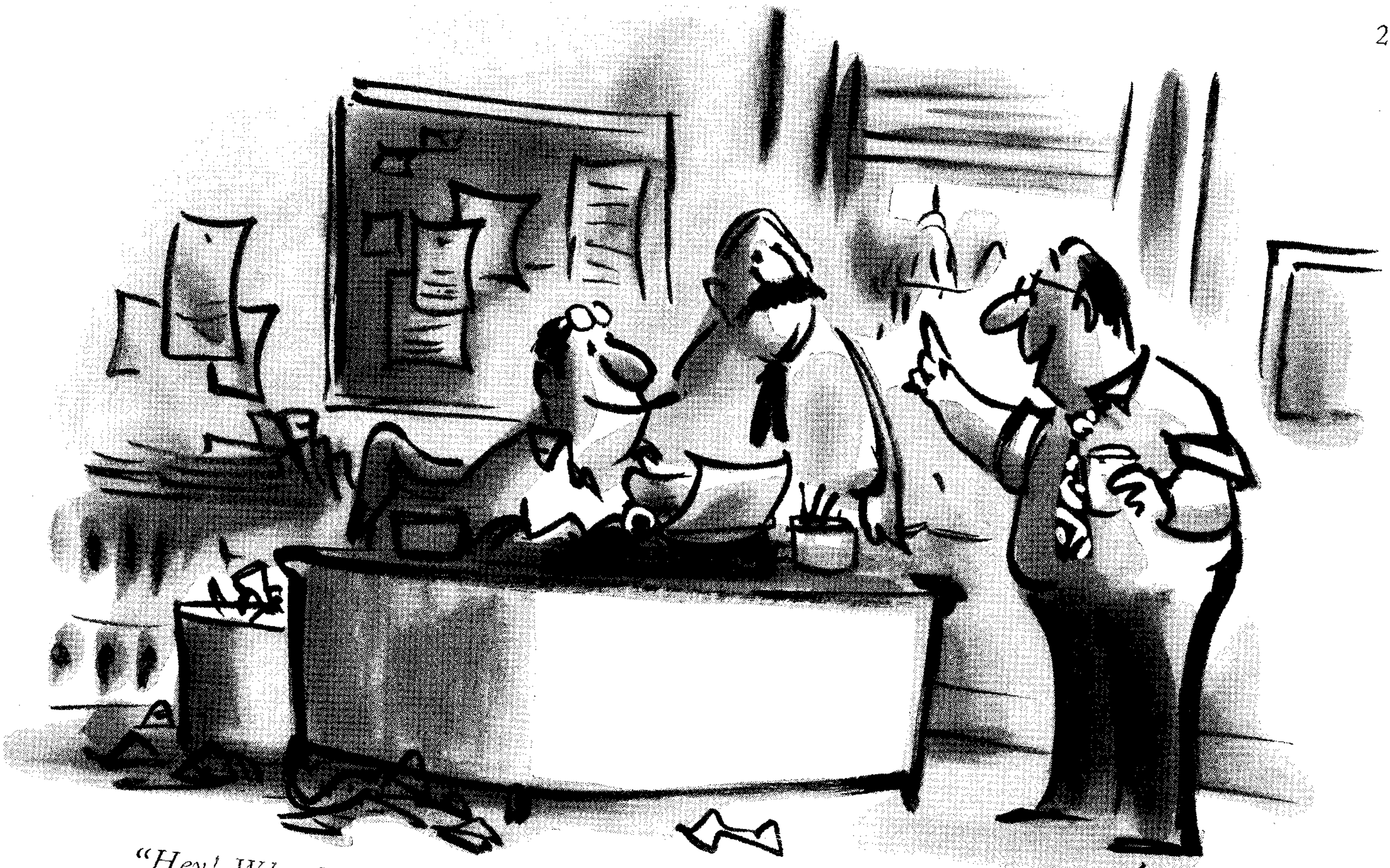
When the public learned that President Nixon had broken the law in significant ways, he was driven from office. But the same public has shown little interest in lawbreaking by members of such agencies as the F.B.I. and the Central Intelligence Agency. In fact, the bulk of the mail from voters to the two Select Committees has been "hate mail," accusing their members of treasonous conduct. This disparity in the public response to the two cases may seem curious, since Nixon and the intelligence officials relied on the same excuse: national security. On the one hand, however, the public saw that Nixon's justification was false because his true purpose was clearly both personal and pernicious. On the other hand, the public has accepted the intelligence community's justification—as it has been stated again and again by President Ford—because the public believes that the purpose of that community is to protect the nation's security by fighting Communism wherever and however it appears. In all likelihood, that has been the true purpose, and to almost all Americans it would seem to be a valid one. In effect, the public's reaction to stories about the mayhem and murder authorized by high intelligence officials to carry out this purpose has been to say, "Do what you must do to protect us, but don't tell us about it." This attitude has persisted despite documented accounts of certain agencies' repeated failures to protect us—for example, the C.I.A.'s failure to give sufficient advance warning of forthcoming events like the Tet offensive, the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the 1973 Middle East war, the test of a nuclear bomb by the Indian government, and the coups in Cyprus and Portugal. Nor has there been a much stronger public response to other shocking revelations, including the cost of our overall intelligence effort, which comes to some ten billion dollars a year rather than three billion dollars a year, as the agencies have claimed; the agencies' frequent attempts to shore up repressive and sometimes murderous regimes abroad, and to destroy by illegal means legal and democratic political movements at home; and, above all, the intelligence community's implicit endorsement of the philosophical basis for totalitarianism—that the end justifies the means.



Thanks to the lack of public pressure on the Administration to reveal what its intelligence people have been doing, it was able to resist, and often thwart, congressional attempts to dig out the truth. But even the scraps of the story that congressional investigators succeeded in piecing together alarmed the Administration, and, drawing on its immense power, it set out to keep that story from the public. Late in January, when the House Select Committee prepared its report, the Administration began frantically lobbying to suppress it. "The pressure from the White House, the C.I.A., and the State Department has been astounding," one House member said at the time. "I've never seen anything like it." Administration lobbyists repeatedly invoked the name of Richard Welch, the head of the C.I.A. station in Athens, who was murdered there last December. They charged that members of Congress who had earlier revealed C.I.A. secrets were responsible for his murder, and that members of the House who voted to make the report public would be responsible for similar murders in the future. The implication of such charges was clear: members who voted to release the report would be vulnerable at election time this fall to accusations that they had jeopardized the nation's security. Since the members of the Select Committee, who are presumably as patriotic as the members of the Administration, voted by better than two to one to release the report, it seemed unlikely that it contained anything significant that had not already been reported by the press. (Indeed, publication of parts of the report, or an early draft of it, in the *Village Voice* not long afterward revealed little that wasn't already known.) Still, an official, and complete, report would carry far greater weight than sporadic accounts in the press, and its impact on the public might finally be great enough to jeopardize the C.I.A.'s present policies and the job security of those who devise them and carry them out. But once it was clear that there was little in the way of public support for disclosing the seamier side of intelligence operations, a majority of the House members were unwilling to go along with the committee, and they performed some bewildering gyrations to extricate themselves from their political dilemma. Before the House voted on whether or not the report should be released, the Rules Committee sent to the floor a fuzzily worded resolution that seemed designed to suppress the report. Some members apparently voted for the resolution in the belief that it would keep the report from the public; other members apparently voted for it in the belief that it would keep the report not only from the public but from members of Congress, so they wouldn't have to face the issues it presented; and still other members apparently weren't sure what they were voting on. In the end, the vote was nearly two to one in favor of the resolution, whatever it meant. Confusion was so rampant afterward that the resolution finally had to be interpreted by the House Parliamentarian, who ruled that it left the decision on what was to be done with the report up to the Speaker, or up to the House itself if it chose to vote on the question again. Until one or the other acted, all copies of the report were to be locked up and guarded by the Clerk of the House.

That was where the matter stood last week, when the President held a televised press conference at which he announced "plans for the first major reorganization of the intelligence community since 1947." The plans turned out to be a bureaucratic reshuffling of the community, which seemed designed to increase its power by uniting all its parts, and to decrease public control of it by concentrating final authority over its policies and activities not in the public's elected representatives in Congress but in the Office of the President. When a reporter observed at the press conference that "we know that Office has abused the C.I.A. in the past" and asked what would be done to control such abuses in the future, Mr. Ford replied, "It shouldn't happen, and I would hope that the American people will elect a President who will not abuse that responsibility. I certainly don't intend to." Poor Richard Nixon—out of office less than two years and forgotten already. President Ford said that he was going to issue "a comprehensive set of public guidelines" to "provide stringent protections for the rights of American citizens," and that he would recommend to Congress certain laws against "electronic surveillance and mail openings," together with "legislation that would prohibit attempts on the lives of foreign leaders in peacetime." (The following day, the White House released Mr. Ford's specific proposals for reform, including an executive order, which lacks the force of law, to limit or prohibit these activities. But his proposals said nothing about enforcing existing laws on such matters by prosecuting those who have already broken them.) In praising "the dedicated men and women who gather vital information around the world and carry out missions that advance our interests in the world," he implied endorsement of the continuing use of such missions, which presumably include the "covert operations," such as the overthrow of the Allende government in Chile, that he has long defended. Most important of all, though, he said that he was sending to Congress legislation that "would make it a crime for a government employee who has access to certain highly classified information to reveal that information improperly." When another reporter asked if this proposal amounted to an Official Secrets Act, like the one in Great Britain, which makes the disclosure of state secrets a crime, the President retorted, "I categorically disagree with your assessment. It's a great deal different from the Official Secrets Act that prevails in Great Britain." The difference is well hidden, for the British act prohibits any unauthorized disclosure of official information by any Crown servant. If such a law had existed in this country in the past few years, the Pentagon Papers would not have been published, the Watergate affair would have remained a secret, and we would know nothing about official malfeasance on the part of the intelligence community. The only purpose of such a law would be to render cover-ups of official malfeasance unnecessary in the future. Essentially, the President seemed far more interested in making the act of telling the truth a crime than in punishing those who have committed crimes and have continued to conceal the truth about them. In short, he was more concerned about leaks than about crimes. To defend secrecy in foreign-intelligence gathering, Mr. Ford emphasized his responsibility for the conduct of foreign policy—a Constitutional power delegated to the President. But he didn't mention two Constitutional references to his other responsibilities—to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution" and to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed."

Perhaps the most puzzling aspect of the President's announcement was his making it at all. Since the public wasn't interested in the problems he discussed—or, rather, in the issues he avoided—any reference to them appeared politically unwise, for he thereby created concern where little had existed before. Yet one of his purposes may have been political; that is, he may have been trying once more to placate the right wing by defending and strengthening one of its most cherished institutions. To accomplish that fully, the President may also have been trying to make it appear that his proposals solved the intelligence problem altogether; by this means, he might head



"Hey! Why don't we just say we have ninety-one per cent full employment?"

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off any future release of the House Select Committee's report, as well as reduce the impact of, and maybe even establish a precedent for suppressing, the Senate Select Committee's report on the same subject. That document is supposed to be released in mid-March and is expected to be far more comprehensive, fully documented, and alarming than its House counterpart. Since the Senate investigation of this nation's intelligence operations is the most exhaustive ever conducted, it seems odd that Mr. Ford didn't choose to wait until it was published, in order to use its information as the basis for his proposals for reform and control—unless, of course, he feared that the Senate report might create, at last, the kind of public demand for true reform and control which would be politically irresistible.

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Items

EVERY evening between six and seven o'clock, the Greater New York desk of United Press International moves the Daybook. "Moves" is wire-service jargon for putting something out over the Teletypes; the Daybook is a list of events scheduled for the next day which are thought, for one reason or another, to be newsworthy. The Greater New York wire has sixty-odd subscribers. Assignment editors in radio and television newsrooms and on newspaper city desks throughout the region routinely scan the U.P.I. Daybook in their never-ending search for something for their reporters to do. The Daybook is to news what jute is to burlap—raw material for a manufactured product that itself is none too refined.

To find out more about the Daybook, we dropped by the U.P.I. newsroom, which is in the Daily News Building. Because of the V.D.T.s bulking large next to most of the desks, the place looked like a hybrid of Mission Control at Houston and Hildy Johnson's city room at the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*. A V.D.T., or Video Display Terminal, is a machine that combines a television screen with a typewriter keyboard and is connected to what Dr. Strangelove might call a "gigantic network of computers;" words are typed onto the screen, and then edited on the screen, before finding their way to paper. The V.D.T.s at U.P.I. have been in place for four years, and we were relieved to see that they are as abundantly covered with coffee stains, cigarette burns, and grubby fingerprints as the typewriters they are meant to replace. As we watched in fascination, Allan Bruce, the city editor, summoned up the current Daybook from the computer's memory bank. A little green rectangle raced back and forth across the dark V.D.T. screen, leaving a trail of green lettering. The first item in the Daybook that evening was:

SENIOR SUMMIT CONFERENCE IS HELD. NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, 2 W. 64TH ST., 9 A.M. TO 3:30 P.M.

The little green rectangle skywrote twenty-three more items, ending with:

FORMER CALIFORNIA GOV. RONALD W. REAGAN, CANDIDATE FOR REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION, IS GUEST OF HONOR, KINGS COUNTY REPUBLICANS' LINCOLN DAY DINNER, SHALIMAR, 2380 HYLAN BLVD., STATEN ISLAND, 8 P.M.

Bruce riffled the papers on his desk and came up with an ink-on-paper version of the Daybook. He went over each item, telling us the source. Two items—the funerals of two firemen killed in a conflagration in Queens—had come from U.P.I.'s City Hall reporter. All the rest had come from press releases: press releases via mail, telephone, telex, Mailgram. A few events, such as the funerals and the Reagan dinner, were fully legitimate news, in the sense that they were interesting and that they would take place whether or not anyone covered them. Others would take place regardless of coverage but were not interesting, such as a regularly scheduled meeting of the Tri-State Regional Planning Commission. Still others were possible feature items, such as a "new member coffee hour" being thrown by the Brooklyn branch of the National Organization of Women. Most of the Daybook items, though, described events that had no raison d'être other than to be covered:

> GOVERNOR CAREY ISSUES STATEMENT BACKING WORLD CONFERENCE ON SOVIET JEWRY MEETING NEXT WEEK IN BRUSSELS, 1350 SIXTH AVE., 10:30 A.M.
>
> TOUR IS GIVEN FOR REPORTERS OF $3.5-MILLION PENTHOUSE OF STEWART MOTT, PHILANTHROPIST AND HEIR OF GENERAL MOTORS FORTUNE, GALLERIA, 117 E. 57TH ST., 10:30 A.M.
>
> MOSES KOVE, CHAIRMAN OF TAXI AND LIMOUSINE COMMISSION, HOLDS NEWS CONFERENCE TO REPORT ON USE OF SUCH EXPERIMENTAL TAXICABS AS MERCEDES-BENZ, PEUGEOT AND OTHERS, CITY HALL PLAZA, 1:30 P.M.

And so on.

"When it's a borderline case, we stick it in the Daybook," Bruce told us. "If Mayor Beame is going to play hopscotch down at City Hall, say, it's not very important, but it's the kind of thing that might make a nice picture story or film-crew story, so in it goes."

Bruce showed us a beat-up file folder with slots numbered from 1 to 31, for the days of the month, and slots bearing the names of future months. "The stuff goes in here as we get it," he said. "Then, each afternoon, whoever happens to be free goes through it, sorts out the usable stuff, and types the thing up on the V.D.T. And, of course, we keep updating it throughout the next day with new advisories."

Fred Ferguson, U.P.I.'s New York-New Jersey editor, joined us, and we asked him how many Daybook items he usually sees on the local television news shows. "A lot," he said. "A lot. In fact, one of our press clients tells me that he takes the Daybook home with him and he and his wife sit there and bet which Daybook item will turn up first on the eleven-o'clock news."

We took a copy of the Daybook home with us and watched the early-evening television news. We had to keep switching channels, and so may have missed something, but we did see film reports on five Daybook items: the funerals, the three-and-a-half-million-dollar penthouse tour, the taxi news conference, a news conference by the American Cancer Society on cigarette smoking among young women, and a campaign appearance by Senator Birch Bayh. The next morning, the *Times* and the *News*, between them, covered ten Daybook items. (Of course, it is always possible that the TV and press stories came from sources other than the Daybook.) We judged the most successful Daybook item on that particular day to have been the taxi news conference. It had exotic-looking taxicabs and colorful-sounding cabdrivers. It had an unexpected angle—the fact that riders in Mercedes taxis are lousy tippers, because they think the driver doesn't need the money. ("ACH! NEW YORKERS SNUB DIE FOREIGN TAXI" was how the *News* headlined its story.) The Taxi and Limousine Commission had hoped to emphasize the good mileage of foreign diesel cabs, but that tended to get played down. The taxi news conference was interesting—no doubt about that—but we're still not sure that it was, strictly speaking, news. We have similar doubts about the Daybook in general. Most of the items in the Daybook are there because someone wants to be written about, and the most interesting news is usually about something that someone is trying to keep out of the papers. The Daybook reports what is expected to happen—and isn't news what *wasn't* expected to happen?

Three Degrees

WE went up to Bergdorf Goodman the other day to see the Three Degrees, three black girl singers from Philadelphia who are very big in Japan. Their song "When Will I See You Again" was very big here, too, but only after it became a giant hit in Japan. Everyone in Japan knows the Three Degrees. Their manager says that fifty per cent of all foreign records sold in Japan are by the Three Degrees. That is an enormous percentage, amounting to a near monopoly. The Three Degrees have sung songs in Japanese. "Nigai Namida" was an especially successful song for them. When we arrived at Bergdorf's, we found only Two Degrees—Fay-

Bright Morning in an Old Neighborhood

ette Pinkney and Sheila Ferguson. Valerie Holiday, the Third Degree, was down with the flu. The reason Fayette Pinkney and Sheila Ferguson had come to Bergdorf's was to confer with Arnold Pitts, a handsome young man working in Bergdorf's hair salon. Arnold Pitts, who used to work at Satin Doll Coiffures, in Detroit, told Fayette Pinkney that he recommended the China Doll Look for her. "Very blunt—with the hair in line with the jaw," he said.

Fayette Pinkney is an attractive young woman with a great smile. She wore an Oriental-looking tunic that she had designed herself and that was made of material she had bought in Hong Kong. Sheila Ferguson was dressed with a certain tailored elegance, in black, and wore a black turban.

We asked Miss Pinkney if she had been surprised by the success of the Three Degrees in Japan.

"Any time you get to be fifty per cent of somebody's sales, you have to be a little surprised," she said. "But I say let's head for sixty—why stop now?" Miss Pinkney told us that at the time of their first trip to Tokyo the Three Degrees had been playing club dates in America and had begun to be discouraged. "We were at it for a long time, and nothing seemed to happen. Then Richard Barrett, our manager, decided to take us to Japan," she said.

We asked if there was anything that they particularly liked about Japan.

"In Japan, they have a 'Cancel' button in the elevators, so if you hit a button by mistake you can cancel it," Miss Ferguson told us. "And in the taxis the driver hits a button and your door opens. I like *that*."

We asked them about their hit song "Nigai Namida."

"Well," said Miss Ferguson, "we never knew what that meant."

We later learned that it means "Bitter Tears."

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WITH Richard Barrett: A few days after our visit to Bergdorf's, we visited Richard Barrett, the manager of the Three Degrees, in a midtown office. He was wearing a chalk-striped black three-piece suit and two impressive rings—one set with diamonds, the other set with rubies. He told us he was under extreme mental stress.

We asked Mr. Barrett about the phenomenal success of the Three Degrees in Japan.

Wm Hamilton

"It's always been you, kid—before, during, and after my mustache."

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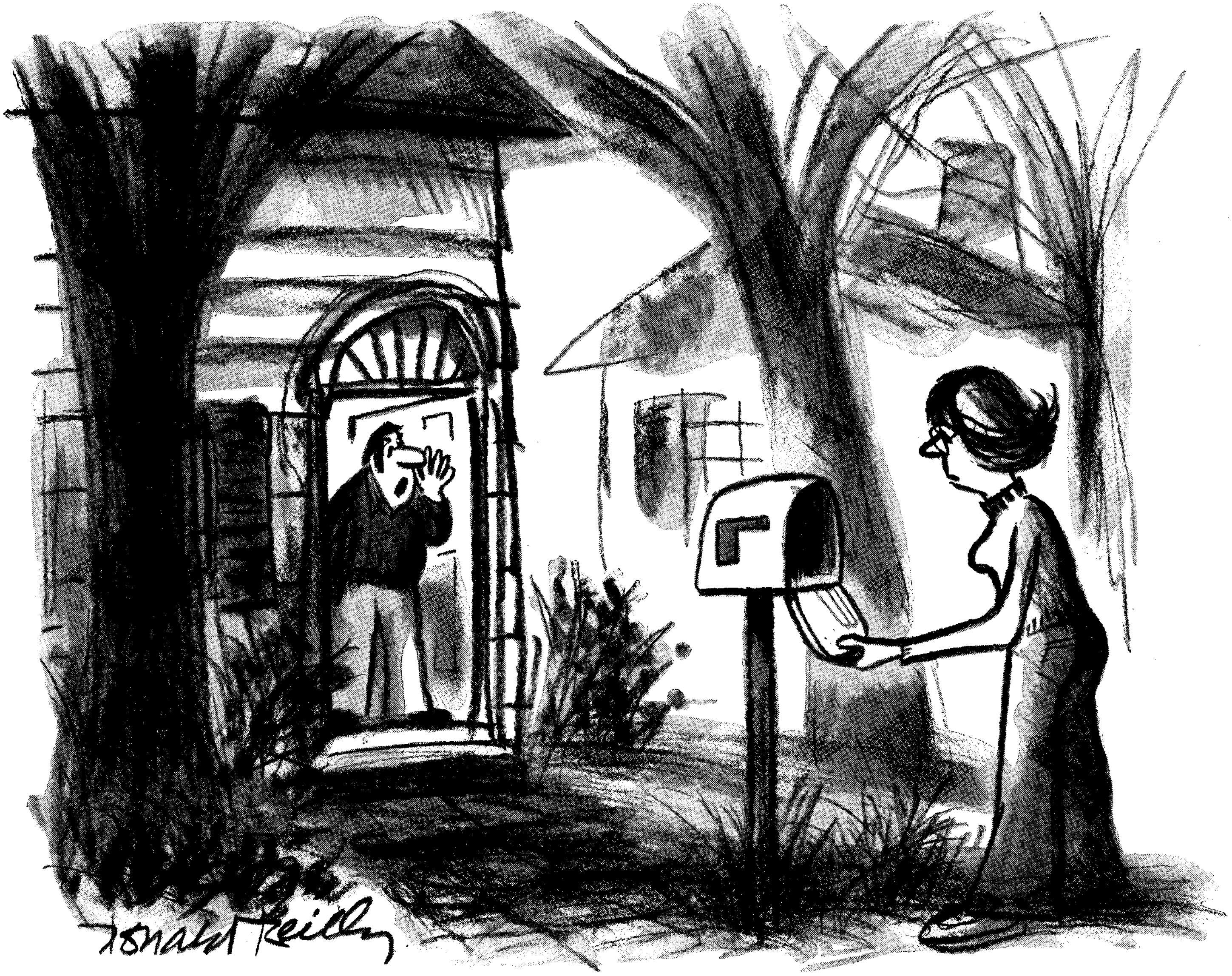
"A gentleman mentioned the Third Tokyo Music Festival to me," he said. "We went to the festival in the summer of 1973, and that was when we introduced 'When Will I See You Again' to the world for the first time. At that time, I was under extreme mental stress because of certain business problems, but I expected success. I was not surprised when the Three Degrees won first prize at the festival. I don't even praise the Three Degrees so much. Every now and then, I might tell them it was all right, but I expect the best *always*. I insist that they project to the world a first-class image of black American womanhood. I think the Three Degrees are successful in Japan because they are the same as the Japanese—humble, honorable, and very decent. Japanese automatically relate to the Three Degrees for that reason."

At the time of our meeting, Mr. Barrett was trying to reach a man at the company where the Three Degrees record. An assistant, a good-looking young woman in a neat, modest black dress, came in to tell him that the record-company man was at a meeting and not free to take his call. "Call back in five minutes," Mr. Barrett said to his assistant. "If he's at another meeting in five minutes, I am going to be mad." He turned to us. "I've been out in the world," he said. "I've been doing the best I can. But there are some people, you know, try to freeze you out. I have had some trouble breaking in the Three Degrees in America. Some people have *given* me some trouble. But I got the Three Degrees so big in Europe, in Japan, *all around the world*, that they began to choke America."

Mr. Barrett showed us some slides of the Three Degrees in Japan. There were slides of a Japanese television program devoted to the group. "That was the first time Japanese TV gave an hour to a group," Mr. Barrett said. "It was the first time they ever put a *kimono* on a foreign group. I've just produced a record in Japan. On this record, the Three Degrees sing in Japanese. My producer backed out. I had to produce it myself. I used five Japanese musicians, who couldn't understand anything I was saying. I was under extreme mental stress. But I believe it is a very phenomenal album." Mr. Barrett showed us a number of photographs taken of the Three Degrees when they were in Europe. One



"I've already torn up the mail."

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showed Princess Anne presenting a gold record to the group. "That was the first time royalty went commercial," Mr. Barrett said.

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REPORT from our friend Jamaica Kincaid:

I have the three most important credentials for being a black girl singer: I am black, I can sing (I sang in my church choir), and I can easily imitate the manners of tony white girls. The first black girl singer to clearly establish the importance of these three things was Diana Ross. Diana Ross is the greatest black girl singer ever. Before her, there were black girl singers like the Ronettes, the Chiffons, and the Shirelles, and though they were nice enough in their way, they did not look outstandingly well groomed, were not very charming, and did not give an illusion of grandness onstage. Diana Ross learned all this at the Motown charm school. She learned how to walk like a lady there. She learned how to talk like a lady there. She even learned how to smoke cigarettes like a lady there. For a short period in my adolescence, I wanted to look the way Diana Ross *sounds* on the records "Baby Love," "Where Did Our Love Go," and "Stop in the Name of Love"—sweet, beautiful, and sexy. Then I got a good look at her in a close-up photograph and I knew she must have wanted the same thing. She is not necessarily sweet, beautiful, or sexy. But she sounds that way.

I have wanted to be a black girl singer for these solid reasons: I could wear a different color and style of wig every day; I could wear pink and orange shades of lipstick; I could wear extravagant gowns; and I could smile constantly whenever I was in public without anyone's thinking I was crazy.

If I were a black girl singer, I would want to be big in the Orient. I would want thousands of Oriental teen-age girls awaking each morning and saying to themselves, "How can I get her striking features? Her hair, her nose, her lips?" Isn't that an aspiration? And then I would want my picture and articles about me constantly appearing in my favorite black magazines. I would want a picture of me wearing a lime-green bikini on the cover of *Jet*. I would want to tell the readers of *Black Stars* that my favorite meal is breakfast, even though I would never get out of bed before noon. And I would want Flo Jenkins, the editor of *Right On!*, to say about a performance of mine exactly what she said about a performance of Stevie Wonder's: "The vibes were fantastic, strange, and very mellow."

A GUIDE TO BERLIN (1925)

IN the morning, I visited the Zoo, and now I am entering a pub with my friend and usual drinking companion. Its sky-blue sign bears a white inscription, "Löwenbräu," accompanied by the portrait of a lion with a winking eye and a mug of beer. We sit down and I start telling my friend about utility pipes, streetcars, and other important matters.

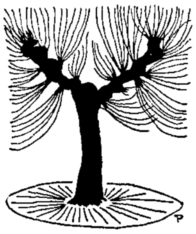
THE PIPES

IN front of the house where I live, a gigantic black pipe lies along the outer edge of the sidewalk. A couple of feet away, in the same file, lies another, then a third and a fourth—the street's iron entrails, still idle, not yet lowered into the ground, deep under the asphalt. For the first few days after they were unloaded, with a hollow clanging, from trucks, little boys would run on them, up and down, and crawl on all fours through those round tunnels, but a week later nobody was playing anymore and thick snow was falling instead; and now when, cautiously probing the treacherous glaze of the sidewalk with my thick rubber-heeled stick, I go out in the flat gray light of early morning, an even stripe of fresh snow stretches along the upper side of each black pipe, while at the mouth of the pipe that is nearest to the turn of the tracks the reflection of a still illumined tram sweeps up the interior slope like bright-orange heat lightning. Today someone wrote "Otto" with his finger on the strip of virgin snow, and I thought how beautifully that name, with its two soft o's flanking the pair of gentle consonants, suited the silent layer of snow upon that pipe with its two orifices and its tacit tunnel.

THE STREETCAR

THE streetcar will vanish in twenty years or so, just as the horse-drawn tram has vanished. Already I feel it has an air of antiquity, a kind of old-fashioned charm. Everything about it is a little clumsy and rickety, and if a curve is taken a little too fast and the trolley pole jumps the wire, and the conductor, or even one of the passengers, leans out over the car's stern, looks up, and jiggles the cord until the pole is back in place, I always think that the coach driver of old must sometimes have dropped his whip, reined in his four-horse team, and sent after it the lad in long-skirted livery who sat beside him on the box and gave piercing blasts on his horn while, clattering over the cobblestones, the coach swung through a village.

The conductor who gives out tickets has very unusual hands. They work as nimbly as those of a pianist, but, instead of being limp, sweaty, and soft-nailed, the man's hands are so coarse that when you are pouring change into his palm and happen to touch it, the palm seems to have developed a harsh chitinous crust, and you feel a kind of moral discomfort. They are extraordinarily agile and efficient hands, despite their roughness and the thickness of the fingers. I watch him with curiosity as he clamps the ticket with his broad black fingernail and punches it in two places, rummages in his leather purse, scoops up coins to make change, immediately slaps the purse shut, and yanks the bell cord, or, with a shove of his thumb, throws open the special little window in the forward door to hand tickets to people on the front platform. And all the time the car sways, passengers standing in the aisle grab at the overhead straps and surge back and forth—but he will not drop a single coin or a single ticket torn from his roll. In these winter days, the bottom half of the forward door is curtained with green cloth, the windows are clouded with frost, Christmas trees for sale throng the edge of the sidewalk at each stop, the passengers' feet are numb with cold, and sometimes a gray worsted mitten clothes the conductor's hand. At the end of the line, the front car uncouples, enters a siding, runs around the remaining one, and approaches it from behind. There is something reminiscent of a submissive female in the way the second car waits as the first, male, trolley, sending up a small crackling flame, rolls up and couples on. And (minus the biological metaphor) I am reminded of how, some eighteen years ago in Petersburg, the horses used to be unhitched and led around the potbellied blue tram.



The horse-drawn tram has vanished, and so will the trolley, and some eccentric Berlin writer of the twenty-first century, wishing to portray our time, will go to a museum of technological history and locate a hundred-year-old streetcar, yellow, uncouth, with old-fashioned curved seats, and in a museum of old costumes dig up a black, shiny-buttoned conductor's uniform. Then he will go home and compile a description of Berlin streets in bygone days. Everything, every trifle, will be valuable and significant: the conductor's purse, the advertisement over the window, that peculiar jolting motion which our great-grandchildren will perhaps imagine—everything will be ennobled and justified by its age.

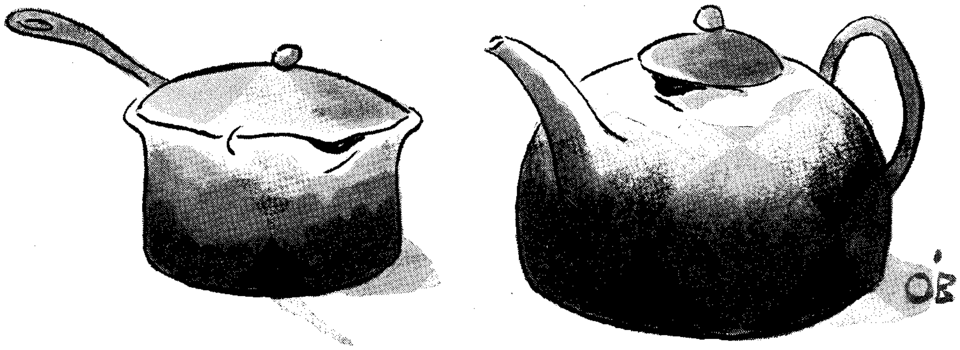
I think that here lies the sense of literary creation—to portray ordinary objects as they will be reflected in the kindly mirrors of future times; to find in the objects around us the fragrant tenderness that only posterity will discern and appreciate in the far-off times when every trifle of our plain everyday life will become exquisite and festive in its own right—the times when a man who might put on the most ordinary jacket of today will be dressed up for an elegant masquerade.

WORK

HERE are examples of various kinds of work that I observe from the crammed tram in which a compassionate woman can be always relied upon to cede me her window seat—while trying not to look too closely at me.

At an intersection, the pavement has been torn up next to the track; by turns, four workmen are pounding an iron stake with mallets; the first one strikes, and the second is already lowering his mallet with a sweeping, accurate swing; the second mallet crashes down and is rising skyward as the third and then the fourth bang down in rhythmical succession. I listen to their unhurried clanging, like four repeated notes of an iron carillon.

A young white-capped baker flashes by on his tricycle; there is something angelic about a lad dusted with flour. A van jingles past with cases on its roof containing rows of emerald-glittering empty bottles, collected from taverns. A long black larch tree mysteriously travels by in a cart. The tree lies flat; its tip quivers gently, while the earth-covered roots, enveloped in sturdy burlap, form an enormous, beige, bomb-like sphere at its base. A postman, who has placed the mouth of a sack under a cobalt-colored mailbox, fastens it on from below, and secretly, invisibly, with a hurried rustling, the box empties, and the postman claps shut the square jaws of the bag, now grown full and heavy. But perhaps fairest of all are the carcasses, chrome yellow, with pink blotches and arabesques, piled on a truck, and the man in apron and



“You’re a fine one to talk!”

• •

leather hood with a long neck flap who heaves each carcass onto his back and, hunched over, carries it across the sidewalk into the butcher’s red shop.

Eden

EVERY large city has its own, man-made Eden on earth. If churches speak to us of the Gospel, zoos remind us of the solemn and tender beginning of the Old Testament. The only sad part is that this artificial Eden is all behind bars, although it is also true that if there were no enclosures the very first dingo would savage me. It is Eden nonetheless, insofar as man is able to reproduce it, and it is with good reason that the large hotel across from the Berlin Zoo is named after that garden.

In the wintertime when the tropical animals have been hidden away, I recommend visiting the Amphibian, Insect, and Fish House. Rows of illuminated displays behind glass in the dimly lit hall resemble the portholes through which Captain Nemo gazed out of his submarine at the sea creatures undulating among the ruins of Atlantis. Behind the glass, in bright recesses, transparent fishes glide with flashing fins, marine flowers breathe, and on a patch of sand lies a live, crimson five-pointed star. This, then, is where the notorious emblem originated—at the very bottom of the ocean, in the murk of sunken Atlantica, which long ago lived through various upheavals while pottering about topical utopias and other inanities that cripple us today.

Oh, do not omit to watch the giant tortoises being fed. These ponderous, ancient, corneous cupolas were brought from the Galápagos Islands. With a decrepit kind of circumspection, a wrinkly flat head and two totally useless paws emerge in slow motion from under the two-hundred-pound dome. And with its thick, spongy tongue, suggesting somehow that of a cacological idiot slackly vomiting his monstrous speech, the turtle sticks its head into a heap of wet vegetables and messily munches their leaves.

But that dome above it—ah, that dome, that ageless, well-rubbed, dull bronze, that splendid burden of time . . .

The Pub

“THAT’S a very poor guide,” my usual drinking companion says glumly. “Who cares about how you took a streetcar and went to the Berlin Zoo?”

The pub in which he and I are sitting is divided into two parts, one large, the other somewhat smaller. A billiard table occupies the center of the former; there are a few tables in the corners; a bar faces the entrance, and bottles stand on shelves behind the bar. On the wall, between the windows, newspapers and magazines mounted on short staffs hang like paper banners. At the far end there is a wide passageway, through which one sees a cramped little room with a green couch under a mirror, out of which an oval table with a checked oilcloth topples and takes up its solid position in front of the couch. That room is part of the publican’s humble little apartment. There his wife, with faded looks and big breasts, is feeding soup to a blond child.

“It’s of no interest,” my friend affirms with a mournful yawn. “What do trams and tortoises matter? And anyway, the whole thing is simply a bore. A boring, foreign city, and expensive to live in, too. . . .”

From our place near the bar one can make out very distinctly the couch, the mirror, and the table in the background beyond the passage. The woman is clearing the table. Propped on his elbows, the child attentively examines an illustrated magazine on its useless handle.

“What do you see down there?” asks my companion, and turns slowly, with a sigh, and the chair creaks heavily under him.

There, under the mirror, the child still sits alone. But he is now looking our way. From there he can see the inside of the tavern—the green island of the billiard table, the ivory ball he is forbidden to touch, the metallic gloss of the bar, a pair of fat truckers at one table and the two of us at another. He has long since grown used to this scene and is not dismayed by its proximity. Yet there is one thing I know. Whatever happens to him in life, he will always remember the picture he saw every day of his childhood from the little room where he was fed his soup. He will remember the billiard table and the coatless evening visitor who used to draw back his sharp white elbow and hit the ball with his cue, and the blue-gray cigar smoke, and the din of voices, and my empty right sleeve and scarred face, and his father behind the bar, filling a mug for me from the tap.

“I can’t understand what you see down there,” says my friend, turning back toward me.

What indeed! How can I demonstrate to him that I have glimpsed somebody’s future recollection?

—Vladimir Nabokov

(Translated, from the Russian text of 1925, by Dmitri Nabokov, in collaboration with the author.)

•

LATE

We are not ever lost
and nothing delays us.
We carry the sun on our backs
and cover such ground
as you would not believe.

We are the colonists of dark,
the cousins of radiance,
who shall bloom
among you.

Listen,
do not move in your hard beds;
we enter your rooms
and the candles are lit
as if by themselves,
stars gather,
dreams pour
into your pillows,
memories of the moon,
warm bouquets of air . . . Listen,

even now
the breathing begins.

—Mark Strand

LAST WINTER

In college Annie was a psychology major, and she married a fool. I was in literature and married a junkie. After college, we lived in New York. We met for lunch sometimes, Annie and I, and our slight friendship has lasted longer and certainly proved more pleasant than the associations we formed with our husbands. Pleasant, if distant, but that's the way I've been keeping things lately. Two years ago, when I got divorced, I moved to a farm, an hour from Canada. Most old friends are impressed when I tell them, and say how far north I am. But it is just where I live, not north. I could have ended anywhere when I left the city.

Last January I went to New York on business. I edit books free lance for the publishing house where I worked when I was married. My friend Channing is the house editor I work with most often, and she likes to see me when I finish a project, so, grumbling, worried that I'll bring the wrong clothes, I occasionally gather myself up and take the bus to New York. This time I was pleased to be going to the city. Christmas was over and all I could see ahead was long weeks of snow or, worse, rain.

Annie had extended an invitation when she'd visited me in the fall with her friend Patrick and his four-year-old daughter, Cherie. "I have plenty of room," she'd said. "You know that, Ellen. Any time. Call first."

When I did call, she said that it was fine for me to come and leave my things but that she needed the apartment alone the first night I planned to be in the city because Patrick was staying over. That was O.K. with me. For that one night I could stay with Channing or someone from the office.

Annie lives in the Village, in a building that you enter by walking through a tunnel under another building and across a courtyard. Then you go down some stairs, up two flights, and you are at Annie's door. On the first floor of the apartment there is a small entrance hall, a bedroom, and a bathroom. Upstairs there is a tiny kitchen and a large living room with a marble fireplace and a cathedral ceiling that is two stories high. A skylight runs the length of the room. The walls are painted white and plants hang from the skylight. This room is one of the most dramatic I've seen. It looks like New York to me.

I arrived at Annie's apartment early on a Monday morning, nine hours after I'd left home, and Annie told me she could talk for only a few minutes. She was studying hard for the Graduate Records, she said. Annie had a master's in social work and worked part time as a therapist in a clinic in Brooklyn, but she wanted a Ph.D. in psychology, and was explaining why when the phone rang upstairs. Annie went to answer it, and I settled in, hanging my skirt and my good blouse in the bedroom closet.

After a while, Annie came back downstairs. She leaned against the bedroom door and watched me rummage in my suitcase. "You can sleep here tonight after all," she said. "Patrick's not coming."

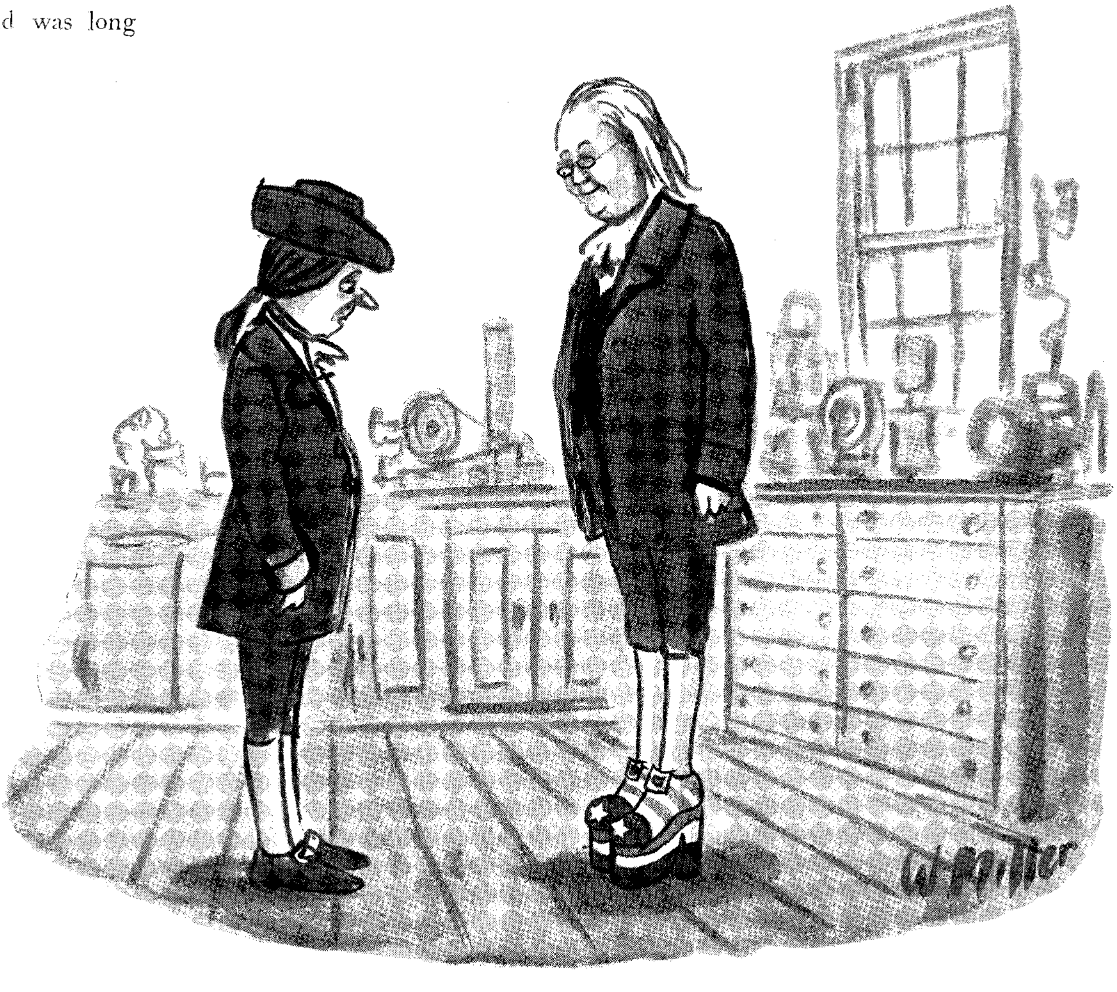
"It's off again?" I said.

"Who knows?" She moved into the room and sat down on the double bed. "I never know. He never knows. I'm beginning not to care, I guess."

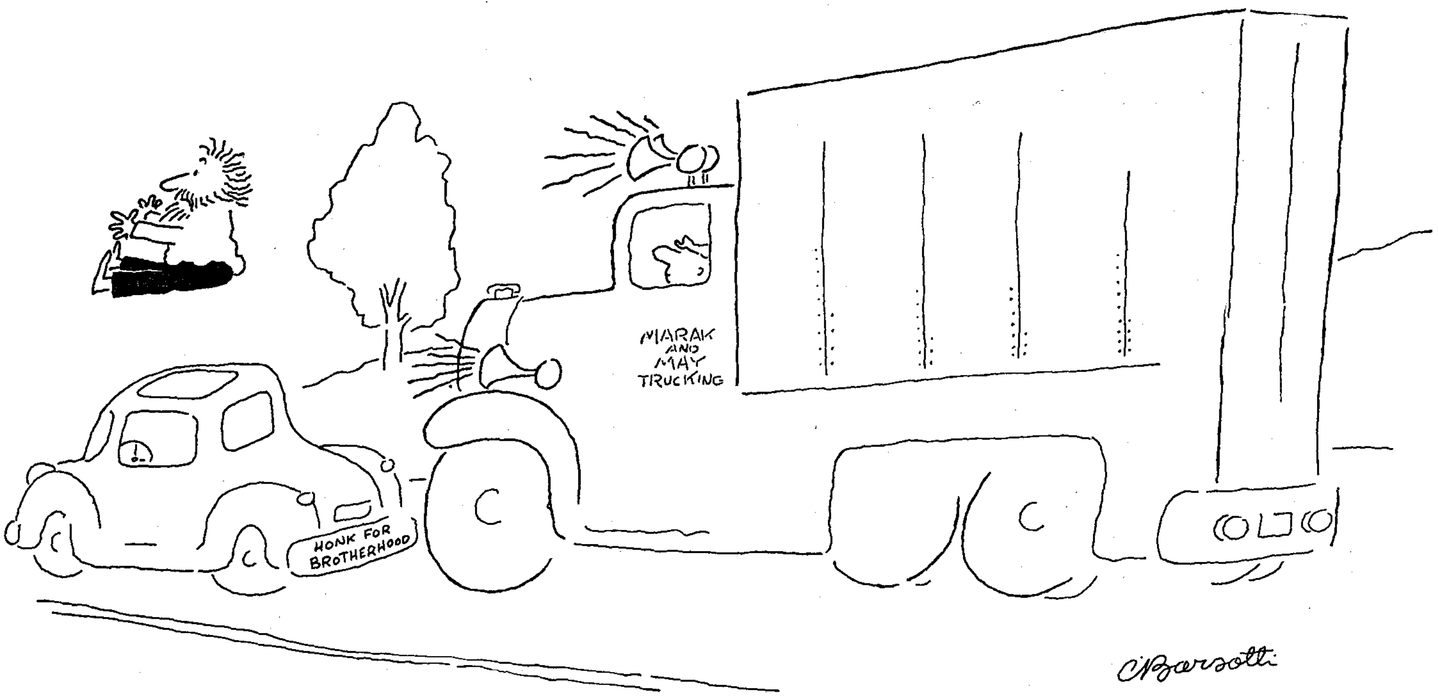
"How was it over Christmas?" I asked. I hardly knew Patrick. I'd only seen him for a few hours at my house, but I remembered her saying that he went a little crazy on holidays.

"We stayed with my father, and I was so crazy he didn't get his chance," Annie said. "And we had Cherie with us." She looked up at her bulletin board where, pinned among invitations to art openings and postcards from exotic places, there was a color photo of Patrick's little girl. She was as blond as Annie. She looked like Annie. "It's funny. It's worse for me not seeing her than Patrick," Annie said.

I had troubles of my own. I'd made a date for that night with my ex-husband, Harry, who had written at Christmas to ask if we could have dinner the next time I came to Gotham, as he called it. Since the divorce, we hadn't seen each other. I'd heard he



"It's an interesting idea, Ben, but do you really think the country's ready for it?"



was living with a woman I'd met years ago at a party. She was so drunk she almost fell into the fireplace. Fortunately, it was June and there was no danger. She carried it off nicely.

I'd sent Harry a postcard agreeing to have dinner, because I figured I might never see him again. He'd promised to die young and was now thirty. Either that promise would be added to the others he'd broken or it would happen. I would see him, I told myself, just to check it out.

I told Annie I'd be back about ten. We arranged to have dinner together the following night. I said I would cook. She gave me her extra set of keys, and I watched her climb the stairs back to her books.

AROUND noon I took the subway uptown and went to the office, where I was welcomed by all my old friends. We sat in Channing's office and talked the usual talk: Life in the city, life in the country. The bottom line, I wanted to tell them, is that it's possible to move great distances and change nothing but the scenery. But I didn't. Instead, I talked cost and climate, views and living without first-run movies. I enjoyed sitting in that glass tower, and I was struck by our confidence that it wouldn't fall or burn as we drank coffee and made jokes. The building wasn't much more than five years old and perhaps when it was thirty would be destroyed and a different one erected in its place.

At some point, six or seven of us were talking and someone, I think it was Bill from Production, mentioned a salesman named Dieter. He said, "Oh, I knew there was something new to tell you. Dieter is dead." Of course, he wasn't so wrong to be casual. It was old news to him. And Dieter and I hadn't been great or close friends. I'd liked him. We'd had lunch once a week or so and gossiped about people in the office.

"How did he die?" I asked.

"Downtown. On the docks," Channing said. I could tell from the way she said it that she didn't want to keep talking about Dieter; her desk used to be next to mine and we'd listened to each other's phone calls for years.

"What do you mean, the docks?" I said.

"He was beaten to death," she said. "He was gay. You know that."

Poor Dieter, I thought as Channing and Bill discussed Chinese food versus the nearest bar. When I first left the city, I'd been afraid to return and find things had changed without me, and here was Dieter dead, wiped out, simple as that.

We all went downstairs for a long Chinese lunch, then dragged ourselves back to the office and scattered to our places: desks in the hall for proofreaders, copy editors, and secretaries; cubicles with windows for editors. They had adjusted to my being there and it was like old times. I showed Channing what I'd done with my last book, and she gave me a new project. It was by two young architects, tentatively titled "How to Design Anything." I was to meet the authors the next day. They didn't want the book to be too organized, Channing told me, and I was supposed to explain to them that it had to have a beginning, middle, and end.

The day was drawing to a close. I figured I could meet Harry at seven for dinner and still join some people from work at the bar where we used to go. That way, I could be back at Annie's at ten and asleep not long after my usual hour.

At four I called Harry. I could hear him smiling as he said hello to me. Harry is so cold that when he is even cordial it's like the sun. I stood with my back to the group of secretaries' desks and watched the digital clock on the Newsweek building. Harry and I have always been great phone talkers, and now he began describing in detail his cat's progress across the living-room floor. Finally, I said, "I'd better get off the phone, Harry. How about seven at O'Hoolihan's? I'm going there with Pat and Betsy."

"Seven's a little tight."

"How could it be tight? We're not just going to grab a hot dog for dinner, are we?" I was feeling a little nostalgic now for the days of living with a speed freak—the arguments over whether he would eat or not. I thought I'd hold off telling him about Dieter until we were face to face. He'd liked Dieter the few times they'd met.

"Dinner at all is a little tight," Harry said. "I got a ticket for the opera tonight. 'Boris Godunov.' "

"One ticket?"

"I was really lucky to get any. A friend handed it to me an hour ago. It's in the third row. Center."

"Harry. We were going to have dinner tonight. I haven't seen you for years. You haven't seen me. This was your idea."

"Darling. Don't be silly. We can have a drink. If you get in a cab, you can be here in ten minutes, you know. Or we can meet after the opera."

I saw that he thought he was being flexible, and knew all was lost. "O.K., Harry," I said. "I'll be there."

I hung up and went to see Channing. I asked her if we could go over the manuscript in the morning. "I've got to go now," I said.

She looked at me calmly and said, "Sure. What's the matter? The reprobate again?"

"How did you know?"

"Your hands are a dead giveaway. He can get you shaking faster than anyone."

"Channing, am I unreasonable? We were supposed to have dinner, but someone gave him a free ticket for the opera."

"I don't know about you, but if someone says to me we're having dinner, that's what I assume we'll do. There are not two meanings to that statement."

She spoke so positively that I picked up the phone and dialled Harry's number.

"I can't do it, Harry," I said. "I just rode on a bus for nine hours and worked all day, and I'm not jumping into any cab to see you for fifteen minutes."

"There's more than fifteen minutes before the opera."

"Stop it," I said. "We were supposed to have dinner and now we won't. You stood me up."

"Your self-righteousness astounds me." He paused. "You act as if you never change your plans. I can think of plenty of plans you've changed."

"I don't like the level of this conversation," I said.

"You don't like hearing yourself criticized. That's what you don't like."

"This isn't criticism. This is a sidetrack," I said, and saw that everyone within ten feet was staring at me. It was just like old times, me shouting at Harry over the office phone.

After a silence, he said, "O.K. O.K. We'll meet after the opera. Then we can talk. If that's what you want."

"Harry. That is no concession. And no, Harry, I don't think I want to see you." I hung up.

I had hung up on Harry once before, years before. We were supposed to go on a fishing trip and didn't because at the last minute he called me at work to say someone had invited us to Connecticut—some rich person who was going to lend him money. We'd stay in a mansion, he said; we'd eat pie in the sky. I remembered how hurt he'd been at my not giving him a chance to explain and the fight we'd had that night when I came home. Then I remembered how I felt in the country when I got his letter asking me if I would see him in Gotham and how pleased I had been, and I thought back farther to times when we had been the best of friends to one another. I walked into an empty cubicle and dialled Harry's number again.

"I don't like being hung up on," he said.

"That's why I'm calling back," I said. "I'm sorry. I don't like not seeing you tonight."

"We can see each other. I told you."

"Can you give this a little distance for a minute? Can you see my point of view at all?" I was speaking softly, because he also hates being yelled at.

"We can see each other after the opera. Or you can come up now."

"Will you answer my questions?"

"No. You're being completely unreasonable. And you know it. Why do you have to be so emotional about this?"

I hate being told I am unreasonable or emotional, and Harry knows it. "That's it," I said. "There's nothing else to say."

"Of course there is," Harry said, but his voice faded as I took the receiver from my ear and placed it back in its cradle. I sat at the desk for a while and watched people hurry by. Phones rang frantically. Typewriters clattered. How could I have been so stupid and let this happen to me again? I put my head down on the desk and cried.

Channing came over, and Pat and Betsy, my old pals. Bill from Production walked by, I think. I stopped crying. Only exhaustion, I explained, because there wasn't anything left to say about Harry and me.

I went to O'Hoolihan's with Pat

"Whose power base are we over now?"

and Betsy. Channing came along also, I think to keep an eye on me. She views everyone as incompetent and in need of her cool services to one degree or another. In this case, she was right.

I started my third Scotch and Channing insisted I eat a hamburger. I hadn't eaten beef for months—not since I was last in New York—but I didn't have it in me to explain that to her, to go through the whole conversation. I felt she would think I was an ass, pouring liquor down my throat and talking about my health. I ate the hamburger, which was excellent and rare, and ordered another drink.

We spoke of divorce, of therapy, and then of ex-lovers. Betsy had recently divested herself of one of the best-looking men any of us had ever seen. An orphan, an actor, a baby, a psychotic, she pronounced; but the pride in her voice as she described his antics was a remnant of her feeling for him, or at least of her enchantment.

Pat was more or less living with a man. He was away a great deal, and when he returned she came into the office with great circles under her eyes. They drank, she confessed, until they could hardly see each other and made love until they didn't want to anymore, and then he left. It didn't sound all that bad, but it didn't seem enviable.

They asked me what I did up there in the sticks, and I shrugged, examined the table, and said that I did what I could. In truth, I do very little. Any lover who comes too close looks like Harry, and the others break my heart in a different way.

Only Channing had what could be called a sensible relationship with a man. For four years she has been attending classes in Theosophy. At one class she met a man who was also interested in Theosophy, and a year later he moved into her apartment. They bicycle together around Central Park. Last summer they visited me on their way to climb some peak in the Adirondacks. But even Channing has something unsettling to say—a thread to add to the ragged day. A few nights before, while they were making love, she'd announced she was bored. What ensued she didn't describe and we didn't pursue it.

SHACK SONG

Rounding a slip of the marsh, the boat skids
under me and the propeller whines naked,
then digs and shoots me forward. A clapper rail
disappears in reeds, and one crane, shaken
from his nap, blinks, and holds.

He makes me think of the Lost Tribe of Virginia,
as if the scree of insects were a Jew's
harp in John Jacob Niles' mouth.

A creek opens its throat and I enter, dragging
down to hear my wake's slip-slop,
thinking of the man who warned me people
were the same everywhere, lost and wondering

how they came to the life no one else wanted.
Sweet Jesus, he was right. Now he lies
in this sodden ground for the first time
in his life and I do not know even where.

Today is no different; the waters flood hulks
of empty houses, leaving beer cans to gleam
in the indifferent moon. The first stalks of
narcissus break the ground with gold
though March still means tonight to freeze.

I know this place, its small mustering of facts
wind-worn and useless, real and repeated, the same
anywhere. At the end the creek leads to a room,
one placid boat swinging at a stick, pines sieving

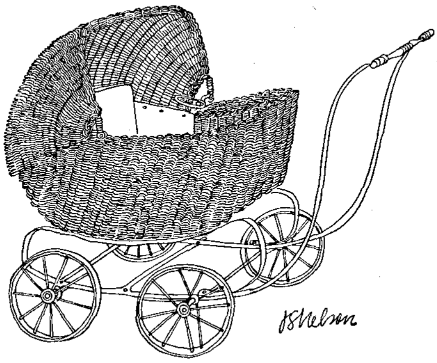
air, the cleat ringing like small jewelry.

—DAVE SMITH

• •

ANNIE had warned me not to rely on the bell because more often than not it didn't work. She also told me that the building had been robbed four times in the last year and that people always tried to jimmy the lock. Therefore, the set of keys she'd given me might not work. The one for the first door, the door to the tunnel, didn't. I stood there, trying it forcefully and softly, casually and with tension. I thought of Dieter being beaten to death only a few blocks west of where I stood. My fear of being attacked from behind increased until, just when I'd given up, the key turned and I walked through the tunnel to Annie's building.

Annie was upstairs in the big room, sitting on a hard chair before a round dining table strewn with papers and books. The lamp that hung over the table illuminated her blond hair, making it shine. She smiled when I reached the top of the stairs and stumbled on the last step.



"Did you and Harry have a few?" she asked.

"Me and Harry?" I said, not remembering for a minute what she was talking about. "Oh, we didn't go anywhere. Coffee? Tea? I'll make tea."

I stood in the narrow kitchen as steadily as I could and waited for the water to boil, shouting out to Annie how it had really gone with Harry.

We sat with our cups of tea in front of her cold fireplace and Annie talked about her determination to get her doctorate. There was a trust fund, she said. At twelve she had been told she would inherit enough money so that she would never have to work for a living, but she had renounced her money except for a small income. There was an unbreakable clause in the trust, however, which guaranteed her education for as many degrees as she liked—and she seemed to like having several.

"If it's not the goddam summer people, it's the goddam winter people!"

• •

She could sue now for control of her money, but she would not. At the age of thirty, Annie was content to be governed by a twelve-year-old's sense of the way money should righteously be spent.

Then we talked about Patrick, to whom she'd spoken again. It was hopeless, she said. "He's a child, I'm a child. But he's mad."

Later Annie and I got into long flannel nightgowns and lay side by side in her bed.

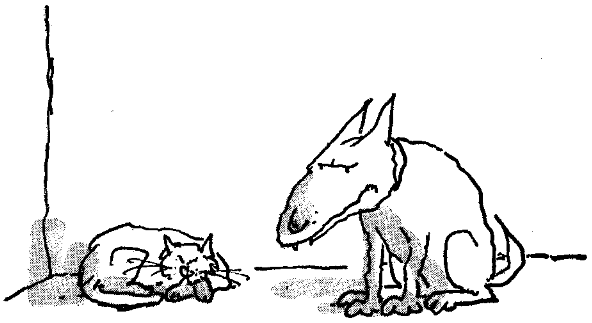
"I didn't know it would be like this," I remember saying, thinking how I had viewed thirty at eighteen. I was glad to be at Annie's. I've always liked sleepovers. I was telling her a story about the country—how I was snowed in and didn't mind at first, then did; who came to plow me out—when we both fell asleep.

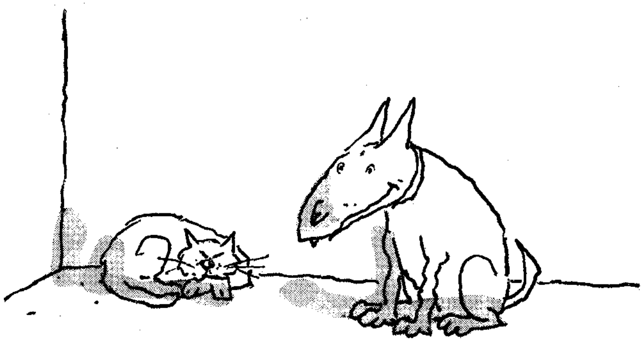
Annie left for the clinic early the next morning, even before I had to consider getting up and seeing the architects and Channing. She slammed the door and I heard the police lock snap into place, then silence. I went back to sleep, stretching out on the bed that was now all mine, and dreamed of an old boyfriend and his three brothers. In my dream the boyfriend and I were so in love that it hurt. The brothers floated through the dream like page boys, handing us things, helping us into rooms and through doors.

I opened my eyes, maybe at some slight sound, and saw a very young woman standing in front of Annie's dresser. She was wearing a tan duffel coat. Her hair was blond, but a deeper, pinker shade than Annie's, and she looked no more than twenty. She turned and looked at me, then raised one finger to her lips. Her gesture was a command. Do not look, it said. Do not speak. Close your eyes. Do not be here.

I closed my eyes. The apartment was being robbed. I could be hurt. It was as if I had lost my body below my neck. I could not feel my legs or arms; all I felt, really, were my eyes, closed as commanded. In the darkness there were blocks of light passing. I thought at one point I saw the room again and was afraid my eyes had opened involuntarily.

I considered running for the door, but what would I do outside the apartment, barefoot in my flannel nightgown? I wondered if I was a fool, lying and waiting to be spared. Then I thought, Should I fight? But what for? The credit cards that lay





in my wallet on Annie's dresser? Annie's television or stereo?

Then I knew—I don't know how, but I was sure—that she would be joined by a man. I thought of the door again and running. A woman might spare me, but a man would not. I could promise not to tell anyone that I'd seen her, but we weren't children. My promise would mean nothing to them.

I heard the woman go into the little hall by the apartment door, and then she came back into the bedroom and stopped by my side of the bed. There was nothing of value on the night table—my cheap watch, a ring with a glass stone that looks like amethyst, and a paperback book. It was excruciating, trying to breathe evenly as she stood over me. Then she walked away, and there was a certain coldness next to me where she had been. I heard her footsteps on the stairs. My eyes were closed, though she was upstairs and couldn't see me. A long time seemed to pass. I heard the ticking of my watch. From the bathroom I heard a baby crying and then the flapping of wings, and I felt a rush of air. A bird flew through the room and it was over. I opened my eyes.

The first thing I saw was the apartment door. It was closed and the police lock was on. Its bar was in place, braced between the door and the floor. There was no way the woman could have entered the apartment. I got out of bed and dressed quickly. Whatever had happened, I had to be uptown at work. But I was still too frightened to simply leave. I went upstairs and looked around the living room and the kitchen. No one was there. I picked up the phone and called Sam, my old psychiatrist. Even after two years I knew the number by heart. The phone rang twice and Sam answered.

"It's me," I said. "Ellen. I know it's been a while. But, Sam, I think I'm hallucinating."

"How interesting," he said. "Someone's with you now?"

"How about calling back at eleven? You are all right, aren't you?"

"Fine, fine," I said. "Only hallucinating."

On the subway uptown I thought, It wasn't a hallucination at all. What I saw and heard couldn't be explained.

And then, amazingly, I forgot the whole thing. I went to the office, picked up the architects' manuscript, and spent the morning reading it. Eleven o'clock came and went, and when I remembered my morning call to Sam I felt foolish but obliged to call him back. Again a patient was with him, so I said I'd call at two. Channing and I ordered sandwiches and malts, and sat in the editor-in-chief's office eating and talking about the manuscript. By one, I was on my way to see the architects, planning what I'd make for dinner for Annie and me and thinking a little about Harry.

The architects were like their manuscript: disorganized, at first quite charming, and then annoying. When we were through discussing the book, we had coffee and I found myself telling them what had happened that morning.

"A ghost," one of them said.

"That happened to me," said the other, and told me that one night his entire family, eight people, dreamed the same dream. He couldn't remember the dream, however.

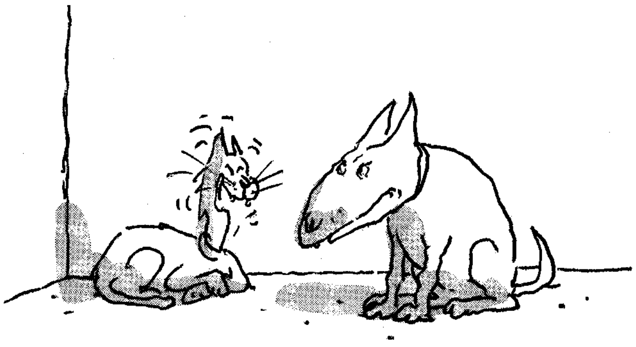
Now it was three, and I realized I still hadn't spoken to Sam. When I called this time, he was free to talk, and I told him everything that had happened.

"It must have been frightening," he said.

"Yes." I was grateful. "Terribly."

"It sounds as if the place is haunted," Sam said.

"I think it must be. Or something. You don't think it's because I was angry at Harry or I'm in the city?"



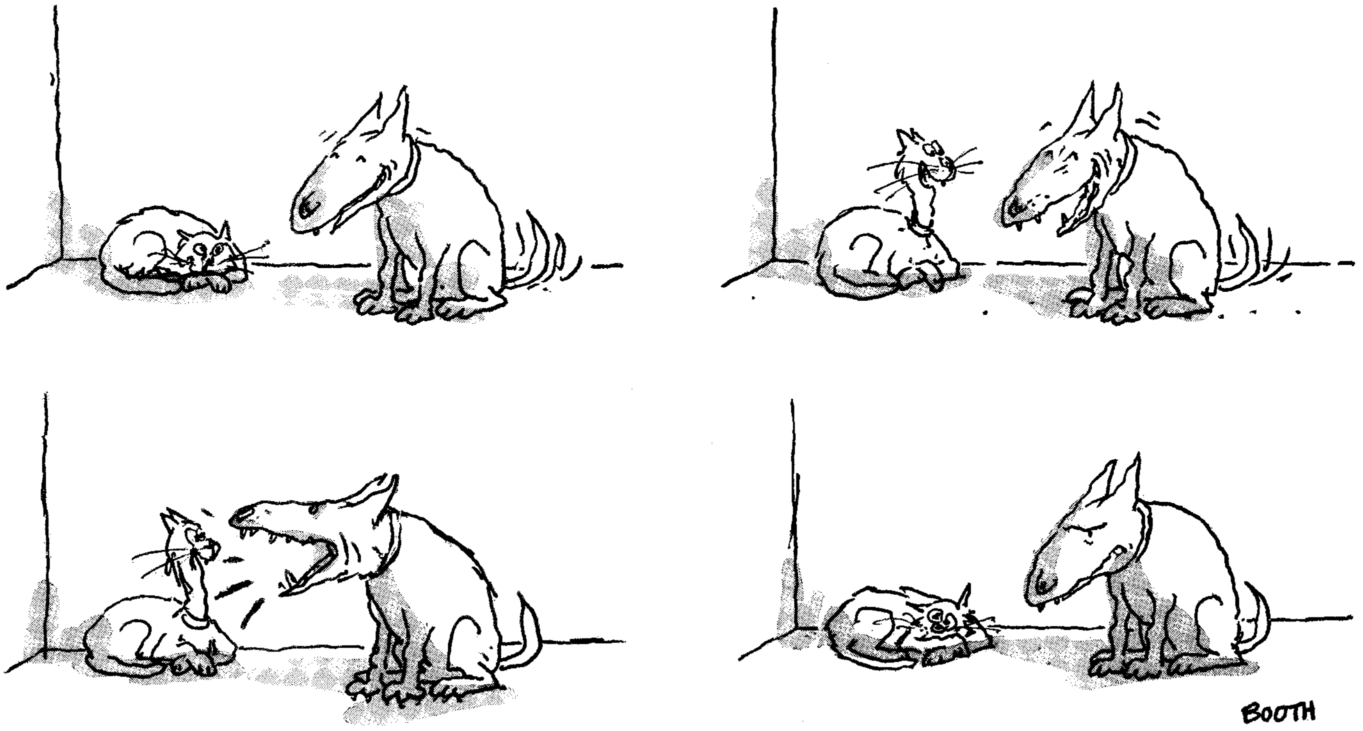
"Why should it be?"

"Actually, it feels as if it has nothing to do with me at all," I said. "That's what makes it so peculiar."

I DECIDED to make Annie a dinner of chicken, vegetables, and salad, and I beat my way through the rush-hour A. & P. to get the raw material. In the vegetable department, half the packages had been vandalized. The lettuce was limp. The deadline stamped on the chicken package was near. It was dark out and it began to rain as I left the A. & P. By the time I made it to the liquor store, the paper bag of groceries was melting. The man in the store was nice and helped me repack the food. I bought a better bottle of wine than I would have otherwise, and continued to Annie's.

Again it took a few minutes to get the first door open. The light was out in the tunnel and I hurried into the courtyard. When I entered the apartment, everything was as it should have been. There was the hushed air of rooms empty for hours. I poured myself some of Annie's Scotch, put on some music, and started to make dinner. Annie has a lot of excellent and expensive cooking equipment, most of it covered by a thin layer of grease and dust.

When Annie came home, an hour and a half later, she called up from below and I hung over the bannister and watched her take off her coat and boots. "Exhausted," she said. "I am wiped out." Then she came upstairs



and sniffed the air, saying, "Food. My God. Real food in my house." I started to say how easy it was to cook for yourself, when I remembered that when I lived in New York I ate home-cooked food only when someone else made it.

"Well," I said, "it's nice to be here."

Annie cleared her books and papers from the table, and began to set the table. I had just taken the chicken from the oven and was transferring it to a platter when the phone rang. We both stopped what we were doing. I remembered phones ringing in our college dorm and the suspense until it was announced who was wanted. Annie told me, half relieved, half envious, that it was for me.

"Look," Harry said on the phone. "Everything will be O.K. when we get a few things straightened out."

"Like what?" I said.

"Like the fact that you can't dictate what I'm going to do of an evening just because you're in town."

"Now wait a minute," I said. "You said we were going to have dinner. I didn't imagine it. I didn't even suggest it."

"Ellen. Be real for once. I said we'd get together."

"In your letter you said we'd have dinner."

"Well. If you read that, you read wrong."

"What do you mean, 'if'?"

"I never wrote that."

"I don't lie," I said. "I don't lie. Who do you think you're talking to? One of your friends? I don't have any damn reason to lie where you're concerned." I would have gone on, but I saw Annie's face as she set the wineglasses on the table. She was trying not to hear, which was impossible. Worse, she was trying not to be upset. "I'm getting off this phone, Harry," I said. "There's nothing left to straighten out," and again I hung up on him.

Of course the minute I did and went back to the chicken, I felt awful. While I recounted the conversation to Annie, I waited for the phone to ring, hoping he would try again, but he didn't. When we began eating, I gave up waiting.

"A strange thing happened this morning," I said to Annie, to change the subject. I told her then about seeing a woman in the apartment.

"What did she look like? What did she do," Annie interrupted.

"She was young," I said. "Blond. A strawberry blond, and she was wearing a duffel coat." I continued telling Annie about it—the way the woman had put her finger to her lips, her standing by the bed, her going upstairs.

"Patrick saw her too," Annie said. "But I thought . . . He's crazy, you know."

"What exactly did he see?" I asked.

"He saw her—the same hair and she was young—but he saw her in a long white dress. She came into the bedroom where he was sleeping. I'd left for work already. When Patrick woke up and saw her, she did that too." Annie raised her finger to her lips.

"Then what?"

"She told him she was going upstairs. She said, 'I'm going upstairs now,' and then she went upstairs. But we explained all that."

"What do you mean you explained all that?"

"Well, he was very anxious. We'd just come back from my father's house. And what my shrink said was that it was really anger at me for abandoning him."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

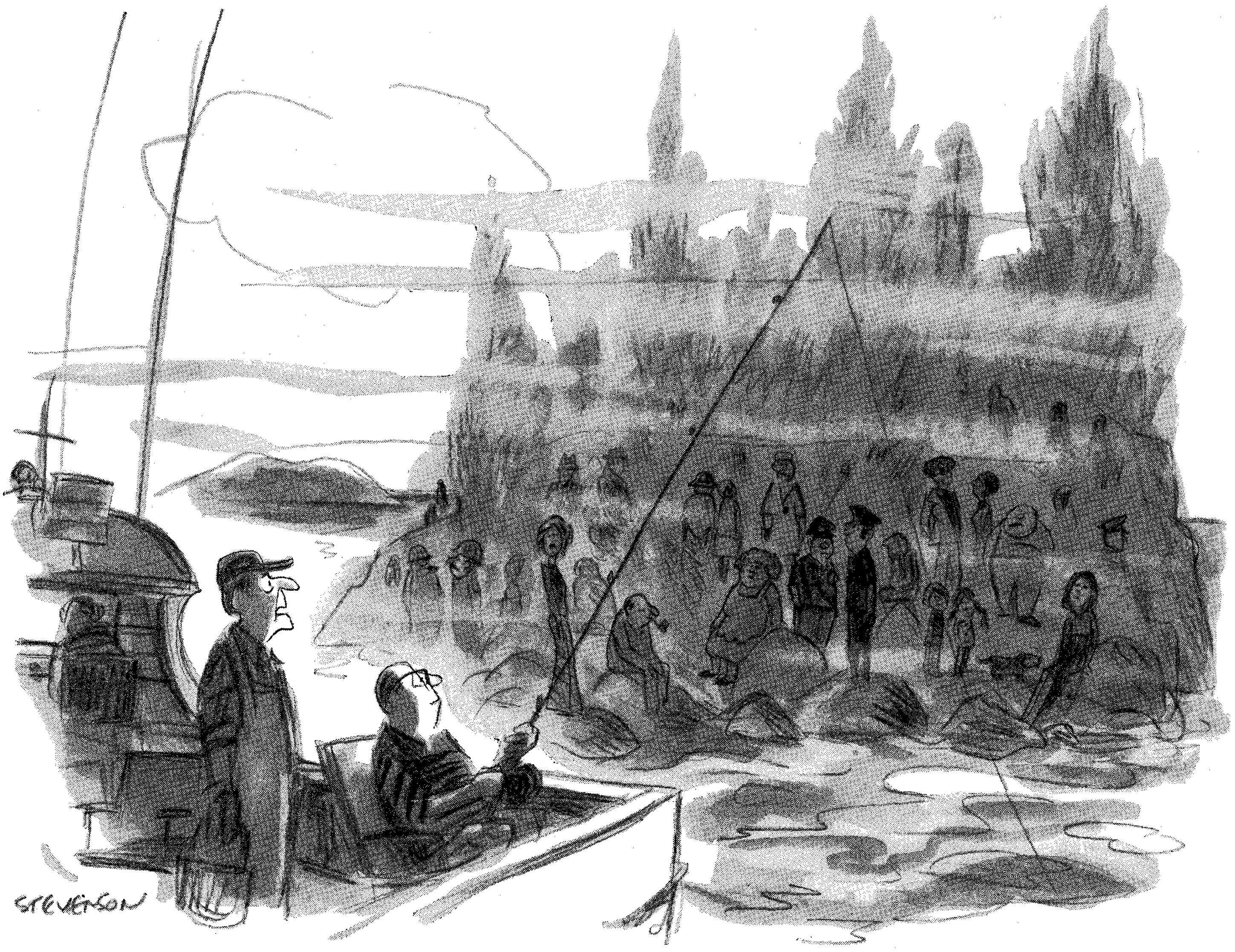
"I left him and Cherie in the guest bedroom at my father's and I slept upstairs in my old bedroom without him. I left him in a strange house where he didn't know where anything was."

"And what did Patrick's shrink say?"

"He said Patrick was dreaming. That's all it was. A dream."

We ate the chicken and our talk drifted to our friends from college—where they were, who with, if anyone—and Annie's plans. "I've lived here for four years," Annie said, looking around the white room. "I've never lived anywhere so long. I went from school to school, from parent to parent, then with my husband, and then here. I painted it myself and figured out how to hang those plants on the pulley so they come down when I want to water them. I'm not going to apply to schools outside of New York. I'm not going to give up such a good apartment."

The phone did not ring again that



"It's known as the Isle of Cancelled Sitcoms."

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night. Annie described a man she'd met recently and, listening to her discuss the prospects for a new relationship, I felt weary and envious. She is good at probabilities and, now that she's been through so much school, has a better vocabulary for disasters.

I slept well and in the morning woke at the same time Annie did. I started to pack right away. I was leaving New York that day after another session with Channing and the architects. I thanked Annie, and we discussed her coming up Easter or maybe in May. My friends from the city don't visit in the winter, and I was leaving New York with the prospect of a long respite from their company. I felt relief edged with dread.

At the end of the day, I had to fight my way to Port Authority through the rush-hour crowds, dragging my suitcase and the manuscript, sweating underneath my winter coat and sweaters. I was dressed for my destination. The line for the night bus to Montreal was very long, and I could see the bus was going to be packed. I had my usual moment at the bus station. All during a visit I may think how odd city people are and how tenuous their relationship to the material world. Then, on line for the journey north, I look at the other travellers, a little dumpier, slower, and more patient than I, and I am out of place once again. When the bus starts, I'm all right.

We came out of the tunnel into New Jersey, and I began thinking about the woman I'd seen, almost companionably, as one of the New Yorkers I was leaving behind me. She would stay there in the city with Channing and Annie, Harry and Patrick, and even with Dieter. I wondered for the first time since I'd seen her who the man was she expected and if he had ever joined her there. I wondered if it was their baby crying and what had become of their time together. I didn't think she was a dream. I know when I'm dreaming and when I'm not. I think now that she is a person who doesn't want to leave—that she, like myself and perhaps like everyone else, cannot bear for anything to end.

—LAURA FURMAN

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The original Olympic Games were held in the sacred valley of Olympia on the western coast of Greece as a festival dedicated to the god Zeus. The Games were revived in the modern era through the efforts of Baron Pierre de Coubertin, who believed that amateur sports competition, as a common denominator, would contribute to international good will.

The first modern Games were held in Athens in 1896, and have continued to take place every four years except in times of world wars.—*Brochure of the United States Olympic Committee.*

Should have stayed with the Zeus thing, probably.

ANNALS OF WAR

FRIENDLY FIRE—I

ON his last night of leave, Wednesday, September 3, 1969, Michael Eugene Mullen worked until ten o'clock on his family's farm—a hundred-and-twenty-acre tract five miles northwest of La Porte City, in Black Hawk County, Iowa. He stayed down in the lower eighty acres on his father's old plum-red Farmall H-series tractor, ripping out brush and dead trees, bulldozing the trash into the dry streambed of Miller Creek, clearing and filling in the land so it could be used as pasture again. Shortly after midnight, when his father, Oscar Eugene Mullen, who is called Gene, had returned from working the second shift at the huge John Deere tractor plant in Waterloo, Michael had almost finished packing and was talking to his younger brother, John, behind the closed door of the bedroom they shared. Peg Mullen, Michael's mother, and Mary and Patricia, his two younger sisters, were asleep, so Gene made himself a cup of instant coffee and sat down alone at the kitchen table. From where he sat, Gene could see Michael's Vietnam orders resting on a little corner table, where they had been all through his son's twenty-three-day advance leave. When he had finished his coffee, he got up and knocked on his sons' bedroom door. Michael opened it, and at the far side of the room Gene could see the closed barracks bags, the Army uniform, and the shined black shoes set out for the morning.

"Would you like anything from the kitchen, Michael? A beer?" Gene asked.

Michael finished locking up his metal tackle box. It held his arrowhead collection, some special letters, some snapshots, the corporal's stripes he'd earned at Fort Benning, addresses, insurance papers.

"No, thanks, Dad," Michael said. He slid the tackle box onto the top shelf of his closet.

Gene, still standing in the doorway, could not look away from Michael's uniform hanging on the back of the closet door. "Mikey?"

"Yes?"

"Be careful?"

Michael smiled at his father and said, "I will, Dad. I will."

THE next morning was warm and sunny. John got up early and caught the bus to school. Michael was all packed and in his uniform. Breakfast was over, the dishes done. Gene kept looking at the electric clock over the wall-oven door. "What time did you say your plane left?" he asked.

"Ten," Michael said. "I have to check in by nine-thirty." Michael looked at his wristwatch, and Gene again looked at the electric clock. (Over a period of years, I had countless talks with the Mullens, and, as accurately as they could, they recalled for me the important scenes and conversations in the family's history. I have taken the liberty of changing the names of some of the minor participants.)

Peg Mullen was moving back and forth across the kitchen, dabbing at counters with a sponge. "Would anyone like some more coffee?" she asked.

"No, thanks," Gene said.

"You, Michael?" she asked.

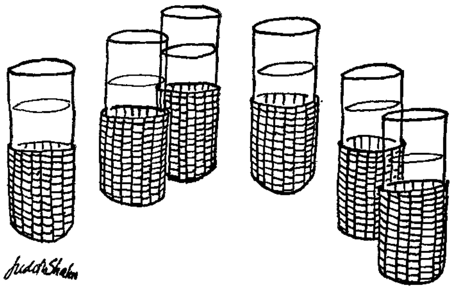
"No, thanks, Mom," Michael said, and he looked at his watch again.

"What time is it?" Patricia asked him.

Before Michael could tell her, he had to look at his watch once more. "Eight-fifteen," he said.

The Mullens decided to leave for the Waterloo Municipal Airport early. Gene drove, with Michael sitting up front next to him; Peg, Patricia, and Mary sat in the back. During the drive, the family hardly spoke.

THE center of Waterloo is about twelve miles northwest of the Mullens' farm, and the airport is another few miles beyond that. The Mullens drove past a big new shopping center on Highway 218, with the Hy-Vee Market and the Sears and J. C. Penney stores. Gene said something about how fast all that area was changing, and Michael agreed. They passed the Robo Car Wash and Burger King, Donutland and the Cadillac Bowling Lanes, and then they were in Waterloo, caught up in the traffic until they cleared the city. Beyond were the flatlands and railroad tracks they had to cross to reach the airport.



The Mullens entered the terminal building a little after nine. Michael wouldn't let his father help him with the barracks bags, insisting that it would be easier for him to carry both of them himself. The family took seats in the near-empty waiting room and stared out the large window at the vacant airfield.

Michael kept wiping the palms of his hands on his knees.

"Do you need a magazine?" Peg asked. "Something to read?"

Michael stood up abruptly. "Maybe I can check in," he said.

"It's still early yet," his father said.

"I know," Michael said. "But maybe I can check in anyway."

"I'll go with you," Mary said.

"No," Michael said. He smiled at her. "I'll be right back."

Peg followed him with her eyes.

"He looks scared," Patricia said.

"He's fine," Gene said.

A few minutes later, Michael returned, waving his tickets. "I'm all checked in," he said.

"Did you get a magazine?" his mother asked.

"I'll read something on the plane," he said.

"Do you have everything?" she asked.

"I'm fine, Mom. *Really*."

Peg looked away from her son and out the window.

When Michael's plane came in, he stood up, and his family rose with him.

"Look," Michael told them. "Don't stick around for the plane to leave. You don't have to wait."

"We'll wait," his mother said firmly.

"No, please," Michael said. "I'll be all right." He went to Mary and Patricia and told them that they shouldn't wait around, and that they should tell John there'd be a lot more work now that he was going. And each sister had a moment to herself with Michael, a chance to tell him to take care of himself, to be careful, that she would pray for him, miss him, that she loved him and would write letters all the time and would send him things—anything; all he had to do was say what he needed. Michael gave them each a kiss, and then they moved away, because it was their parents' turn.

Gene fingered a bronze medallion the size of a twenty-five-cent piece which hung from a chain around his neck. The medal, depicting the Virgin Mary, had been given to Gene more than thirty-five years earlier by a Chinese student he had befriended when they were undergraduates together at Marquette University, in Milwaukee. Gene had worn it ever since. He lifted its chain from around his neck and handed it to his son, saying, "Mikey, I've tried to give you everything—" His voice broke, and he took a deep breath and began again. "Tried to do everything a father—"

Michael was looking down at the medallion, now chestnut-colored with age.

"I wore this medal through the Second World War," Gene was saying. "I give you this— I give you— " He could say no more. Gene just looked at his son, half in pride, half in agony.

"I'll wear it," Michael said.

He loosened his black Army tie and unbuttoned the collar of his khaki-colored shirt. He draped the medal and chain around his neck, carefully centered it with the dog tags on his chest, and buttoned his shirt. Then Michael turned to his mother and hugged her. It was an awkward embrace, shorter in duration than either of them wished. He put his hand out to comfort her, and Peg took it. When she looked up at him, she, too, was unable to speak.

"Mom?" Michael said. "Don't worry yourself now, O.K.? O.K.? Come on, now, Mom, please? It'll all be over March 1st."

He gently pulled his hand from hers, picked up his barracks bags, and turned away. Peg watched her son walk past the cafeteria toward the doors that led to his plane. Michael stopped in the narrow passageway, dropped his barracks bags, and turned back for one last look at his family, but as they started to move toward him he quickly lifted his bags and hurried out.

MARY and Patricia cried quietly on the drive back to the farm. Peg could see that Gene was gripping the steering wheel so tightly that his knuckles were white. When they were once again on the other side of Waterloo, back on Highway 218, past the Burger King and Robo Car Wash and heading toward their farm, Peg resolved to cheer them all up by telling them what Michael had said to her just before boarding the plane—that the war would be over by March 1st.

"Why March 1st?" Gene asked her.

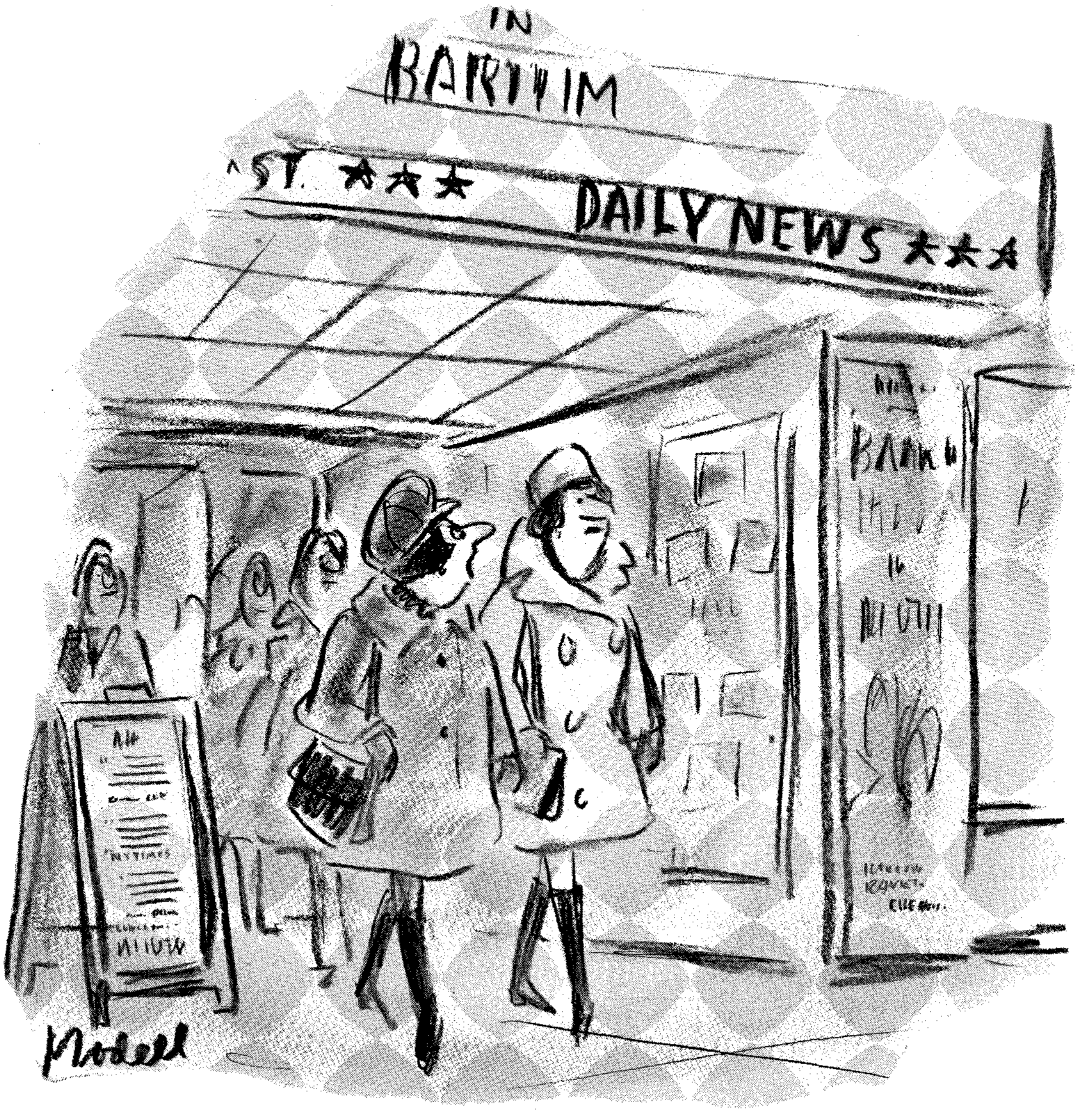
"I don't know," Peg said. "He just told me not to worry. That it would all be over then."

ON March 1, 1970, Michael Eugene Mullen, aged twenty-five, was returned to the Waterloo Airport in a United States Army-issue twenty-gauge-steel casket.

LONG before the death of their elder son, the Mullens had earned their place on that prairie land. Michael was to have been the fifth generation of his family to work the same Iowa fields, and the most recent link in an unbroken family chain reaching back, through more than two-thirds of our history as a nation, to John Dobshire, his paternal great-great-grandfather, who, seeking a better life in the new land, emigrated from Ireland in 1833, leaving behind his wife, Ellen, and their nine-month-old daughter, Mary Ann.

The Mullens do not know when John Dobshire first set foot in Iowa; in fact, they aren't really sure what he did in the thirteen years following his arrival in America in 1833. They believe he came out to Iowa in 1846, looked the land over, and then left to serve as a driver of supply wagons for Major General Zachary Taylor during the Mexican War. Taylor was known to like Irishmen, and during that period of "No Mick Hired" prejudice, a teamster job with the Army meant not just money but the promise of a Presidential land grant after the war. John Dobshire had nothing against the Mexicans; he saw military service simply as his only opportunity to help his wife and daughter escape Ireland.

John Dobshire returned to Ireland for his family in 1850, after an absence of seventeen years. The Mul-



"All I would have given it is one comme ci, comme ça."

lens believe they sailed to America in 1851. The Dobshires must have been fully aware of the risks of the ocean crossing. Between 1847 and 1853, fifty-nine ships carrying Irish and British emigrants to North America were lost at sea.

After landing in New York, the Dobshires journeyed directly to New Orleans, where they boarded a paddle-wheel steamboat for the trip up the Mississippi River to Dubuque. In Dubuque, John Dobshire bought a "prairie schooner"—a flatbed lumber wagon with a canvas top that could be drawn in for shelter at each end. Unlike the more famous Conestoga wagon, the prairie schooner was light enough to be pulled by two horses or a yoke of oxen even on virgin prairie trails. Two German immigrants, the brothers Isaac and Jacob Walker, made friends with the Dobshires in Dubuque and decided to accompany them west.

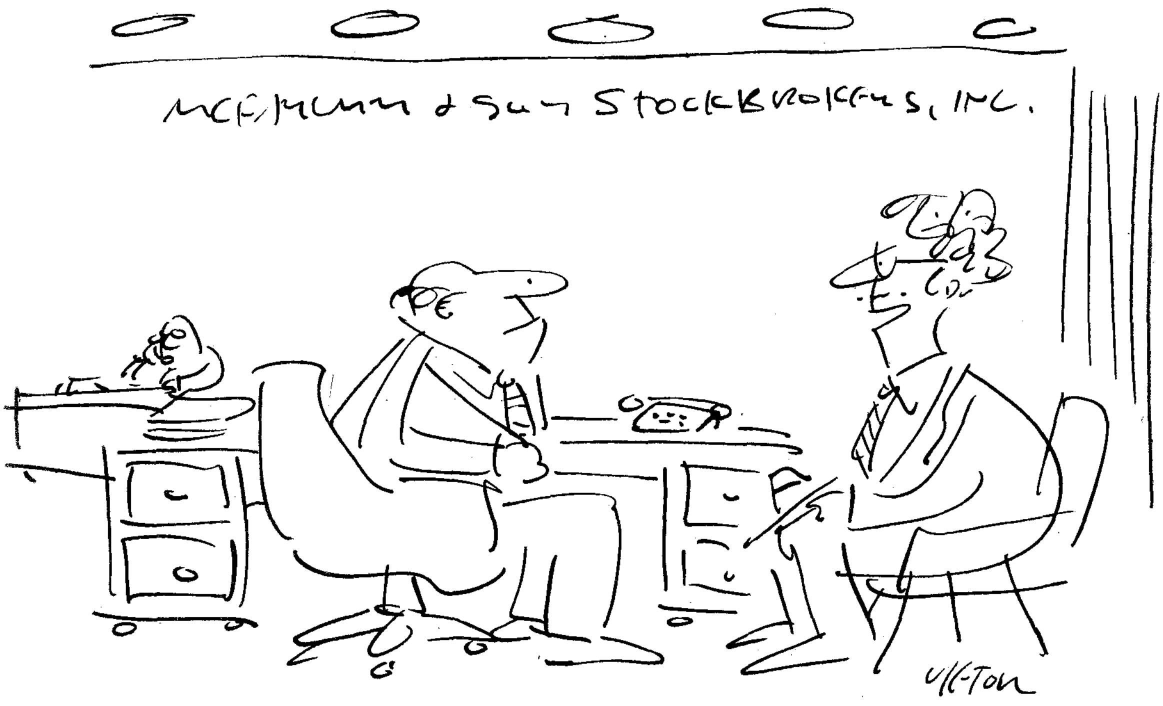
Gene Mullen likes to think of the two wagons crossing the prairie together, the tall grasses higher than the wagons' wheels. He can picture his great-grandfather's prairie schooner, with its barrel of water strapped to one side, an iron skillet, perhaps, gently banging against the other side, and a bucket of grease for its axles hanging from the tailgate. He wonders what goods the Dobshires might have brought with them from Ireland. Only a darkened tin tea cannister with an elaborate embossed floral design has survived. It sits now on the bureau on what was Michael's side of the boys' room.

John Dobshire chose to homestead the site on which the Mullens' modern ranch-style farmhouse now stands because there was a plentiful water supply—he was within two miles of the Cedar River and within a short walk of Miller Creek. There were springs on top of his hill—a hill so slight that one is hardly aware of it as such. Since John Dobshire could not read or write, no record exists of what homesteading meant to him. The Mullens do know that the Dobshires spent their first winter—the winter of 1852—in their prairie schooner and three times fled their homestead when Indians, coming up Deer Creek from Tama to hunt and fish, scared the family away. John Dobshire took his wife and daughter to Cedar Falls for refuge, where there was a sawmill and a gristmill and a couple of cabins. There was a closer settlement, Waterloo (it had been called Prairie Rapids until 1851), consisting of six cabins and a post office, but Dobshire chose Cedar Falls, because of the sawmill. When he built his house the following spring, it was made of cut boards—not logs, like the houses of the Black Hawk County homesteaders around him. John Dobshire's small house, completed in 1853, sheltered his descendants off and on for the next hundred years.

By 1855, Dobshire had occupied his homestead for three years and was qualified to receive his forty-acre site free for his service during the Mexican War. The year that Dobshire received his land grant, the Illinois Central Railroad reached the east bank of the Mississippi opposite Dubuque. Among the men laying track was young Patrick J. Mullen, Michael's paternal great-grandfather-to-be. Patrick, who had emigrated from Ireland five years before, was then twenty-one, stood about five feet eight inches, and was thin but hard and broad-shouldered. He had thick black hair, a narrow face with prominent cheekbones, and dark eyes that appeared deep-set and somewhat close together, because of his nose, which projected above his wide, straight mouth like a hatchet blade. Patrick Mullen quit the railroad at its river terminus and crossed the Mississippi to Dubuque.

Late in 1855, Patrick continued west and met John and Ellen Dobshire's daughter Mary Ann. He courted her through the harsh winter, and she consented to be his bride that spring. They were wed by a French missionary priest in a little log-cabin church across the Cedar River at Gilbertville. They moved to Waterloo, where Patrick took a job as a construction laborer. At about this time, John Dobshire bought out the two Walker brothers, taking title to eighty acres that they owned northwest of his land-grant forty. It was this eighty-acre piece that Michael Mullen worked on during his last night of leave.

In 1860, Patrick and Mary Ann Mullen left Waterloo and bought a parcel of land in the northwest corner of Section 18, two miles west of John Dobshire's farm. There Patrick Mullen opened a creamery and a quarry, and many of the stone buildings in nearby communities were built of Patrick Mullen's stone. But his primary reason for moving out of Waterloo was that the Dubuque & Sioux City Railroad reached Waterloo that year. It would be difficult to overestimate the impact that the railroad made on


McFMunn & Son Stockbrokers, Inc.

"I don't expect to do as well as the market. I just want to have a lot of fun."

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that area. The years of isolation and loneliness, the estrangement born of living physically and emotionally separated from the rest of the country, were ended. Now that distant markets had become accessible, the demand for farm products created a financial opportunity that Patrick could not ignore; he knew it was time to farm.

Patrick J. Mullen and Mary Ann Dobshire Mullen had eight sons and four daughters; two of the sons died in infancy. Patrick put every bit of money he could spare into buying more land. As soon as one of his sons grew old enough to drive a team of horses, he would buy more acres for that son to work. Gene Mullen's father, Oscar L. Mullen, was born July 29, 1880; he was the youngest of the surviving sons. John Dobshire died when Gene's father was six years old. At his death, Dobshire left his hundred-and-twenty-acre homestead to his wife, Ellen, who in turn deeded it over to their daughter, Mary Ann, on the condition that she "agree to support and maintain said Ellen Dobshire during her natural life and furnish her with proper food, suitable clothing, proper attention and medical care during sickness, and pay all funeral expenses after her death." If Mary Ann should prove willing, then "this land shall stand as security for the faithful performance of said contract." John Dobshire was buried at the small Catholic cemetery at Eagle Center, on Section 14, about six miles southwest of his farm. After the funeral, Ellen Dobshire moved into her daughter and son-in-law's new, two-story frame house.

Patrick J. Mullen had become one of the most successful farmers in Black Hawk County, prosperous enough to provide each of his five sons with his own driving team. The new house, built to shelter his growing family, was on a slight hill about a mile south of his original quarry homestead, and was near one of the loops of Miller Creek.

Oscar L. Mullen and Margaret McDermott, Gene's father and mother, were married at Blessing, Iowa, on February 12, 1908. By 1910, Oscar was listed as the manager of his father's Grand Hereford Stock Farm, and his wife had already become involved in local Democratic politics—an activity that would remain the consuming interest of her life. Oscar's older brother, Lawrence Mullen, managed their father's Miller Creek Stock Farm, which adjoined the Grand Hereford farm, in the northwest corner of Section 18.

Although Patrick Mullen had retired by the turn of the century, he retained titular control of his lands. On the 1910 maps of Cedar, Eagle, and Big Creek Townships in Black Hawk County, a total of 1,186.64 acres, valued at between eighty and a hundred and twenty-five dollars an acre, are listed in the Mullen name. In addition, he owned six hundred and forty acres of rangeland worth about fifty dollars an acre in Palo Alto County, a hundred and eighty miles to the northwest.

Unfortunately, the Mullens would never have it quite so good again.

Mary Ann Dobshire Mullen died in 1914; she was seventy-six. Patrick J. Mullen died eleven years later, on March 26, 1925, just nine days after his ninety-first birthday. Gene Mullen was nine years old at the time.

Patrick J. Mullen died while the rural Midwest was suffering from an agricultural depression, leaving almost his entire estate locked up in land and each of his ten surviving children demanding an equal share. None of the daughters wanted to keep their land, and by the time the estate was settled, Gene's father's share was reduced to the original Dobshire holdings: the land-grant forty acres and the eighty acres bought from the Walker brothers.

Gene Mullen, now in his sixtieth year, has the powerful sloping shoulders and strong forearms of a man who has worked all his life with his hands. He has a round face—perhaps more a Dobshire shape than the long, thin face of Patrick Mullen—and an Irish-pink complexion set off by a full head of silver-white hair as fine as a child's. He wears plain black half-frame glasses, the bottom halves of the lenses held in place by simple metal rims. And a thin wire curls up to a hearing aid in his right ear. Gene's voice is low, deep, surprisingly gentle.

In late November, 1941, Gene Mullen married Margaret Goodyear, of Pocahontas, Iowa, thirty miles northwest of Fort Dodge. Everyone calls her Peg. Fifteen days after their marriage, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and a few months later Gene Mullen left Black Hawk County to serve in the Army. Because of his hearing defect, he was not able to serve overseas. Their son Michael Eugene Mullen was born on September 11, 1944. In the spring of 1945, Gene was sent to Fort Logan, Colorado, promoted to master sergeant, and put in charge of the mess hall. Some of the men who worked for him were German prisoners of war. For ten years following the war, Gene continued to exchange Christmas cards and correspondence with some of his former P.O.W.s.

While Gene was in the Army, the Mullen farmland was rented out. Each year for the four years Gene was away, a different tenant farmer would come in, do spring plowing and fall harvesting, and then leave. When Gene returned, in 1946, the land had been left in such poor shape that he was unable to make a living from it. His discharge pay came to only eight hundred and seventy-five dollars, jobs were scarce, and, in addition to his wife and son, Gene had to help support his mother and father, who were both ailing.

Gene, Peg, and young Michael moved back into John Dobshire's old house, and Gene borrowed thirty-five hundred dollars from a local bank to buy enough equipment to get the farm started again. During that first fall harvest, Gene spent three weeks helping his neighbor Ralph Moore pick his corn, but Moore needed to spend only four *hours* helping Gene pick his. The following year, Gene tried raising cattle and lost all his pasture land in a spring flood. In debt for his farm machinery and cattle, Gene had to take an outside job, first at the Rath Packing Company, where he remained until 1955, and later at the John Deere tractor plant. Both plants were in Waterloo, and Gene was able to farm in the morning and leave for the second shift in the afternoon. Five days a week, he did not return to the farm until after midnight.

Michael had the same love for the land that his father did. When Gene Mullen walks his fields, he will sometimes pause and wonder whether his great-grandfather might have walked that same section, or his grandfather. This sense of continuity was a strong link between Gene and Michael. Gene never felt that Michael was to fall heir to acres only. He was to inherit all those generations of Mullens and Dobshires, who would walk beside him each time he turned the soil. Mary and Patricia would presumably marry young men met in college and move away with them. John, younger than Michael by seven years, didn't seem to have the same feeling for the land that Michael did. So there was never any question about which of the children would succeed to the farm. There certainly wasn't any question in Michael's mind; he spent his life preparing for it.

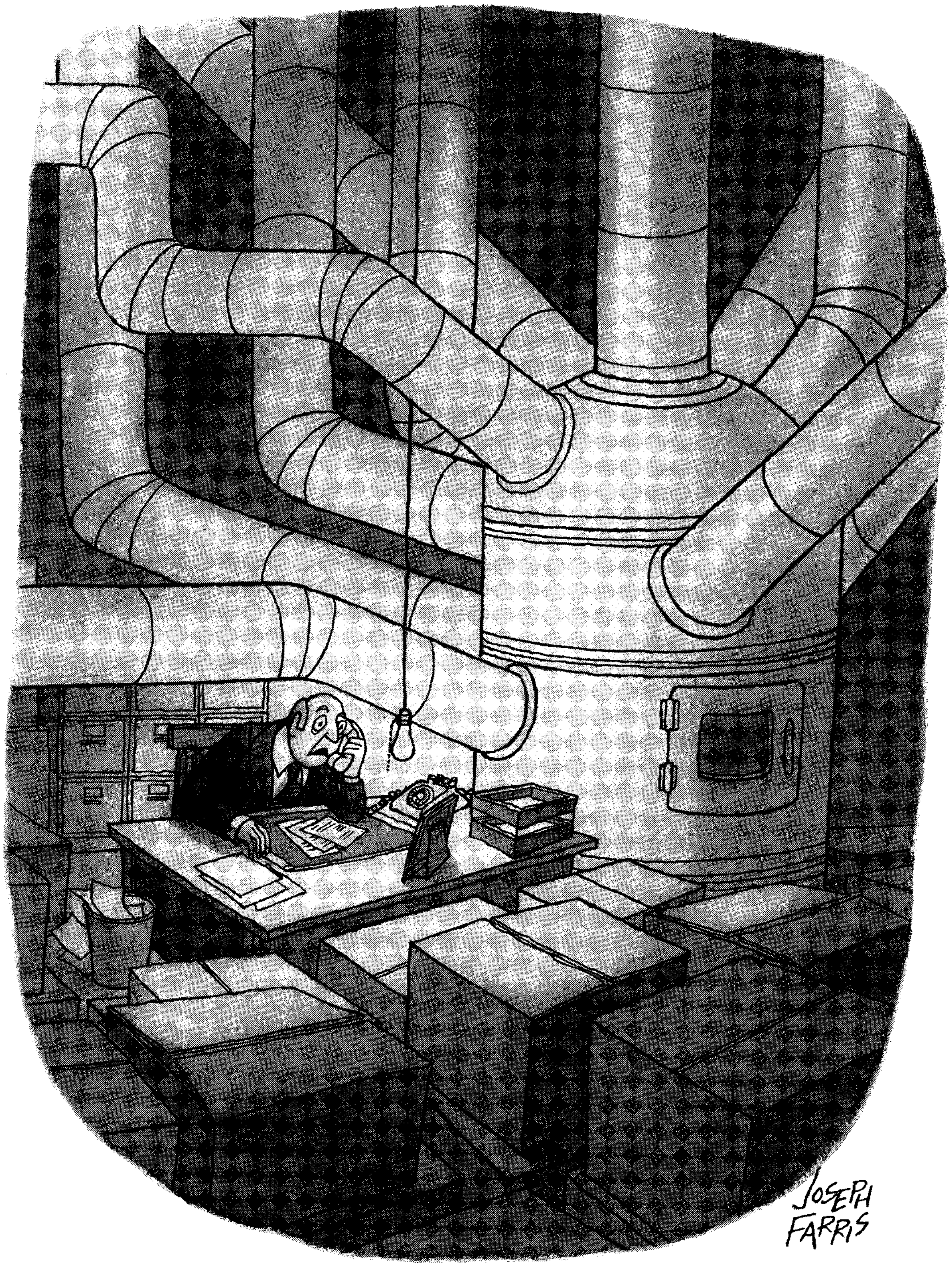
In 1944, the year Michael was born, fifty-five bushels an acre was considered a high yield for an Iowa cornfield. Twenty-five years later, it was necessary to harvest a hundred bushels an acre just to break even. And, as Michael knew, even higher yields would be required if there was to be any profit when it became time for him to inherit the land. Therefore, he was determined to educate himself, to learn as much about the land and farming as he could. He showed his first 4-H project, a Berkshire sow, when he was ten. At fourteen, he had his first winner—a Hereford steer that was Black Hawk County Reserve Champion. A photograph of Michael at twelve shows a wiry, fiercely determined black-haired boy, perhaps a bit small for his age, standing with one cowboy-booted foot braced against the side of a barn; he is grimly tugging at a balky steer's halter, pitting all his weight and strength against the steer's unwillingness to move. The photograph, taken by a Waterloo *Courier* photographer at a county 4-H tour, appeared in wire-service newspapers across the country captioned "Something's Got to Give." It is unlikely that Michael was amused. He took his farming seriously. It had never occurred to him not to.

Everybody liked Michael—especially older people. However, he was so *straight* that at times he made people his own age feel a bit uneasy. He didn't smoke. He didn't swear. He rarely drank anything stronger than a beer. He served as an altar boy at La Porte City's Sacred Heart Catholic Church. He kept his grades near the top of his class at Don Bosco High School, in Gilbertville. He worked his way through Rockhurst, a small, quiet, conservative Jesuit college in Kansas City, Missouri, majoring in chemistry. He never learned how to dance. He had no serious girl friends. Perhaps, with his solemn, steady gray eyes, black hair prematurely flecked with white, and his earnest, brisk demeanor, he seemed far older than his years.

La Porte City, which had not existed when John Dobshire moved to Iowa, had by the mid-sixties grown into a predominantly Protestant, Republican town, with a population of just a little more than two thousand. It had more churches than taverns, and the brick fronts of its turn-of-the-century stores had darkened and become grimy with age. The town merchants were clearly losing business to the discount stores that had recently opened in the Waterloo area. There was not much new commercial construction in town. On the outskirts of La Porte, on a signboard that was beginning to lose its paint, the town's motto was still legible: "Progressing with America."

The citizens of La Porte thought well of the Mullens, spoke of them as "hard workers." Peg taught catechism classes at Sacred Heart and was active, as her mother-in-law had been, in the Democratic Party and in volunteer work. Gene had worked his way up to the position of quality-control inspector at John Deere.

All the Mullen children were well liked. They stayed out of trouble, got



"Marjorie, I wasn't kicked upstairs after all!"

"Tell me, Elliot, have we ever done anything just for the hell of it?"

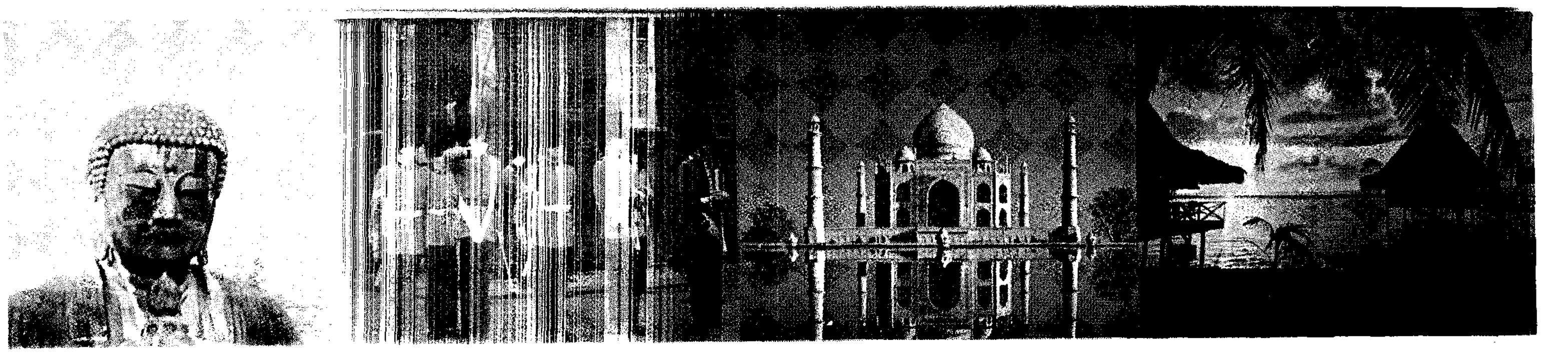
good grades, were popular with their classmates. Peg and Gene Mullen are innately generous, decent people, and they brought up their children to believe in the same basic values with which they themselves had been brought up. When the Mullens spoke of themselves in the mid-sixties, they described themselves as being "average" or "typical" or "good solid citizens," from a background in no way different from that of their "silent majority" contemporaries in neighboring communities.

In 1965, Peg Mullen campaigned for election to the local school board. Peg is a very handsome woman, about five feet three, with high, prominent cheekbones, hazel eyes, a firm jaw, and a slightly upturned nose. She has gray-streaked hair, which she wears short. Her face reflects enormous strength and determination, and yet when she smiles, which is often, all that toughness shatters, and her eyes glisten and her cheeks dimple like a child's. There is none of Gene's Irish softness in Peg's voice, however. She has a hard, abrasive accent, thin but not flat—an accent that comes down heavily on the "r"s. When she is angry her voice rises sharply and her consonants rip the air about her. Peg is a far more impatient, outspoken person than Gene, and when her aggressiveness and tenacity are directed toward local issues she can precipitate the sort of small-town antagonisms that endure. Peg ran for the school board because she discovered what she thought were irregularities in the school-lunch program and because she felt that the school system was not sending enough of its graduates on to college. Since a school board generally reflects the politics and the mood of its community, and since La Porte is Republican and conservative, Protestant and traditional, the sort of small town in which it is considered imprudent to "make waves," Peg Mullen lost.

Both Mullens became involved with the local Telephone Company. A neighbor complained to Gene that two board members of the Telephone Company were calling up some of the older people in town and offering them fifty dollars a share for their stock. The bylaws prevented any person from owning more than five shares of stock, so the two board members would then place their new stock, possibly worth several times the purchase price, in their children's or grandchildren's or other relatives' names. Gene Mullen went into La Porte City and told the board members involved that if they didn't stop he would go to the State Attorney General's office. As a result of Gene's intervention, Peg says, "we don't have a lot of friendship with the Telephone Company." Still, they were the only people in town willing to do anything about what was going on.

IN the early years of the war in Vietnam, Michael Mullen and his family accepted the notion that the United States was in Southeast Asia to defend it. They accepted the equation of our presence in Vietnam with our presence in Korea and our participation in the Second World War. Nevertheless, after Michael reached draft age, Peg and Gene were concerned, and they hoped that the war would soon end. They read about the war and discussed it with friends, and by the mid-sixties they were beginning to doubt that the United States had a legitimate stake in the outcome. In February of 1965, President Lyndon Johnson ordered the commencement of Operation Rolling Thunder, the sustained air bombardment of North Vietnam. Michael, who had urged his parents to pay attention to Barry Goldwater in the 1964 Presidential election, called his mother from college. "You remember kidding me about Goldwater?" he asked. "Well, who's trigger-happy now?" The heavy bombing shocked the Mullens—Peg especially. She had voted for Johnson in the belief that he would bring peace; now she felt betrayed. Operation Rolling Thunder convinced Peg that the President had never had any intention of ending the war. When, in July of 1965, President Johnson announced the increase of United States forces in Vietnam from seventy-five thousand men to a hundred and twenty-five thousand men, the Mullens' doubts about the war increased. By the time of the 1968 Presidential election, they had turned completely against the war. They still had not protested, but there didn't seem to be any way to do that in Black Hawk County. Added to their political and moral objections to the war was, of course, their growing fear that it would not end before their son's college deferment elapsed.

In 1967, Michael received a graduate research assistantship at the University of Missouri, in Columbia, where he started working toward an M.A. in biochemistry. Early in the summer of 1968, when he came back to the farm for a short vacation, he brought Caroline Roby, a diminutive, pretty, happy auburn-haired girl, with him. Caroline, about four years Michael's junior, was



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OFFICIAL RULES: 1. On an official entry form or on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address and zip code. Then check on the entry form the statement which describes the difference between the scene shown on the entry form and the real scene as it appears on the back label of any quart, fifth, tenth or half-pint of White Horse Scotch. NOTE: When a 3" x 5" piece of paper is used, the statement describing the *difference should appear below the entrant's name and address.* Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Mail to: "Wide World of White Horse" Contest, P.O. Box 7300, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842.

2. Entries must be postmarked by April 30 and received by May 10, 1976.

3. Winners will be determined in random drawings of correct and eligible entries by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be notified by mail.

4. The Grand Prize is a 15-day air trip for 2 to anywhere in the world plus a World Bar filled with $5,000 cash. The trip prize includes travel arrangements by V.I.P. Service, Inc.—round trip air transportation (economy) on scheduled domestic and/or international airlines from winner's home town airport to the place selected by the winner, twin-bedded hotel room accommodations for 15 days, meals, transfers, service and taxes imposed by the hotel and service companies. Trip is to one destination only and must be completed by June 30, 1977. 10 Second Prizes are colorful 43" high World Bars—imported from Italy. 100 Third Prizes are "The Adventurer," fitted travel bars, 3 bottle size, fully equipped with 4 cups, strainer, opener and mixing spoon. 500 Fourth Prizes are matched sets of handsome leather luggage tags. Major prize winners will be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release.

5. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable for cash. Only one prize to a family and no substitutes for prizes are offered. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correct entries received. All 611 prizes, valued at $21,125, will be awarded.

6. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners.

7. Contest open to residents of Continental United States, Alaska and Hawaii. Employees and their families of White Horse Distillers, Ltd., Four Roses Distillers Company and affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, their advertising agencies and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void where prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local regulations apply.

8. Entrants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home state.

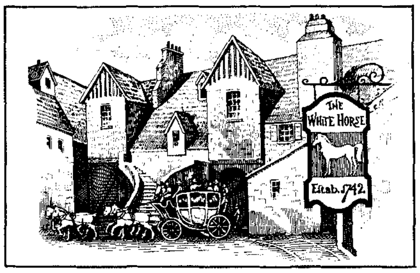
9. A list of winners will be furnished, two months after the close of the contest, to anyone who sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: "Wide World of White Horse" Winners, P.O. Box 6, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number.

NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

ENTRY FORM

Mail to: "Wide World of White Horse" Contest
P.O. Box 7300
New Canaan, Connecticut 06842

Please enter me in the "Wide World of White Horse" Contest. The difference between the White Horse Cellar scene shown here and the scene appearing on the White Horse bottle back label is (check one):



☐ The date on the White Horse sign is different.

☐ The stagecoach and horses should face right instead of left.

☐ There should be a flag on the roof.

☐ There should be a window instead of a chimney on the roof directly behind the White Horse sign.

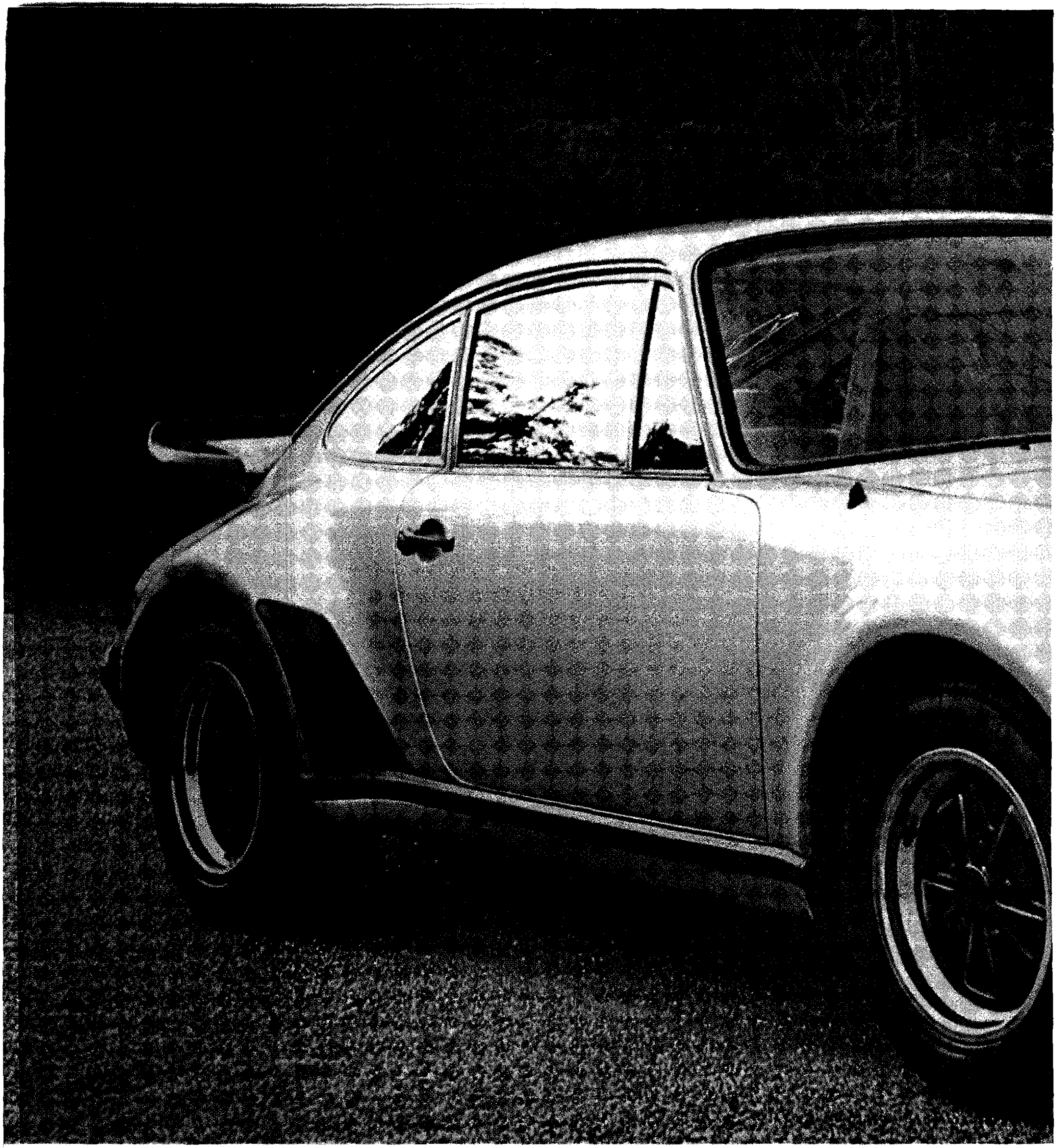
I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

City ______________________________

State ____________________ Zip ____________



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Unheard-of power and untold luxury.

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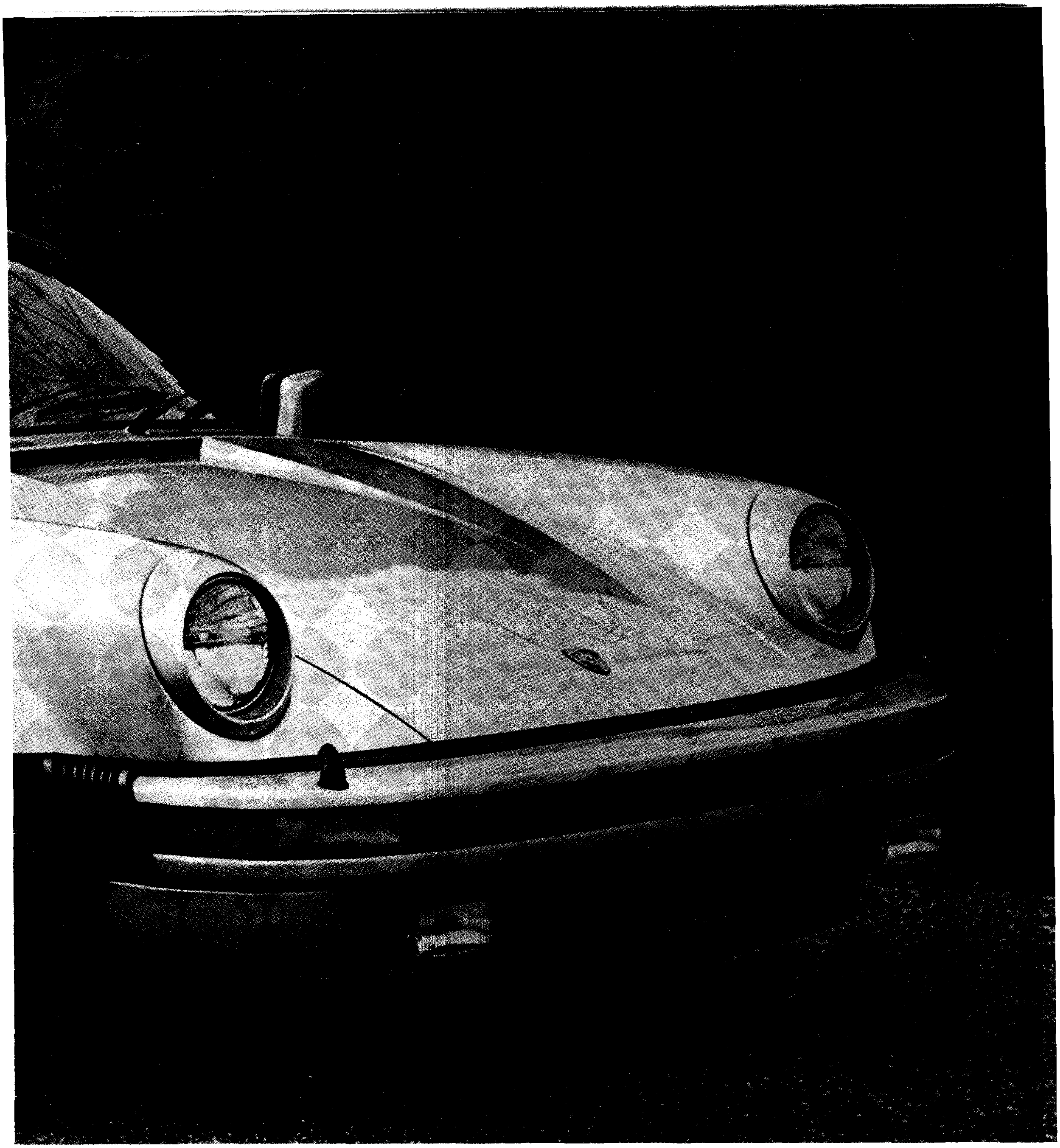
Built to such exacting standards that fewer than 600 people can own one this year.

The Porsche Turbo Carrera.

At its heart is the only turbocharged powerplant available to the American driver as standard equipment. Simply put, the turbocharger (driven by the engine's exhaust gases) forces more air into the engine than it could normally breathe. Which yields dramatically increased horsepower without attendant increases in fuel consumption or pollutants.

Yet, for all its astounding power, the Turbo Carrera is exceedingly well-mannered in traffic. It may be handled quietly and unobtrusively in any situation. Still, even at rest,



Porsche Turbo Carrera.

ou can sense its immense potenial. Such performance is enjoyed rom a splendid vantage point. The inside of the Turbo Carrera.

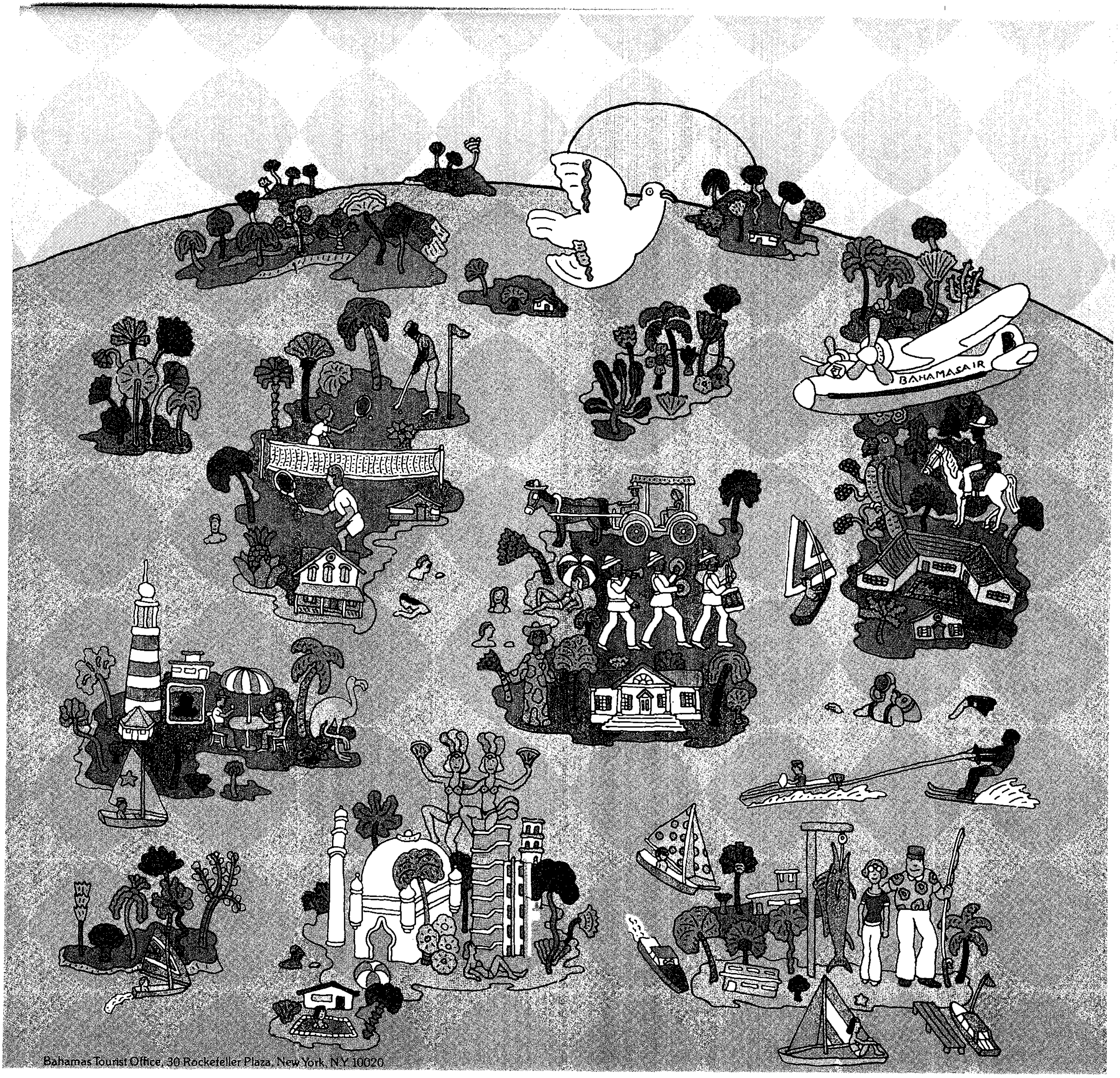
There is, in a word, leather. It is supple and rich and it surrounds you. There is sumptuous cut-pile carpeting, air conditioning (and an automatic temperature control) and a four-speaker stereo radio with tape deck. The windows, radio antenna and headlight washers are electrically operated, as is the side-view mirror which de-ices and adjusts electrically.

This, then, is touring in the grand manner.

This is power hitherto unknown and a new standard of elegance.

So, for those who have always considered Porsche the ultimate sports car, we give you the new standard.

Turbo Carrera.
The ultimate Porsche.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For reservations or our 24-page Bahamas Fact Finder, see your travel agent. Or call us toll free at (800) 327-0787.

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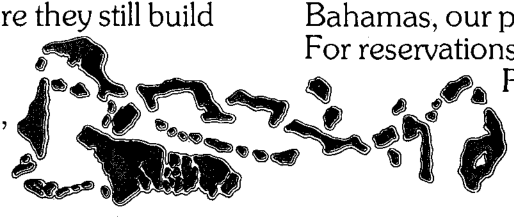


Bahamas. The country of 700 islands.

an undergraduate student in the same laboratory in which Michael was doing research. Michael was clearly in love with her. Caroline stayed a week, then went South to spend the rest of the summer with her mother, who was divorced. Michael mooned about a bit, but he didn't let his dejection interfere with his farm work. Besides, he had other things to worry about.

After Michael's graduation from Rockhurst, he had applied for, and received, a twelve-month extension of his student deferment from the draft. His deferment had now elapsed. Shortly after Michael returned to the University of Missouri for the 1968 summer session, he received his draft notice, ordering him to report in September for induction into the United States Army. Michael left school and reported to the Des Moines draft board, as instructed. On the day of his induction, Michael was to have been placed on a military flight to Fort Polk, Louisiana, where he would begin basic infantry training. But no flight was available, so he was given a job for the day in the draft-board office filing case histories of young men who opposed the war and had found ways of having their induction orders changed, revoked, or ignored. He spent the day reading about young men who had had themselves certified physically or psychologically unfit for the military, who had declared themselves to be homosexuals, who claimed to be conscientious objectors, who had fled the country rather than serve. He read about young men who did not for one instant believe that it was their patriotic duty—or any of their country's business—to fight a war halfway around the world, who had burned their draft cards, been arrested in campus demonstrations, gone to jail, done everything in their power to escape the draft and show their opposition to the war. He filed paper after paper on young men who had not been pulled away from their studies, who had never even attended college, much less a graduate school, but who had still found ways to beat the draft.

At first, Michael was angry, and resentful of the other young men, and then furious with himself, and, finally, inevitably, just depressed. That night, he telephoned his mother back at the farm and told her, "The whole setup is corrupt. I don't need to *be* here!" Over and over again, as if in disbelief, he repeated, "I don't need to *be* here! I don't need to *be* here! I simply didn't *need* to be drafted!"

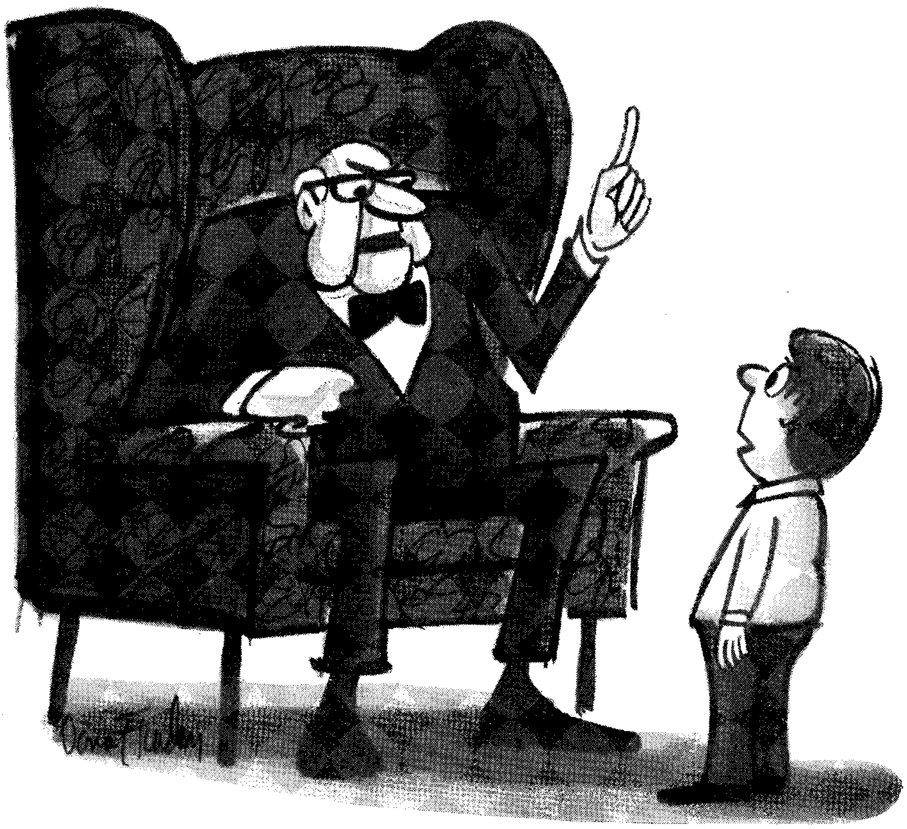
The next morning, Michael was flown to Fort Polk, and began basic training. While there, he applied for Noncommissioned Officers' School, hoping to forestall being sent immediately to Vietnam. His application was accepted and he was sent to the N.C.O. School at Fort Benning, Georgia. He made sergeant (E-5) at Benning and was sent next to Fort McClellan, Alabama, for advanced infantry training. It was at McClellan, on July 31st, that he received his orders for Vietnam. His hope that the war would wind down before he completed his training had failed to materialize. He applied for and was granted twenty-three days' advance leave prior to reporting to Fort Lewis, Washington, for transshipment to Vietnam. He decided to spend his entire leave at home, and he arrived at the farm on the tenth of August, 1969.

Peg Mullen had expected Caroline to visit for at least a part of Michael's leave. She had written to the girl inviting her to the farm, but Michael wasn't saying whether she was coming or not. Finally, after four days of not knowing, Peg couldn't remain silent any longer, and asked Michael, "Isn't Caroline coming?"

"No," he said. "She's out West this summer with her father." And that's all he would say. However, Peg could not help noticing that Michael spent two whole afternoons writing to Caroline, and that he never received an answer.

There were then more than five hundred thousand United States troops in Vietnam, fighting a war that had lasted for nearly a decade and had already cost the lives of more than thirty-eight thousand American men. During that first week of leave, while Michael was out fixing fences, clearing brush, painting, and doing general cleanup work around the family farm, two hundred and forty-four United States soldiers were killed and one thousand four hundred and nine were wounded.

Michael left Iowa on September 4th; he was processed at Fort Lewis, Washington; and on September 11th, his twenty-fifth birthday, he arrived in Vietnam. That same month, Peg, searching for some way to express her anguish about the war, wrote to the Another Mother for Peace organization asking what she could do, but she did not receive a reply. She also began writing to President Nixon, urging him to end the war. Then on October 15th, the first Moratorium Day, Peg, like hundreds of thousands of other Americans across the nation, wore a black armband to signify her opposition to the war. That morning, an outraged American Legionnaire, seeing the armband, backed Peg up against the post-office wall and called her "a disgrace to



"Remember, my boy, never trust anyone."

"Not even Walter Cronkite?"

the country." Peg shoved him aside, saying, "You better get with it, you son of a bitch!"

ON the morning of Saturday, the twenty-first of February, 1970, about five months after Michael's departure, the sun finally broke through the flat, pearl-gray overcast that had been brooding over the Mullens' farm. Although the temperature hovered near freezing, the week-long Arctic winds had ceased and at last it felt warm enough again to be outside.

Gene Mullen walked back from the mailbox to the house. As he came into the kitchen, he called out, "Letter from Mikey!" He dropped the bills, the Des Moines *Register*, and the second-class mail on the kitchen table and tore open the envelope. Peg wiped her hands on a dish towel and put a kettle of water on to boil.

"What's he say?" she asked. "When did he write it?"

Gene glanced at the top of the letter. "Dated the thirteenth," he said. "Let's see, now. 'Dear Mom and Dad: Went down off the hill to get a haircut and clean up, but ended up hitching a ride to Chu Lai. Went to Mars [Military Affiliate Radio System] station by chance—they were open and not busy—so got a chance to call. Suppose it was midnight at home and guess you were surprised—' "

"Oh," Peg said. "He must have written this the same day he called."

Gene had not been home eight days earlier when Michael telephoned from Vietnam. Peg had written "Mike called" on an envelope and left it on the kitchen table for Gene to see when he came home from work. It was twelve-thirty by the time Gene returned to the farm, and after reading the note he woke Peg up. She told him that she had spoken with Michael for only about a minute and a half, and that just before hanging up Michael had said, "Mom, it's so sticky over here—goodbye." Peg had been depressed, and consequently hadn't felt like waiting up to tell Gene when he came home; that was why she had simply left him a note.

Now Peg mixed Gene a mug of instant coffee, took it to him at the kitchen table, and sat down. "What else does he say?"

"He says. Let's see. He says, 'Guess you were surprised . . .' Now, here: 'Will be on the bunker line about two more days, then back out into the field.' "

"Ugh!" Peg groaned. "That means more 'search and destroy.' "

"No, it doesn't," Gene said. "He's been doing 'company sweeps,' like he wrote in the other letter."

"Same thing," Peg said.

"No, it isn't," Gene insisted. "A 'company sweep' is—"

Peg waved her hand impatiently. "Go on with the letter."

"All right, all right. Let's see. He says, 'Glad that all is well—weather here been rather good. . . . Have decided not to take an R. and R. if I can get a drop. So, til later, hang loose.' " Gene looked at the letter more closely. " 'Hang loose'?"

"Hang loose. You know," Peg said. "Take it easy."

Gene shrugged, " 'So, til later, hang loose. Love, Michael.' "

"That's it?"

"That's it," Gene said.

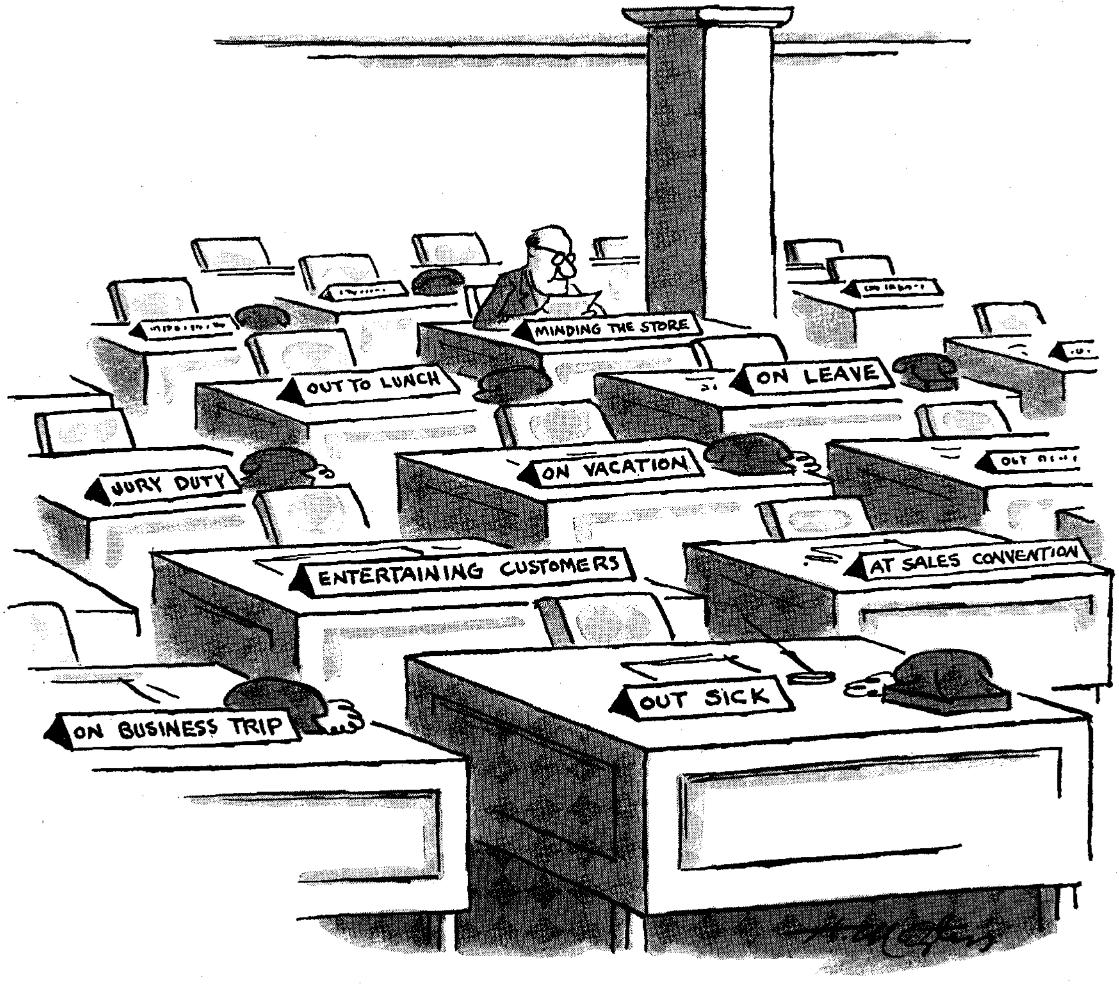
By getting a "drop," Michael meant that he hoped to qualify for an early discharge under a program that allowed a soldier who had been accepted at an accredited college or university to leave the service as much as ninety days early. In a previous letter, Michael had written that he felt his chances were very good. The only part of his current letter that bothered his parents was that he would again be going into the field, away from the relative safety of the fire-base bunker line. Still, in one of his first letters, Michael had written that he was in "probably one of the better places over here"—a comparatively quiet part of Vietnam. The Mullens were grateful for that.

"So he might be coming home in June," Gene said.

"Looks that way," Peg said. "Knock wood."

Gene finished his coffee and stood up. "Well, Mother," he said, "I guess I might as well try to fix the television antenna for you."

The television antenna was attached to a post near the east side of the house. Gene was just coming around that east corner, blowing hot breath on his fingertips and trying to remember where he had last put the light wrench he would need, when, out of the corner of his eye, he noticed two automobiles turning into his driveway. He thought he recognized the



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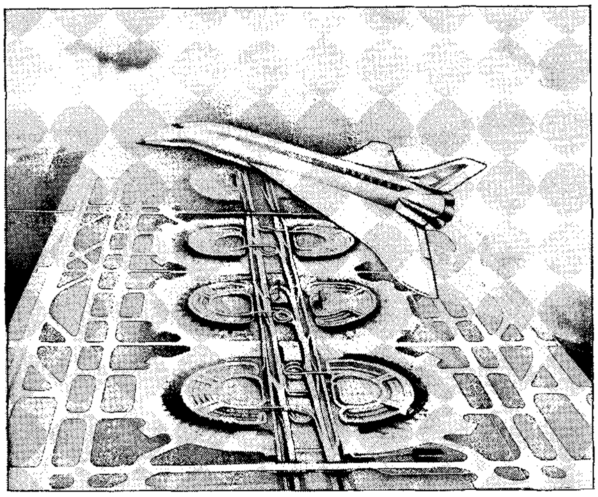
Why Dallas/Fort Worth needs an airport as big as Manhattan.



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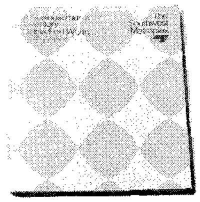

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Dallas/Fort Worth: The Southwest Metroplex.

The Sensible Alternative

first car as that of their parish priest, Father Otto Shimon, but that second car . . . Gene was now close enough to read black letters painted on the door of the olive-drab Chevrolet: "U.S. Army—For Official Use Only." Gene felt his chest tighten, and he stood still while the priest and an Army sergeant stepped out of their cars and slammed the doors shut.

Gene watched them walking toward him as if in slow motion. He tried to see beyond the thin, stooped late-middle-aged country priest's black-metal-framed glasses to what might show in his eyes. But Father Shimon's downcast lenses reflected only the snow. Not until the priest forced himself to look up did Gene recognize the fright, the despair, the agony in his eyes, and then, very quietly, he asked, "Is my boy dead?"

Father Shimon halted so abruptly that the Army sergeant, who was following, bumped into him from behind. "Gene," the priest said, "this is Sergeant Fitzgerald. He's from Fifth Army Headquarters. He . . ." Shimon was silent.

Gene looked beyond Father Shimon to the Sergeant and asked again, "Is my boy *dead*?"

"Let's go into the house, Gene," Father Shimon said. "I want to talk to you there."

"No!" Gene said, not moving. "I want to *know!* Tell me, *is my boy dead?*"

"I can't tell you here," Father Shimon said, his hand moving toward Gene's shoulder. "Come into the house with us. Please?"

Gene spun away before the priest's fingers could touch him.

Peg Mullen heard the back door open, heard Gene rush into the kitchen, heard him shout *"It's Mikey! It's Mikey!"*—his voice half a sob, half a scream.

Peg was in her sewing room, and she hurried out in time to glimpse the Army uniform entering the kitchen. Gene was standing with his back to the sink, clutching the counter behind him, and the Sergeant had halted just to the side of the doorway. Father Shimon, between them, had removed his glasses to wipe away the steam. Peg started to move toward her husband but had to turn away. Never had she seen such devastation in his face. She looked next at the Sergeant, who avoided her eyes by glancing at the priest, whose job it was to tell them. But Father Shimon would not stop wiping his glasses, and Peg, wanting to scream, to kick over a chair, to do anything rather than endure this awful silence, asked the Sergeant, "Did Michael die on Thursday?"

Thursday morning, upon waking up, Peg had burst into tears for no apparent reason, and had cried off and on that entire day.

"Why do you ask me when he died?" Sergeant Fitzgerald said. "I haven't told you your son is dead."

Peg glared at him with contempt. "You know the Army doesn't come to tell parents that their sons are *wounded!*" she said. "You know the Army comes only when they're *dead!*"

The Sergeant again turned to the priest, but Father Shimon was incapable of talking. He couldn't tell the Mullens; he simply didn't have the courage to be the one.

Then, very slowly, almost threateningly, Gene pushed himself away from the sink and moved toward the two men. "Now, I want to know the *truth!*" he told them. "Is my boy *dead?*"

Sergeant Fitzgerald looked at the priest, then back at Gene, and said, "Yes."

And "Yesss," Father Shimon said, too, as if he had been holding his breath all this time. "Yes, Gene. Yes, Peg. I'm sorry. Yesss."

Gene sagged as if he had been hit. He looked at Peg and she at him. Gene stumbled backward until he was against the sink. He was shaking his head like a groggy fighter trying to clear his brain. He began to cry.

Peg had moved to the kitchen table and stood now gripping the wooden rung of a chair back. She remained there until she felt herself under enough control to speak. Then she asked the Sergeant how Michael had been killed.

Sergeant Fitzgerald sorted through some papers in a file folder and pulled one out. "I only know the official casualty message given me by Fifth Army Headquarters this morning over the phone."

"Read it," Peg said.

The Sergeant lifted the paper to the light. "It states that 'Sergeant (E-5) Michael Eugene Mullen, US 54 93'—so on—'died while at a night defensive position when artillery fire from friendly forces landed in the area.'" Sergeant Fitzgerald's hand dropped. "I'm sorry. I really am very sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Mullen." He put the paper away and began buttoning up his trenchcoat as if to leave. "Generally, at this time," he said, "families of casualties prefer to be alone with their priests—"

HONEY
BEANS
COOKIES
SYRUP

"Sit down," Peg said.

"Perhaps," Sergeant Fitzgerald was saying, "tomorrow would be a better time to—"

"Sit down!" Peg repeated. "We're going to talk about this message, this official casualty report."

"Mrs. Mullen, I only—" the Sergeant began.

"Sergeant," Gene ordered, "sit down and read that thing again."

Fitzgerald cleared his throat. "'Sergeant (E-5) Michael Eugene Mullen, US 54 93 22 54, died while at a night defensive position when artillery fire from friendly forces landed in the area,'" he read. He looked up from the paper. "That's all it says. Really."

"Listen," Gene said. "I was a master sergeant in the United States Army myself during World War Two, and I . . ." He stopped, no longer certain what the point was that he had wished to make.

"We're going to talk about this message," Peg said. "I want you to explain it to me. This word 'friendly'—what do you mean by 'friendly'?"

"It merely means that it wasn't enemy artillery," the Sergeant said. "Your son was killed by friendly fire."

"Friendly fire? *Friendly* fire?" Peg repeated incredulously.

Sergeant Fitzgerald shrugged lamely. "It means any artillery from forces not the enemy."

"*Not* the enemy! *God damn you!*" Peg cried, beating the chair back with her fists in frustration. "You couldn't even give him the—the *decency* of being killed by the enemy!" She glared at the Sergeant. "These, these 'forces not the enemy'—how come the word 'American' isn't used?"

The back door opened, and Michael's brother John, finished with his chores, came into the kitchen. He peered curiously at the Army sergeant first and next at the priest, then at his mother and father, before quietly taking a place by the door.

"Why wasn't the word 'American' used?" Peg repeated.

"Because it wasn't 'American,'" the Sergeant said.

"And why wasn't the word 'accidental' there?"

"Because, Mrs. Mullen, it wasn't an accident."

"Wait a minute," Peg warned ominously.

Sergeant Fitzgerald began talking about a shelling at the Bien Hoa airbase by South Vietnamese artillery

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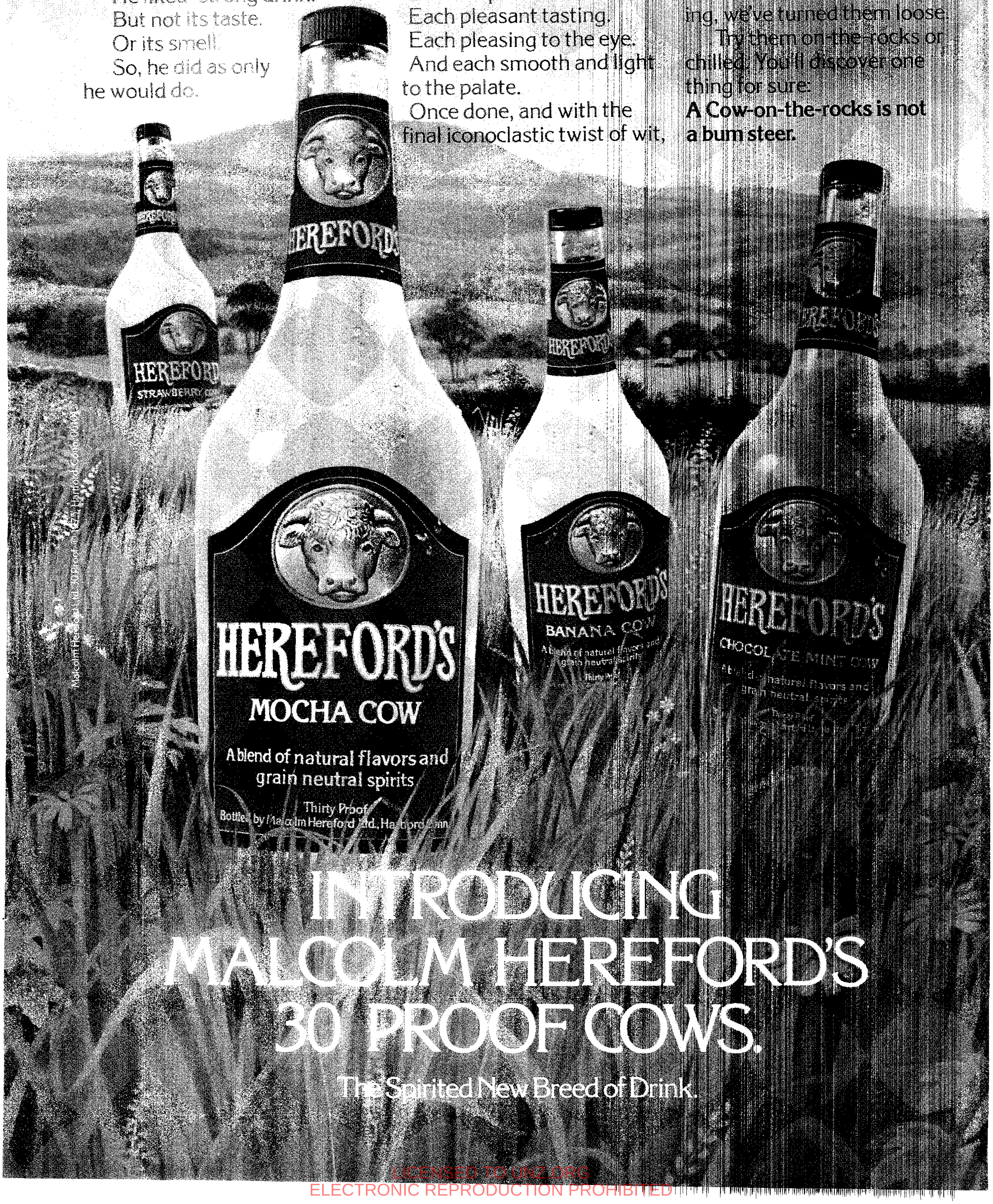
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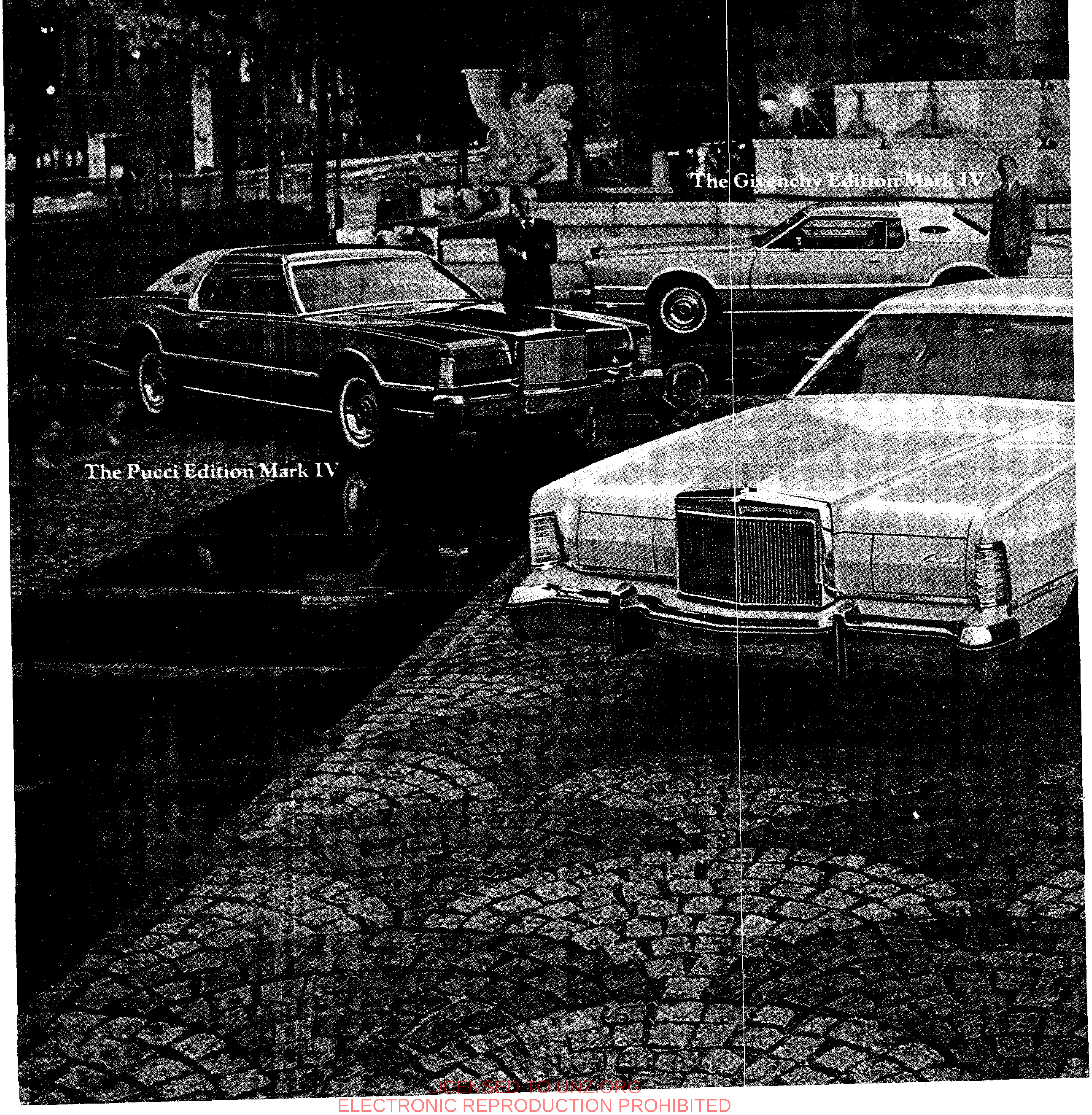

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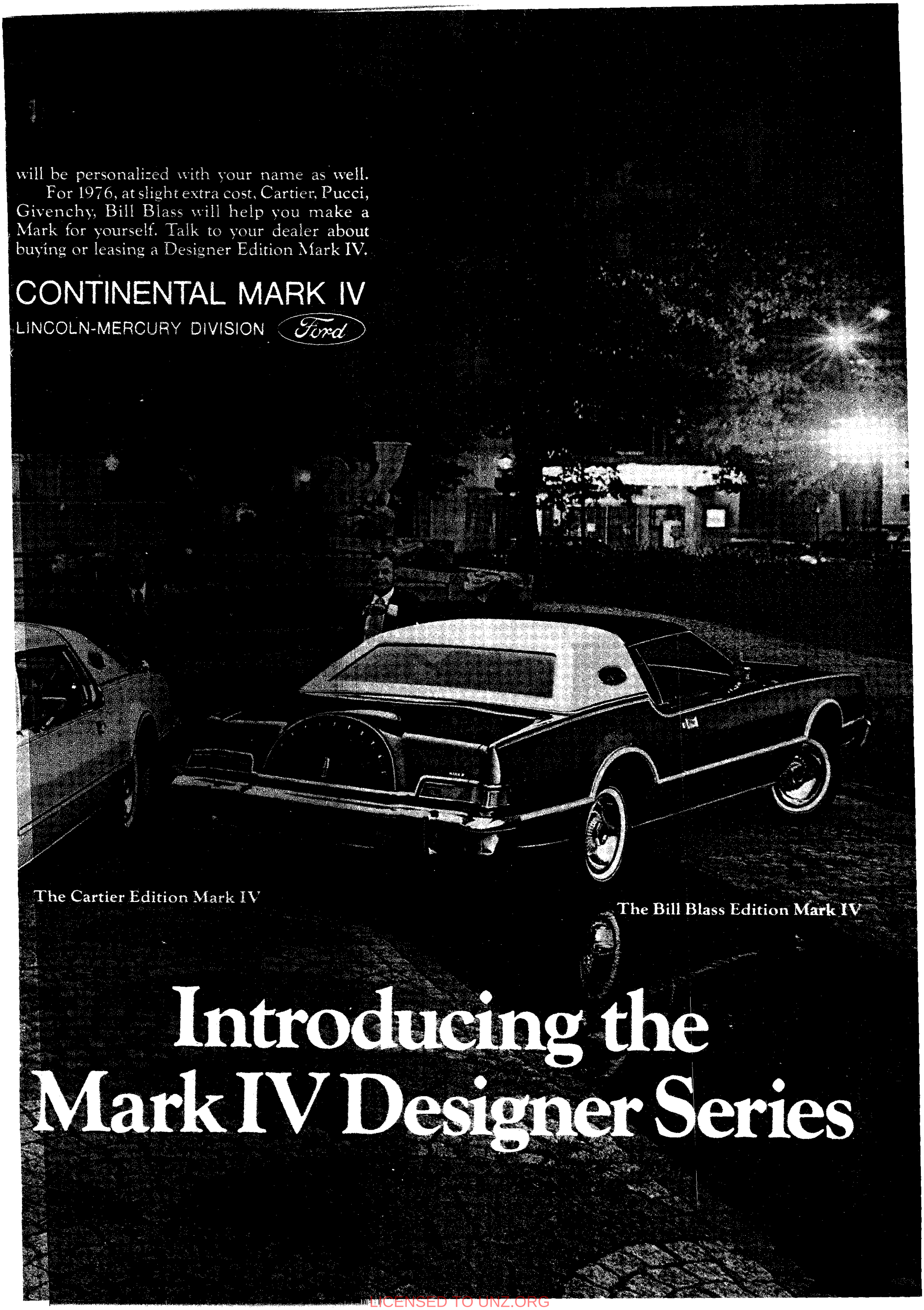

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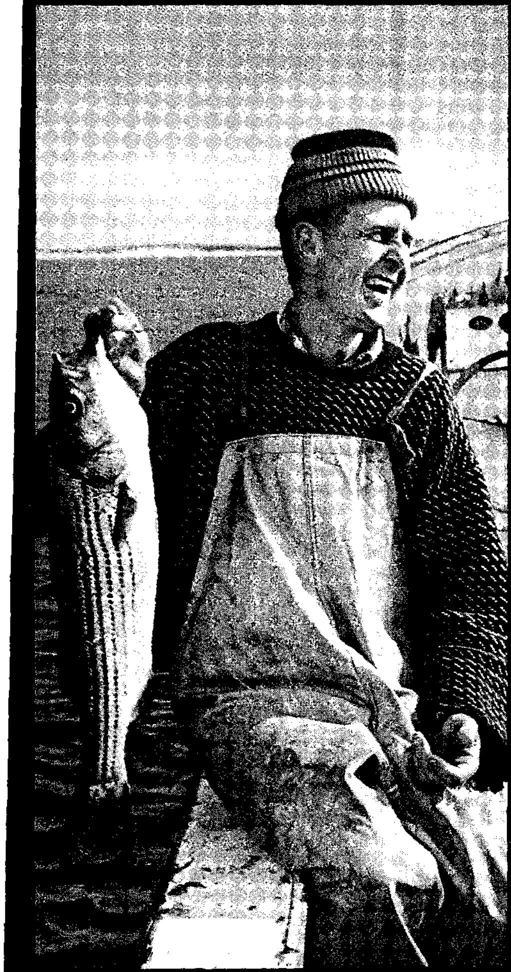
What do you call a company that's responsible for



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• •

which had resulted in the death of three Americans and the wounding of twenty. Peg had seen the report on the television news a few days earlier, had read about it in the following morning's Des Moines *Register*.

"We know all about Bien Hoa," Peg snapped.

"Well," Sergeant Fitzgerald said, "this is how and where your son was killed."

There was a sudden moan, and before Peg could reach John his knees buckled and he collapsed onto the floor. Gene rushed over and, with Peg, eased their son into a chair. "Oh, poor John," Peg said. "Are you all right?"

"Take it easy, Son," Gene said.

"Michael's dead?" John asked.

"What were you thinking?" Peg asked him. "I thought you knew. I thought seeing the Army car—"

"No, I never thought of Michael," John said. "I thought they were after *me*. That I'd done something wrong."

John had registered for the draft only five days before.

"What happened to Michael?" he asked.

"This sergeant is telling us," Peg said.

"But is he— Is Michael—"

"Yes, Son," Gene said. "Mikey's gone."

"And now," Peg said, whirling on the Sergeant, "we want to know how. And we want to know why!"

"Well," Sergeant Fitzgerald said. "You said you heard about Bien Hoa—"

"*Bien Hoa*?" Peg said. "You don't know very much. Michael wasn't anywhere *near* Bien Hoa. My son was three, four hundred miles from there."

"Good God," Sergeant Fitzgerald said. "It might have happened all over Vietnam that night." He sat down at the kitchen table. "You understand, then, how it could have happened," he said. "The Vietcong infiltrated these South Vietnamese artillery units, got onto their radio channels, and called in the wrong artillery coördinates, so that when the ARVN artillery fired they hit Americans." Sergeant Fitzgerald apologized for not having any more information than was contained in the official casualty message, and added that he did not want to say positively that this was what had happened to Michael. He said only that the Vietcong had infiltrated ARVN radio channels in the past and this was what might have happened to their son's unit.

Sergeant Fitzgerald then explained that the Mullens had the right to request a Special Escort to accompany Michael's body back from Vietnam, and that if they had some special friend of Michael's in mind, someone whom they would like to have return with Michael's remains, they should let him know.

"Well, it's so soon, so sudden," Peg said. "Michael had so many friends. I really don't know . . ."

"There's no need to decide now," Sergeant Fitzgerald said. "Either myself or another Survivors' Assistance Officer will call you tomorrow. Now, what funeral home do you want your son's body delivered to?"

Peg and Gene looked at each other speechlessly.

"Well, we don't know," Peg said. "We really don't know yet."

"How soon will it be before Michael— Michael's body returns?" Gene asked.

"Just as soon as they have a planeful," Sergeant Fitzgerald said.

"Well," Peg said, "I know it won't be long, then."

"One more thing, Sergeant," Gene asked. "How long do we have before Michael's death is announced on the news?"

"As soon as I notify Fort Leonard Wood that I've seen you, they'll release it. That should be about two hours from now."

"Two hours!" Peg protested. "You can't! You've got to give us time to tell our other children. Our daughters are away at college, and we can't let them just hear about it on the radio. You've got to tell them to hold back the news."

"Can't you call them?" Sergeant Fitzgerald asked. "You'll have at least two hours."

"They'll be in classes," Peg said. "I won't be able to reach them until tonight. Can't you wait?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Mullen. I'm only a sergeant. I can't tell the Army what to do."

"Well, I can!" Peg said angrily. "I'm not afraid of the Army or the Pentagon. If you won't do anything about it, then I'll— I'll call our senator, Harold Hughes, in Washington. He'll help."

"Look, Mrs. Mullen," Sergeant

Fitzgerald said. "You don't have to do that. I'll tell Fifth Army you want them to wait. They won't release the news until you give them the go-ahead."

"Gene, I can't just tell Mary and Patricia over the phone. They'd . . ." She shook her head helplessly.

"What about your sister?" Gene asked.

"Louise?" Peg thought for a moment. "She could maybe drive to Kansas City and pick up Mary . . ."

"Well, if there's nothing else," Sergeant Fitzgerald said.

"I'll walk you out," Gene said.

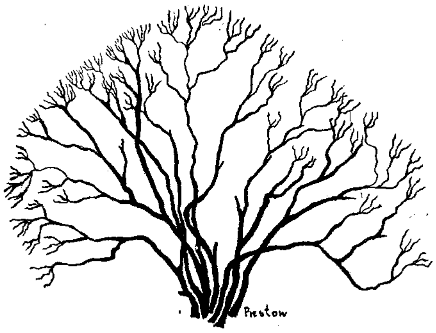
"That's not necessary," Sergeant Fitzgerald said. "Oh, and Father Shimon? You'll stay a little longer, won't you?"

"Of course, Sergeant. Of course," the priest said.

Peg just looked at Father Shimon and shrugged. Back in November, after a Sunday Mass, she had stopped on the way out of church to ask Father Shimon to say some special prayers for Michael. "You've got to pray for him, Father," she had said. "He hasn't got a chance."

"Oh, I know, I know," Father Shimon had replied, taking Peg by the arm to move her out of the path of his other parishioners. "I do pray for him. I'm praying for him every day. We pray for all our servicemen."

Peg telephoned a friend in La Porte to tell her that Michael was dead and to ask if she would be good enough to drive the seventy-five miles to Iowa City to inform Patricia, who was a senior at the University of Iowa there. Peg next called her sister, Louise Petersen, in Des Moines, and asked her to pick up Mary, who was a freshman at Rockhurst College, Michael's alma mater, in Kansas City. And then she called her brothers—William Goodyear, in Lake City, Iowa, and Howard Goodyear, in Pittsburgh. She did not cry. She kept the calls short; she remained in control of herself. She informed them only of what she had been told so far—that Michael had been killed by artillery fire from friendly forces, possibly South Vietnamese. Her brothers told her that they would arrive at the farm as soon as possible. When she finished, she saw that Sergeant Fitzgerald had left and that Gene was waiting to use the phone.



Gene telephoned the local newspapers and television stations and gave them what few details he knew, and asked them not to release the news until he and his wife had been able to inform their daughters. While Gene was doing that, Peg began drawing up a list of people they would need to get in touch with.

"Now, Peg," Father Shimon said, joining Peg at the table. "Ahh, I didn't know Michael very well and I'm sure you'll want, ahh, someone else to say the Mass."

"Well, yes," Peg said. "As a matter of fact, we'll want Father Hemesath to say the Mass." Father Gregory Hemesath, of St. Peter's Church, in New Haven, a small town in Mitchell County, in northern Iowa, was an old friend of the Mullens'.

"That's just fine," Father Shimon said. "You just write down whoever you want and I'll ask them. I'll bow out and won't have any part in the, ahh, funeral Mass."

"We'll want music, too," Gene said, pausing in mid-phone call. "Michael always liked good music."

"We would like Sister Mary Richard and the Don Bosco Chorus," Peg said.

"Oh, well," Father Shimon said. "That's fine. That's just fine."

"And I'd like Father Hirsch to say a few words," Peg said. Father Robert Hirsch was the principal of Don Bosco, where all the Mullen children had gone. "And I want a white funeral." (The "black funeral," or Requiem Mass, the traditional Catholic funeral Mass, is one of mourning. The "white funeral," or Mass of Resurrection, introduced in 1969, is a celebration of rebirth and of entrance into eternal life.)

"I can't, Peg," the priest said, shaking his head. "I can't have one."

"And why not?"

"Because when the permission order came to change the service, each priest had to request permission from the archdiocese. I didn't want the change, so I ignored it."

"That doesn't matter," Peg said. "All you've got to do is just have it now. We had one only two months ago, a few miles from here, when that boy from Jesup died in Vietnam."

"Nope. Nope. Nope," Father Shimon said. "I can't do it."

Peg regarded him coldly, then lowered her head and went back to work on her list.

After a moment, the priest stood up. "Well," Father Shimon said, "I, ahh, probably should be going."

"Fine, Father," Peg said.

A few minutes later, the Mullens heard the priest's car drive away. Gene, off the telephone, came over to the kitchen table. There was nothing they could do while they were waiting for the rest of the family to arrive but make a list of those friends who would want and need to know that which they themselves were still scarcely willing or able to accept: their son Michael was dead.

THE Mullens' friends and neighbors, stunned by word of Michael's death, began arriving at the farm shortly after Father Shimon left. The men, some wearing faded coveralls, ankle-high work boots, and Day-Glo-orange earflapped vinyl caps, and some wearing their Sunday suits, approached Gene hesitantly; they touched him on the shoulder, placed their calloused hands almost tenderly on his back. Their wives, in woollen slacks and heavy hand-knit cardigans, brought stews and casseroles, baskets of food, and pots of coffee that they set to simmer at the rear of the Mullens' stove. And then they moved back to take Peg's hands in their own, hugged her, kissed her lightly on the cheek, begged her to give them something to do, wanting to help.

The women gathered around the kitchen table with Peg, and the men sat in the living room with John and Gene. Over and over, the men tried to express their sorrow, tried to say something comforting about Michael's service to his country. And suddenly, astonishingly, one of the men, and then another, would begin to cry, and would wipe at his face with a big, billowing pocket bandanna.

What could the Mullens say to these friends, these well-meaning neighbors who had driven out to see them? Peg and Gene could not help thinking how none of these people's sons had had to go. How Michael was the only boy from any of the farms around who had put himself through graduate school, how he had shown the most potential for being successful at farming. What was more, the Mullens sensed that the general attitude among their son's contemporaries was not that Michael had been a patriot but, rather, that he had been a poor, unfortunate scapegoat who hadn't had enough sense or enough pull not to get caught. "I don't need to *be* here! I don't need to *be* here!" Michael had protested that night he telephoned from Des Moines. "I simply didn't *need* to be drafted!"

BY midnight Saturday, the Mullens' friends and neighbors had left. Peg and Gene were seated across the kitchen table from each other, isolated by grief.

"The thing is, when you have a boy in combat," Gene finally said, "the thing you always keep foremost in your mind is that *it can't happen to him.*"

Peg nodded, watching him sadly.

"What are we going to do?" Gene asked.

"Whatever needs to be done," Peg announced firmly. She pushed herself up from the table. "First of all, I'm going to open up Michael's tackle box."

"That's right," Gene said. "Michael said, 'Don't open it. Only if I don't come back.' "

"Oh-h-h, Gene," Peg said. She had stopped at the bedroom door. "He didn't say that. Michael never thought for a minute he wouldn't be coming back. He didn't think that way at all. He was a positive thinker." She continued into the bedroom and slid the tackle box from the top of Michael's closet and carried it back to the kitchen table. She opened the box, and lifted out the tray with his arrowheads, the corporal's stripes, and the infantry-school insignia from Fort Benning. Beneath the tray was a carefully folded piece of tablet paper. Peg opened the paper and saw that Michael had meticulously copied out the names and addresses of all the people who were important to him. Peg sat there holding the list in her hands.

"What is it?" Gene asked.

"Names," Peg said. "Everybody in Michael's life."

There were Michael's roommates at Rockhurst and the University of Missouri, an eighty-five-year-old La Porte couple whose grocery shopping he did when he was home, a close friend whose wife he had always liked so much, Caroline Roby and her mother, his sisters' college addresses. There were maybe twenty names on the list, some of whom Peg didn't recognize. She passed the paper over to Gene, who didn't know them, either, but felt they were important enough to call.

Then Peg came to Michael's insurance papers. There was a ten-thousand-dollar policy with the Knights of Columbus, a thousand-dollar policy with Federal Life, and a ten-thousand-dollar policy with the United States Government. Michael had indicated that he wanted the government policy split four ways: twenty-five hundred dollars each to Gene and Peg, twenty-five hundred to the Don Bosco High School "for the purchase of new science equipment," and the last twenty-five hundred to "a dear friend so that she might study medicine." The "dear friend," obviously, was Caroline Roby, but Peg didn't know how to go about getting in touch with her.

"She'll have to be told that Michael is dead, that he left her that money."

"I know, I know," Peg said. "It's just that . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"What?"

"I get the feeling that the thing between Michael and Caroline had—well, tapered off."

"We've got to tell her," Gene said.

At two-thirty in the morning, Peg started writing down all the information she had gained from her conversation with Sergeant Fitzgerald. She wasn't sure yet why she was doing it, but she felt a need to commit the details to paper.

THERE is no telegraph office in La Porte City. Telegrams are transmitted by telephone from the Waterloo Western Union office to the La Porte city hall, and it is old Peter Dobkin's job to deliver the telegrams in person. Dobkin, a tall, thin, grandfatherly-looking First World War veteran in his early seventies, knocked on the Mullens' door on Sunday morning, Washington's Birthday.

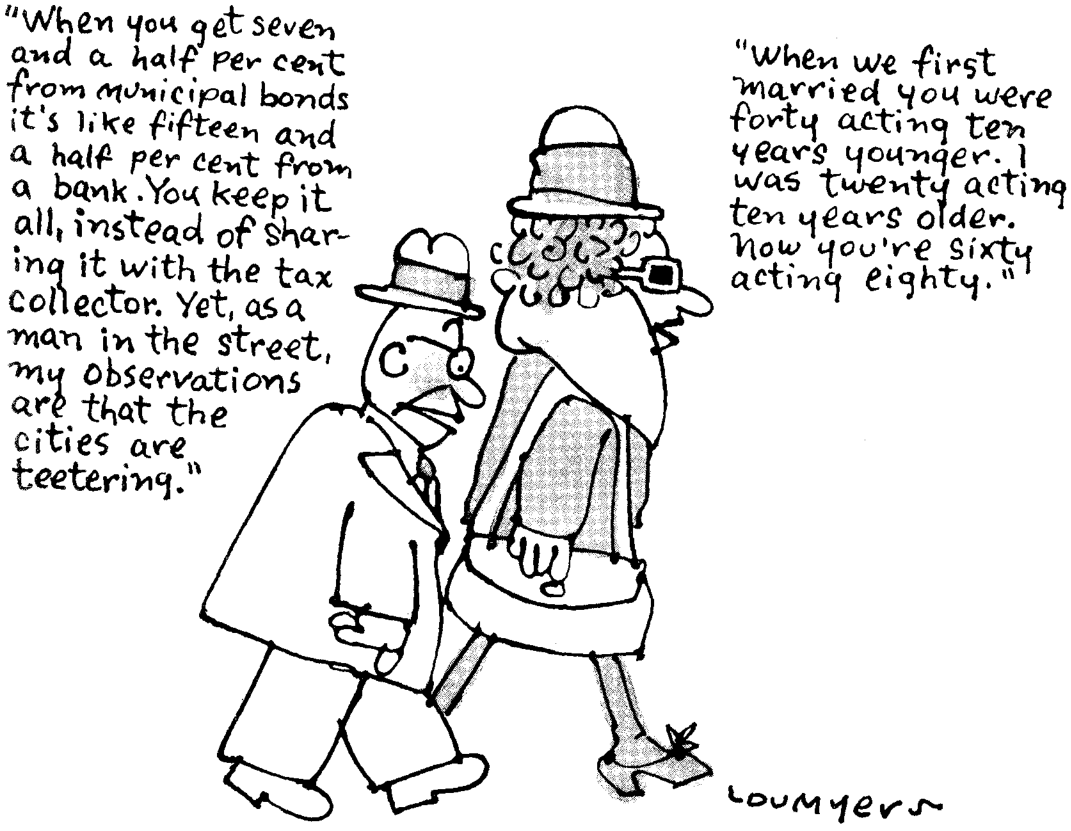
Gene Mullen ushered Dobkin into the kitchen, which was crowded again with the Mullen family and friends.

"Hello, Peter," Peg said. "Would you care for a cup of coffee?"

"No. No, thank you, Mrs. Mullen," he said. "I've come on official business. I've got a telegram for you."

"Oh? Well, fine, then." Peg started to reach for the telegram, but Dobkin didn't pass it to her.

"I'm supposed to read it to you," he said. He looked at his wristwatch, and then, as the voices hushed about him, began to read: "Time: 11:17 A.M. To: 'Mr. and Mrs. Oscar E. Mullen. Report. Deliver. Don't phone.' " Dobkin paused to clear his throat, then continued: " 'The Secretary of the Army has asked me to express his deep regret that your son, Sergeant Michael E. Mullen, died in Vietnam on 18 February 1970. He was at a night defensive position when artillery fire from friend-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ly forces landed in the area. Please accept my deepest sympathy. This confirms personal notification made by a representative of the Secretary of the Army.' It is signed 'Kenneth G. Wickham, Major General, United States Army, C-052-189, the Adjutant General, Department of the Army, Washington, D.C.' "

There was an awkward moment of silence while Dobkin stood there in a pose somewhat suggesting the position of attention, and then Peg said, "Well, thank you, Peter."

Dobkin nodded, handed her the telegram, and left.

Sunday afternoon, Peter Dobkin returned with a second telegram. "Time: 3:05 P.M. To: 'Oscar Mullen. Report. Deliver. Don't phone. . . .' " The telegram contained information on the return of Michael's body, and on how much money would be allowed for the burial, and cautioned the Mullens not to set a date for the funeral until the Army told them when Michael's body would arrive in La Porte. It also listed Michael's rank as private first class, not sergeant. The error was routine administrative carelessness, but as an indication of the bureaucratic impersonality with which the Army treated the death of their son it infuriated the Mullens. Dobkin handed the telegram to Peg, and then, because he was also a representative of the local Veterans of Foreign Wars chapter, he began talking about the military funeral he expected the Mullens to hold. "We can provide an Honor Guard and a bugler at the grave," Dobkin was saying. "Oh, the Honor Guard will be in uniform, white helmets, and ties, with regulation Army rifles. We will fire a salute if you wish—"

"I *don't* wish!" Peg said.

"Pardon?"

"We don't want a military funeral, Peter," Peg said. "Michael was a biochemistry student, not a professional soldier."

"Well, yes," Dobkin said, "but he's entitled—"

"I don't care," Peg said.

"O.K., but if you should change your mind—"

"We won't!" Gene said, with such certainty that Peg looked at him with surprise.

"You don't want one, either?" she asked.

Gene Mullen had been on one of the first Honor Guard firing squads in Iowa during the Second World War. The body of a young soldier had been brought back to Des Moines for a military funeral, and his grave was no more than twenty-five feet from one of the main roads into Des Moines. As Gene and the rest of the Honor Guard had stood at attention with their rifles at Present Arms, car after car had passed by. Not one driver had slowed or paid the least bit of attention. Gene didn't want that sort of thing to happen to his boy. And, too, he knew who would make up Dobkin's Honor Guard firing squad. Later, when Peg asked him why he hadn't wanted a military funeral, he answered, "Because I just don't want those 'U.S.O. soldiers' firing over our son's grave."

Several of the Mullens' friends called that afternoon to ask them to release the news of Michael's death, since there were many people in La Porte who still thought it was only a rumor. Peg called the local radio and television stations and newspapers and told them that it was all right to release the information that Gene had given them the day before.

A LITTLE after ten o'clock on Monday morning, an Army captain arrived at the farm and introduced himself as Ralph T. Pringle, a Survivors' Assistance Officer. He had come to the farm to pick up their request for the Special Escort and Alternate Special Escort. The Mullens named Thomas Hurley and John Salvato, two boys who had been in college with Michael and who were now in Vietnam. Captain Pringle said he would send their request to the Pentagon immediately, since time was short.

"Now, Mr. and Mrs. Mullen," Captain Pringle went on, "you can plan on a delay of about ten days between the time of your son's death and his body's arrival. That would mean he should arrive in Waterloo on or about the— Let's see, the twenty-eighth."

"He'll be here Saturday?" Gene asked.

"We can't state that for certain," Captain Pringle said. "The time of his arrival depends entirely on the number of deaths in Vietnam during the week he died."

"We know that," Peg said. "Sergeant Fitzgerald told us the body is returned when they have enough to make a planeful. I also know Michael will be home soon. I'm sure the losses are greater than we're being told. I'm positive of that."

Unknown to Captain Pringle and

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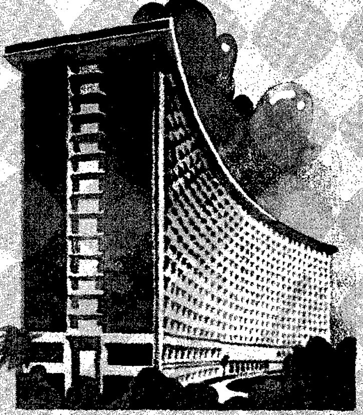

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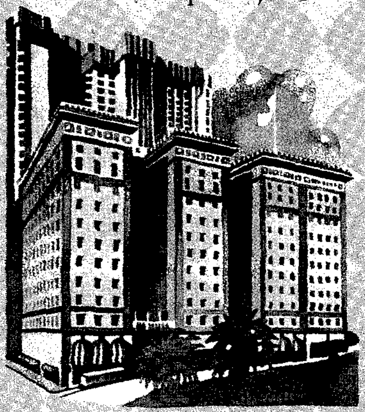

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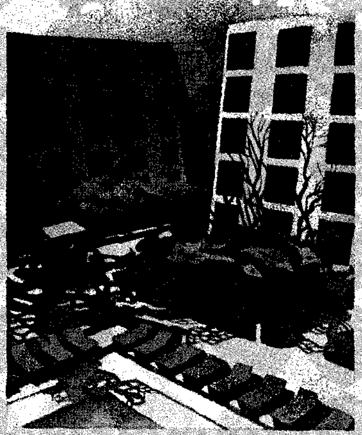

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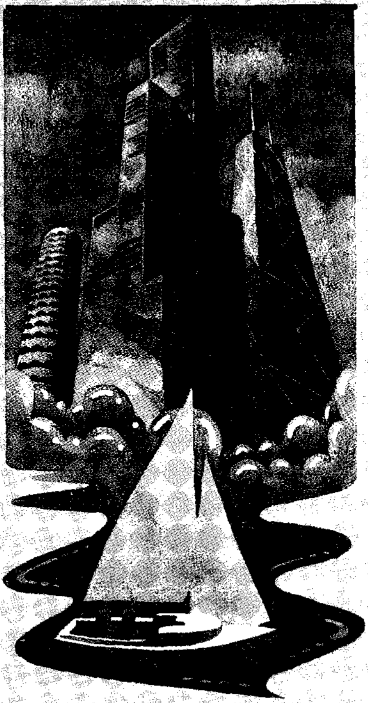

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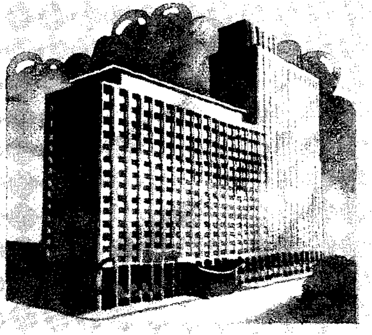

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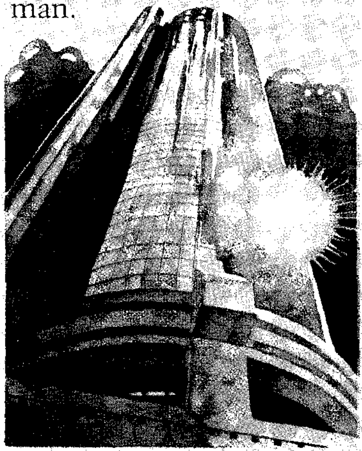

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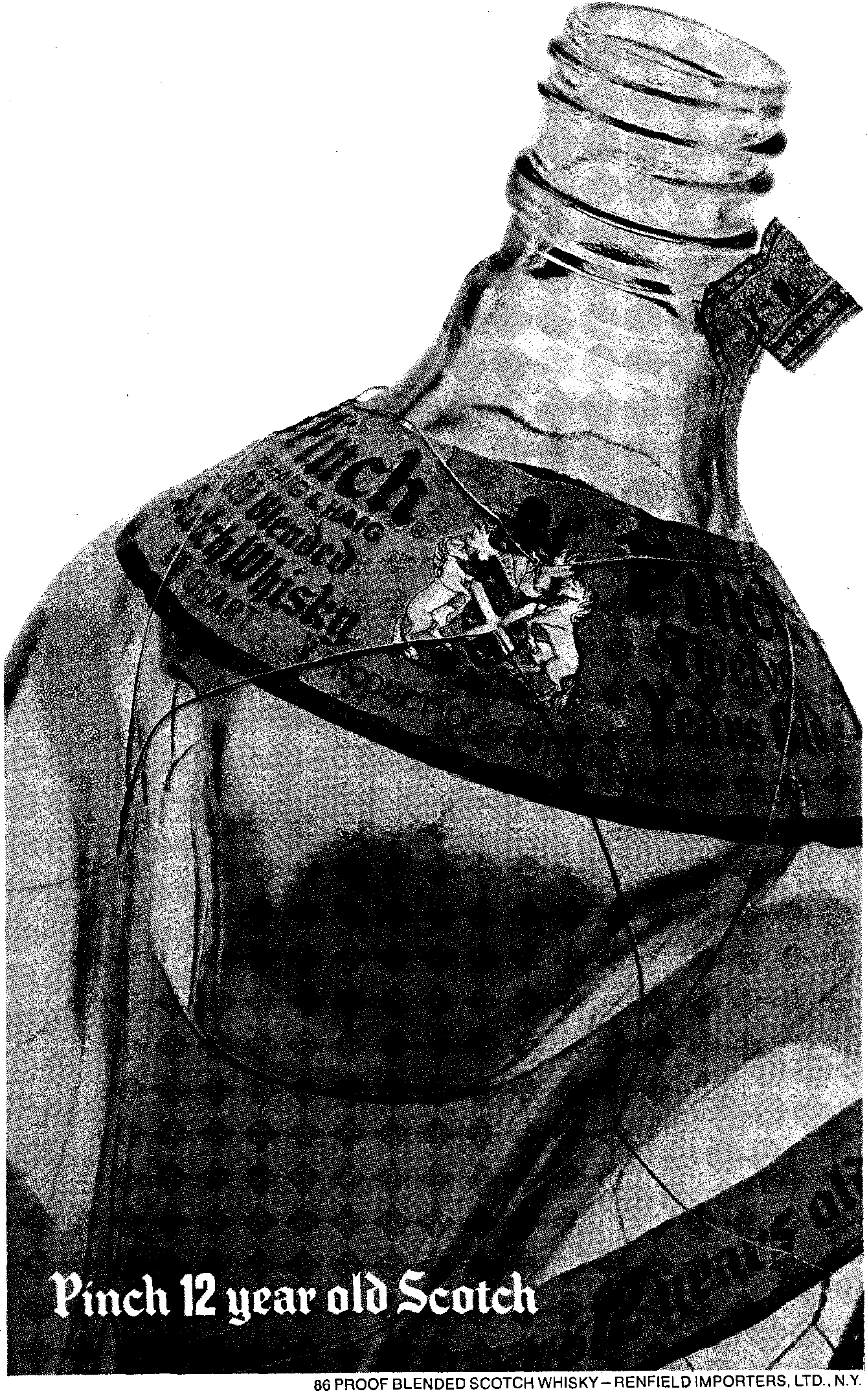

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the Mullens, Michael's body arrived in Oakland, California, that very day.

PETER DOBKIN was back at the Mullens' farm a little after nine-thirty on Tuesday morning with a third telegram. He stood at the door, looked at his watch, and announced: "Time: 9:37 A.M. To: 'Oscar E. Mullen—' "

"I can read," Peg interrupted impatiently. "Just give me the telegram."

"I got to," Dobkin said. "It's my job." He read them the telegram, which stated that Michael's body would be consigned to the funeral home of the Mullens' choice in Waterloo. Then he again suggested they consider a military funeral, but when he saw the look on their faces he decided not to press the matter, and left.

That morning's mail brought the first letters from strangers whose sons had been killed in Vietnam. The majority were short—not more than three or four lines each:

> May it help comfort you to know that the loss you bear is shared by many others. Our son is still missing in Vietnam.
>
> THE FAMILY OF STAFF
> SERGEANT MICHAEL T——

> We read in the paper of your son's death. We know you don't know us, but we wanted to extend to you our deepest sympathy. We know only too well the depth of your loss. We, too, have lost our son. Is there anything we can do to help you?
>
> MR. AND MRS. LEROY P——

> We're so sorry that you, too, have lost a precious son.
>
> PARENTS OF MICHAEL B——
> Born Feb. 20th, 1947
> Killed Dec. 29th, 1969, Vietnam

One after another, Peg would pick them up, turn them over, read them, and put them down. "All these letters," she said.

" 'Remembering you. Parents of Sgt. Jay K——' 'Our Michael was killed at . . .' 'The Parents of the late Thomas W——' 'My Michael died at—' All these *Michaels!*" Peg exclaimed. "It seems that everybody twenty-five years ago named their sons 'Michael.' " She gathered the letters together in her lap. "It's like a fraternity, you know? I mean, these people from all over who have lost their sons. I never would have thought they'd write like this, but they do."

AT five minutes to four, the Mullens received a telephone call from an employee of the Loomis Funeral Home, in Waterloo, who said he had received notification that Michael's body was at the Oakland Army Terminal Mortuary and would arrive at the Waterloo Airport at seven-forty-five the following evening, February 25th, "escorted by Sergeant First Class Ronald Fallon."

"*Fallon*?" Peg asked. "We didn't ask for any Sergeant Fallon! Hold on a minute, will you?" She cupped the mouthpiece and called to Gene, "It's the funeral home. They say Michael's body will be here tomorrow night—escorted by a Sergeant Ronald Fallon."

"Who's he?" Gene asked.

"Hello?" Peg said into the telephone. "We don't know any Sergeant Fallon. We've never heard of him. He isn't the escort we asked for." As soon as she could, Peg called Captain Pringle. He explained that he had telegraphed their request for the Special Escort to the Memorial Division at the Pentagon the day before, but that either it had arrived too late in the day for anyone to act on it or it had been ignored because Monday was an official holiday, Washington's Birthday having fallen on a Sunday.

"Captain Pringle," Peg said (and as she went on talking she began to come down hard on her "r"s). "Captain Pringle, may I remind you that our son tramped through the mud and jungles of Vietnam for five months regardless of holidays, and we still want the escort we chose, not this Sergeant Fallon, who nobody's heard of. Now, we were told that to have a deceased soldier's body returned accompanied by a Special Escort chosen by the next of kin was our right. A right accorded the families of *all* war victims. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then that's what we'll have," Peg said. "That's who we want. We don't want this Fallon, who Michael never met. We want either John Salvato or Tom Hurley—those are the boys we want. Now, don't you tell me that the Pentagon can't even honor the dead by providing the services they need, just because it's a holiday."

"All right, Mrs. Mullen," Pringle said. "I'll call the Pentagon and see what I can do."

About twenty minutes later, Captain Pringle called back. "Mrs. Mullen," he said, "I'll give it to you straight. A man in the Pentagon in the office of Special Escorts, when I told him you still wanted your escort, he said, 'Tell that lady in La Porte City that she can have her escort in—take it or leave it—ten to fifteen more days.' "

"*Fifteen more days!*" Peg said. "Captain Pringle, you can tell that son of a bitch in the Pentagon that I'll wait fifteen *years* for my son to come back! My son's *dead!* We could put off having him come back in a casket *forever!* We don't care when he gets back. He's *dead!*"

Captain Pringle tried to explain why there would be such a long delay: that it would take a couple of days to cut the orders in Washington, another couple of days to get them to Vietnam, another couple of days to locate their escort, another day to get him on a plane, and so on.

Peg listened impatiently, then said, "I don't believe you. My boy was killed in the jungles of Vietnam, airlifted out of there, rammed through a mortuary in Saigon, put on a plane, and was in Oakland in less than five days! So don't you tell me that you can't get a *live* boy out of there in less than two days!"

Captain Pringle apparently thought for a moment. Then he said, "I'll tell you what, Mrs. Mullen. I think you'd be better off if you called the Pentagon yourself and told them that. Talk to a man named Murtaugh—he's in charge of Special Escorts, and he's the one to talk to." He gave her the telephone number.

"Well, I don't see why we have to make that call," Peg said. "You're the man who's supposed to assist us."

"I'm trying to, Mrs. Mullen," Captain Pringle said. "But I think you should be aware that your insistence on the Special Escort will definitely be a delaying factor. A great many people prefer to cancel the Special Escort requests so that they can more quickly complete their funeral plans, but if you insist . . . I feel certain you'll have more success if you call Mr. Murtaugh at the Pentagon yourself."

As soon as Captain Pringle hung up, Peg called Senator Harold Hughes' office in Washington. Hughes was on the Senate floor at the time, but he later returned Peg's call. Through her activities with the County Democratic Party, she had met Hughes years earlier, when he was the governor of Iowa. Peg relayed Captain Pringle's remarks about Mr. Murtaugh at the Pentagon, and said she felt that the Senator was the only one she could turn to for help.

Senator Hughes hesitated. "Peg, I can't cure all the ills in the world."

"But can't you do something?" Peg pleaded. "My family is so upset."

"All right, Peg, we'll try."

Apparently, Senator Hughes did in-

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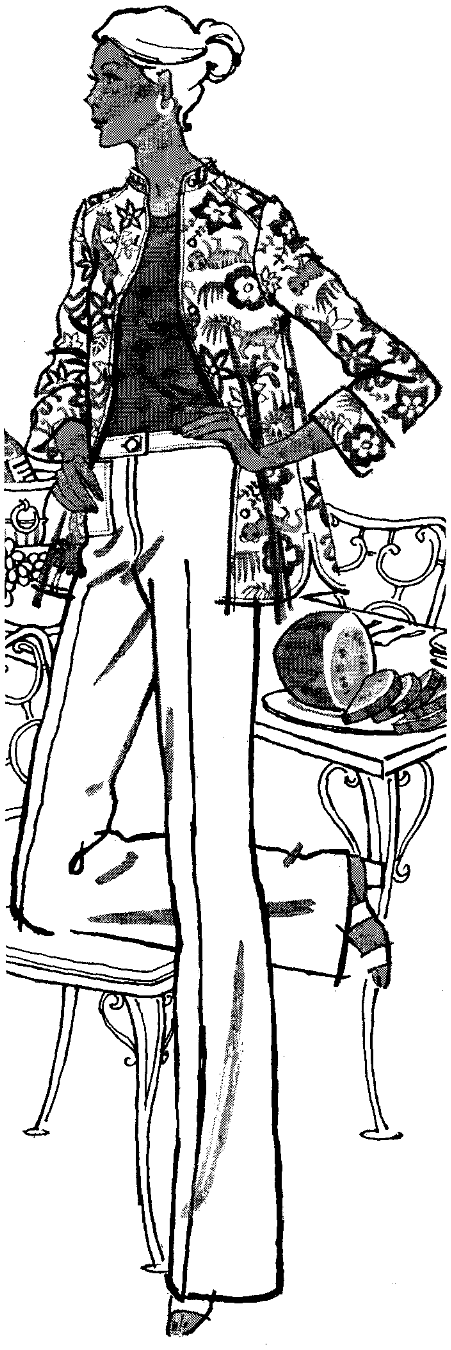

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tervene in the Mullens' behalf. Between seven and eight that evening, Peter Dobkin delivered a fourth telegram—this time over the telephone. The telegram, from the Oakland Army Terminal Mortuary, informed the Mullens that they should disregard all previous messages—that Michael's body would be held pending arrival of his Special Escort. An hour later, the Memorial Division duty officer at the Pentagon telephoned the Mullens to say that their request for a Special Escort would be honored after all.

And then Father Shimon called.

"Peg," he said, "I've been thinking about what you want. This white funeral, this Don Bosco Chorus, Father This and Father That, and, ahh, I think it's time to call a halt to the production you're talking about for Michael's funeral. I can't go along with you, Peg. We're not going to have a production."

"Well, Father Shimon," Peg replied, "if you consider perfection a production, then that's what we'll have. Because Michael's life was sort of perfect. He did things well. He didn't leave many jobs undone. If doing things right for him means having a production, we'll just have a production."

Father Shimon said, "Nope. Nope. Nope."

Peg hung up on him.

Peter Dobkin telephoned the Mullens early Wednesday morning with a fifth telegram. It was sent by the Memorial Division, and it confirmed that either Tom Hurley or John Salvato would be returned from Vietnam to serve as Michael Mullen's Special Escort.

The morning mail contained a nine-by-twelve-inch manila envelope from the White House. Inside, on a half-size White House letterhead, was a message signed by a minor aide stating that President Nixon wished her to know that he was truly sorry that her son had died. The note was paper-clipped to a collection of President Nixon's Vietnamization speeches. Peg was so offended that she showed the contents of the envelope to no one, resealed it, and mailed it back to the White House with the notation, printed in large red letters in the upper left-hand corner, "RETURN TO SENDER. NOT INTERESTED."

ADDED to the Mullens' anguish over the continuing wait was their uncertainty over what condition Michael's body would be in. A close friend had told them that her sister-in-law's brother, a mortician in Oakland, had called to tell her he had worked on Michael's body. He said that three planeloads of bodies had arrived in Oakland—one, on Monday, of "viewable" bodies and two, on Tuesday, of "non-viewable" bodies. Peg and Gene were unable to believe that Michael could be "viewable." If Michael had been killed by ARVN artillery, would he not have been blown to pieces?

DURING the six days since the Mullens had learned of their son's death, their farmhouse had been filled with family and friends waiting for Michael's body to arrive. The people in town knew only that for some reason or other the Mullens had refused to permit the corpse to be returned. A great many La Porte people couldn't understand the Mullens' behavior, and thought it vaguely un-American, somehow unpatriotic.

Thursday morning, Father Shimon telephoned and asked Peg if she knew yet when the funeral would be held.

"I hope to know by noon today, Father," Peg said. "If Michael comes today, we'll hold the funeral on Saturday."

"*Saturday*?" the priest said. "You know we can't have the funeral on Saturday!"

"Why not?" Peg asked. "Why can't we?"

"We have catechism on Saturday, Peg. And I'm, ahh, I'm not going to interrupt my catechism program."

"Well, O.K., Father," Peg said. "Then we'll have our funeral service in our front yard if we have to. But we'll have it Saturday if this is what we want."

She hung up the telephone and looked first at her husband and then at her houseful of family and friends, the classmates of their children, neighbors who had come to their farmhouse. She told Gene she thought it might be a good idea to get out of the house for a while.

Four more boys from northern Iowa had died in Vietnam that week, and one was missing in action. Sergeant Fitzgerald had confided to the Mullens that it was only a matter of time before he would have to tell the missing boy's mother that her son was dead. The young man had apparently been trapped and incinerated in his tank; but because no identifiable remains existed, the Army was, for the time being, categorizing him as missing in action. The woman was a widow, and he had been her only son. Peg thought that they should visit her to see whether there was anything they might do.

The boy's mother lived in a little tenant farmhouse outside Waverly, about fifteen miles north of Waterloo. The Mullens found her farm and were surprised as they pulled in that no other cars were there. Peg was particularly shocked because they were surrounded by people at their own home. She and Gene got out of their car and walked up to the door and knocked. There was a long wait, and then a middle-aged woman opened the front door but remained behind the locked storm door, looking through the window at Peg and Gene.

"May I see Mrs. Foster?" Peg asked.

"I'm Mrs. Foster," she said.

"Are you alone here?" Peg asked.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Well, I'm Peg Mullen," she said, "and this is my husband, Gene. Our son was killed last week in Vietnam and—well, we know your son is missing, that he's missing in action, and we thought maybe we could help you."

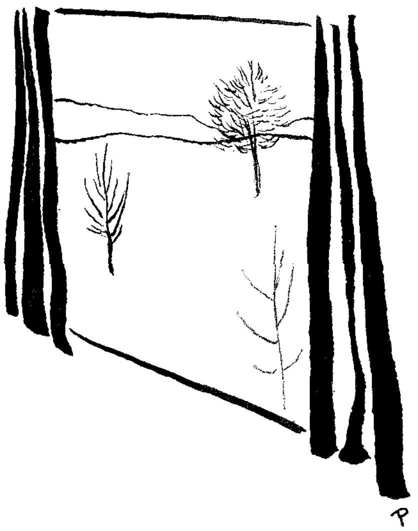
The woman remained behind the locked door.

"Really," Peg said. "Can't we come in?"

The woman still did not answer.

"We've had so many people, friends come to see us, and they've been such a help to us. I can't believe you're here all alone. Can't we come in?"

The woman finally nodded. "Yes," she said, and she unlocked the storm door. Peg and Gene followed her inside, where two little girls stood watching, wide-eyed and frightened, knuckles pressed to their lips. The woman brushed some books and papers off an old sofa and gestured that that was where the Mullens were to sit. She lowered herself into a worn upholstered chair across from them and remained there, looking at the Mullens as if she was waiting for them to speak, so Peg did.



"Where was your son in Vietnam?" Peg asked.

"I don't know," the woman said.

"You don't?" Peg asked, astonished.

The woman didn't answer.

Gene asked, "You mean, he never wrote to you from Vietnam?"

"He wrote me."

"But didn't you write him?" Peg asked. "Didn't you know where he was?"

"I wrote to his A.P.O. address in San Francisco," the woman said.

"Didn't he tell you anything in his letters?" Peg asked.

"Yes, but he never said where he was."

"And you don't know what unit he was with?" Gene asked.

"No, I don't."

"I can't understand this," Peg said. "You mean you never asked your son where he was, or . . . or what unit he was with, or what he was doing?"

"Yes, I asked him."

"And he didn't tell you?"

"He told me," the woman said.

"But then you say you don't know," Gene said. "You said—"

"He told you where he was and what he was doing, and you say you don't know where he was or what he was doing," Peg said. "What is the matter with you?"

The woman stiffened. "I can't talk," she said.

"What do you mean?" Peg asked.

"I just can't," she said. "I can't tell you."

"But your son is missing in action," Peg insisted. "He was in a tank that was burned, and you say you can't talk. What on earth is wrong with you?"

"Well, now, I'll tell you," the woman said. "I've been informed by the Army that I can't discuss this with anyone, because it might— It might 'aid and abet the enemy.' Until they confirm or deny that my son is dead or wounded, I'm simply not allowed to talk to anyone. And I won't."

"Well, if I were you," Peg said, "I'd get down on my knees and pray to God that they find your son, because I read in the newspapers—"

"Peg!" Gene warned.

"—about the battle he was in, and I don't think your son could have surv—"

"PEG!" Gene took his wife firmly by the hand and pulled her to her feet before she could finish. "We'd better be going, Mrs. Foster," Gene said. "If there's anything we can do for you,

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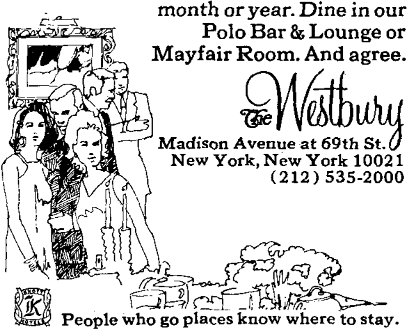

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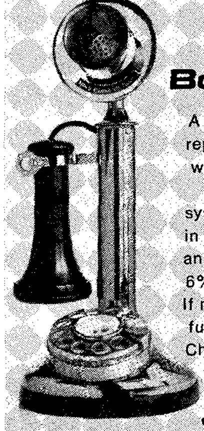

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please let us know. We hope we haven't upset you." He got Peg out the door, then turned back and said to the woman, "It's so very sad, so hard . . ." The woman closed the door on them and turned away.

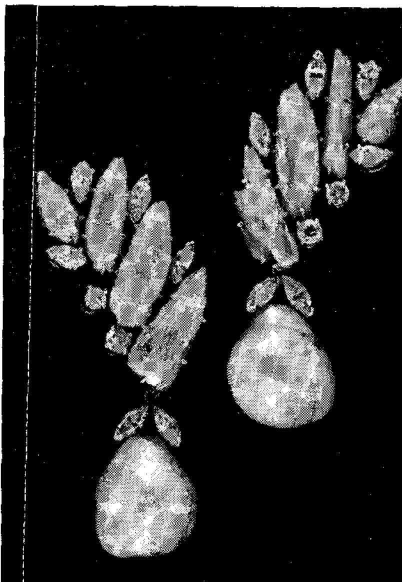
"What was the *matter* with her?" Peg asked as she got into the car. "Her son is *dead!* He was burned to death in a tank! For God's sake, they're not going to find her son, there's nothing *left* of him. And still she does what they tell her!"

It was now the morning of Friday, February 27th, the seventh day since the Mullens had learned of their son's death and the third day since Captain Pringle had told Peg Mullen to call the Pentagon herself. The Mullens had not heard from the Captain since, so they still did not know who would be escorting Michael's body, nor did they know when it would arrive. Several members of the Mullen family were anxious, tired of waiting, and beginning to grow impatient with Peg.

By four o'clock that afternoon, when the Captain had still not called, Peg decided to telephone his office. She was told that Captain Pringle was not in, that he was not expected back, and that she might try him later at his home.

When Peg did try Captain Pringle's home, there was no answer, so she tried his office again. This time, the office phone was busy. For the next hour, Peg tried both phones. The office continued busy and there was no answer at the house. When the office phone remained busy for several hours into the evening, Peg called a friend who worked for the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company in Waterloo to ask whether there might be something wrong with the Captain's phone. Peg continued trying to reach Captain Pringle until eleven o'clock that night before finally giving up.

Peg's friend who worked for the Telephone Company called early Saturday morning to say that Captain Pringle's office phone had in fact been off its hook. The Mullens decided that they would have to help themselves. They first got in touch with Ozark Air Lines, one of the airlines serving their part of the Midwest, and explained that it had been a week since they received notification of their son's death, and that they were finding it almost unbearable to wait until Monday before hearing from the Army again. Might Ozark Air Lines have any record of an advance booking that



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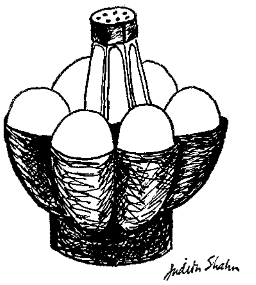
would indicate when their son's body would be returned? Within minutes, an Ozark employee was able to tell the Mullens that Michael's body was scheduled to arrive at the Waterloo Airport on the airline's 7:45 P.M. Sunday flight.

At about ten o'clock Saturday morning, Sergeant Fitzgerald checked in. He said that the Captain had gone off without notifying him that he was to act in the Captain's stead. Peg told him that they had been able to learn when Michael was to reach Waterloo, but could the Sergeant find out for them which of the two boys they had requested as the escort would be the one to accompany him? Sergeant Fitzgerald explained that there was no way for him to find out; he knew only that the body would be escorted.



Gene called Ozark Air Lines again, and the same employee who had helped them before was able to check the passenger manifest within minutes and tell them that it was Tom Hurley, Michael's friend from Rockhurst, who would be coming. The Mullens telephoned Hurley's parents, in Sedalia, Missouri, and informed them that their son would be arriving in Waterloo the next night. His parents could barely conceal their surprise and delight, although they were quick to add that they were terribly sorry for the circumstances that had permitted him to return. The Mullens understood.

AT 7:45 P.M. on Sunday, the Ozark Air Lines flight carrying Michael's casket touched down at the far end of the Waterloo Airport runway. Peg was not there to see it. She simply could not make herself drive out to the airport where six months earlier Michael had kissed her goodbye and told her not to worry, saying that it would all be over March 1st. It was March 1st and it was all over. Patricia remained behind to keep Peg company, and John and Mary went with Gene and Sergeant Fitzgerald to meet the plane.

Tom Hurley was the last passenger to leave the plane. His parents, who were inside the terminal, moved up to the window to watch. Hurley walked down the boarding steps and stood next to the freight bay, watching while Michael's casket, covered by an American flag, was slid onto a baggage conveyor. The conveyor then backed away from the plane, turned, and gently lowered and guided Michael's casket into a hearse. Only when the back doors of the hearse were closed did Hurley enter the terminal to embrace his family.

The Hurleys departed together, and the Mullens and Sergeant Fitzgerald followed the hearse to Waterloo. Michael's casket was taken to the Loomis Funeral Home. Inside, Tom Loomis, the director, asked the Mullens to wait out in the vestibule while the casket was opened. Sergeant Fitzgerald followed Loomis, and Gene, Mary, and John stayed behind. They sat silently, patiently, in the vestibule, wondering whether they could be certain it was Michael, worried that his body would have been so shattered by the artillery shell's explosion that they might never be able to know. After about twenty minutes, Tom Loomis returned and told Gene that he could now view the body. Gene rose and glanced, stricken, at his children.

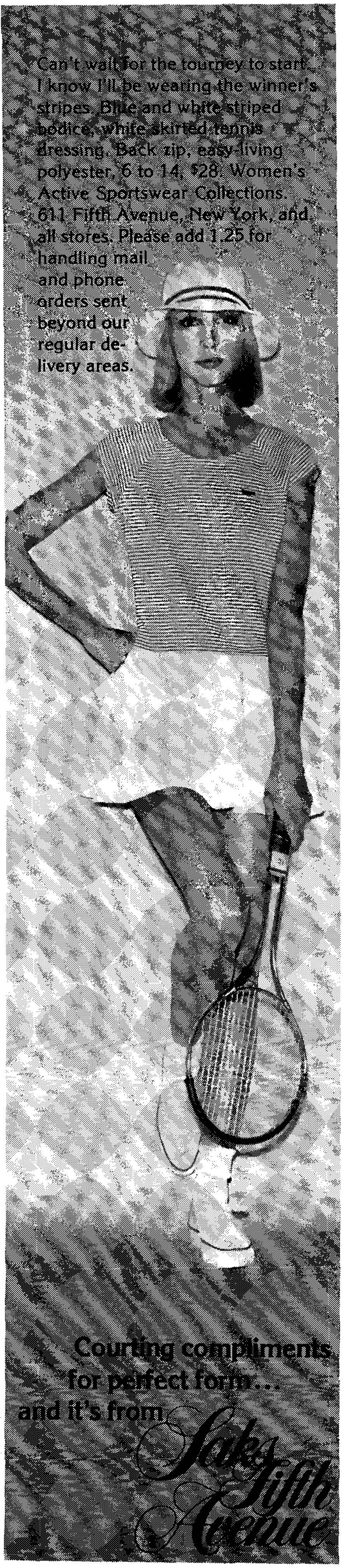
"We'll be all right, Dad. You go ahead," John said.

Gene nodded and slowly turned away. He took a few steps and paused in the doorway of the funeral parlor's viewing room. The casket, its cover raised, was in the center of the room. Feeling apprehensive and ill, Gene made himself walk forward until he could see a uniformed body inside.

It was Michael, his son. There was no question about it.

Gene made himself move close enough to touch the cold hands so carefully folded across his son's body. Gene examined the military tunic, the strangeness of its brass buttons, the uniform jacket's lapels with the brass infantry and United States insignia, the black Army tie, the starched shirt collar, the throat, the lower jaw, the still, blue lips, the mustache—the *mustache*? Michael had a mustache! When had he grown a mustache? But it wasn't the mustache that bothered Gene. There was something else. He wasn't sure what; he just sensed that there was something wrong. Suddenly, he realized that there wasn't a mark on his son.

Gene looked up at the funeral director in bewilderment, then back down. He noticed that Michael's face was a little puffy, that his neck seemed swollen, but if it weren't for the uniform there would be no sign that he'd been in a war at all. In exasperation and puzzlement, Gene removed his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glasses and wiped his hands across his eyes.

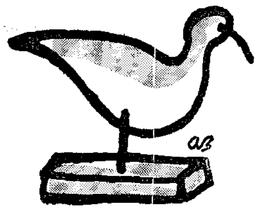
"Something wrong, Gene?" the funeral director asked.

"But, Tom, he was supposed to have been killed by *artillery!*"

"Well, Gene, when we lifted the body up out of the casket— We had to, because it had settled into it a little. When we lifted the body, I couldn't feel any broken bones."

"Do you think he could have been killed by the concussion?"

"I couldn't say," Loomis said. "I just don't know." The funeral director leaned forward and traced his finger beneath Michael's shirt collar. "There's some tape along here," he said. "But that's where they embalmed him."



Gene looked again at his son. For some reason, Michael's coal-black hair, which when he had left was already thickly flecked with white, had become a strange and alien brown. He noticed, too, that his son's complexion, which had always been dark, almost mahogany-colored, seemed gray, chalky, a pallor foreign even to death. But Michael's hair and complexion were the only things that seemed strange, and Gene kept asking himself how Michael could have been killed by an artillery burst, an explosion of burning, jagged chunks of shrapnel, and still be perfectly whole. And the more he tried to understand it, the more agitated and suspicious he became, until finally he asked the funeral director where Sergeant Fitzgerald had gone.

"I'm right here, Mr. Mullen," Fitzgerald said. The Sergeant had been standing out of the way at the back of the room, and now he came forward.

Gene scowled at the Sergeant, "Now, I want to know *how* my son died! I want a death certificate. I want a death certificate stating how my son was killed."

Sergeant Fitzgerald opened an accordion-pleated manila file folder. He fiddled through the papers and finally pulled a sheet from the file. It was the paper from which he had read the official casualty message to the Mullens. Fitzgerald simply began to read it again: ". . . died while at a night defensive position when artillery fire from friendly forces—"

"That's not it! You know that isn't it!" Gene interrupted indignantly. "Look at him! *Look* at his body! There isn't a mark on him. Now, let's get down to the bottom of that stack of papers and find out. I want to *know*. I want a death certificate. I want this confirmed before I bury that boy or I'm going to have that body held."

The Sergeant began leafing through the folder again. "I don't have a death certificate, Mr. Mullen," he said. "All I have is the original message I read to you—that and the note I made when I received the information over the phone. That's this, here." Sergeant Fitzgerald resignedly handed Gene a piece of white typing paper on which he'd handwritten the note. It said, "Sgt. Michael E. Mullen, son of Oscar and Margaret Mullen, RFD #3, La Porte City, Iowa. Killed 18 Feb 70 near the village of Chu Lai. Non-battle."

Gene studied the page for several moments, and then asked, "What does this mean—'Non-battle'?"

"It means a casualty not the result of action by hostile forces," Sergeant Fitzgerald replied.

WHEN Gene Mullen returned to the farm that night after viewing Michael's body, Peg asked him, "Is it Michael?"

"Yes," Gene said, dashing the one desperate remaining hope she had been nurturing all along.

EARLY Monday morning, Gene drove back to the Loomis Funeral Home with Peg and Patricia. They had wanted to be alone with Michael's body, and were surprised to find that a number of people were already there. Some were elderly friends of Michael's grandparents. Some were Peg's friends—people she had met through her work on the County Democratic Committee. Some were families who had sons currently serving in Vietnam. Some were from John's high-school class at Don Bosco. And some were families who had also lost sons in Vietnam.

At first, Peg was upset by Michael's hair more than by anything else. She had heard that the malaria pills the boys took in Vietnam and the sun and water affected coloring, but now she saw that Michael had no white hair at all. She wondered whether the Army had been embarrassed to show the Mullens that their son's hair had turned white, whether some well-meaning mortician had dyed it. Peg couldn't stand its strange "taffy" color. But, other than that, as Gene had reported, Michael looked absolutely natural. There wasn't a mark on him.

Peg was suddenly overwhelmed by anger. The depth of her anger, of her outrage, its force and fury, stunned her, caught her by surprise. Gripping the velvet-draped bier on which Michael's casket rested, Peg began to shiver. Her trembling transmitted itself through her arms to the bier, so that it, too, vibrated slightly, and the metal handles on the casket began to rattle against the steel—a thin, high, metallic pinging, like a moored sailboat's rigging in a wind. Peg, unable at first to identify the source of the sound, looked in amazement at the casket, at her hands, her arms, and then, realizing that she herself was responsible for that outrageous noise, she jerked her hands off the bier as though they had been burned.

"Mother?" Patricia took Peg's arm. "You all right?"

Peg clamped her hands beneath her upper arms to still the trembling, and bit her lip.

"Are you all right?" Patricia repeated, and Peg's look, when she turned to her daughter, was that of a frightened child.

"Daddy!" Patricia called.

Gene hurried over and, sensing that Peg was about to break down for the first time, seized her other arm.

"Get me to the car, quick!" Peg said. Her voice was a thin, compressed whisper. Gene and Patricia hurried Peg past the others in the funeral home, through the vestibule, where Captain Pringle called out, "Mr. Mullen, I need your—"

"Not now. Wait. Be back," Gene answered over his shoulder.

Once outside, Peg inhaled great gulps of air. She reached their car without stumbling and got in, and Patricia slid in next to her. Gene remained standing by the open door.

"Gene, you go ahead," Peg told him. "Go see what Pringle wants. I'll be all right now."

"You sure?" he asked.

"I'm all right," Peg repeated. "Patricia will stay with me. I just need to sit down for a while."

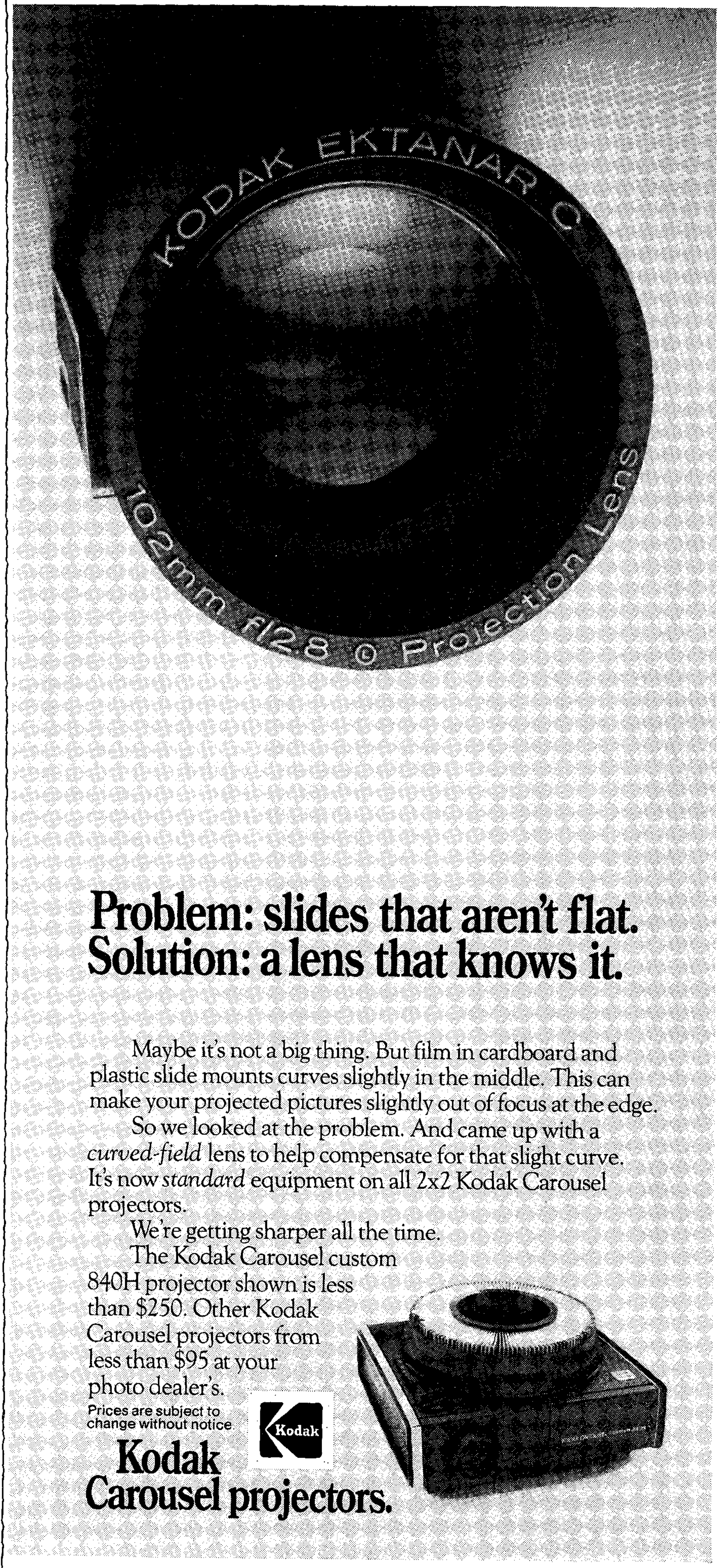
Gene nodded, and closed the car door.

"You feel better now?" Patricia asked, worried. "Is there anything I can get you? Some water?"

Peg shook her head. She reached into her purse and pulled out a handkerchief.

"Are you sure?" Patricia said. "Isn't there anything you want?"

Peg continued to sit there in si-



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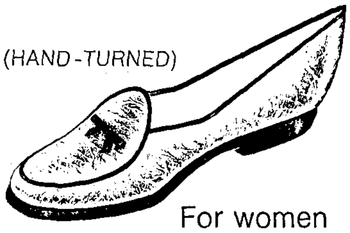

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lence. After a moment, with obvious difficulty, she started to talk. She did not look up; instead, she stared down at the plain white cotton handkerchief she had twisted into little knots in her hand. "When I saw Michael whole . . . when I saw Michael without a mark on him, I wanted— I don't know what I wanted, but I don't think . . . I don't think . . ." Peg paused to clear her mind. "I don't think I wanted to see him . . . *whole*, you know? I got so angry . . . so *furious*, because he— Mikey doesn't look as if he . . . as if he—" Peg shook her head and took a deep breath. She faced Patricia, and for a moment her voice became very matter-of-fact. "I don't think I wanted him *whole*, see? Because I've got to believe that he died in a war, and . . . and I can't. I can't believe it. And that's why I sort of went to pieces in there. Do you understand?"

Patricia nodded. "I think so."

"I do think I wanted him to have been blown to bits. . . . I do! . . . I know I did," she said, and she wept. "He was *all whole! All whole!* . . . Oh-h-h, *why*? . . . Why couldn't he have been *blown to bits*? So . . . so I could *believe* he died in a *war*?"

INSIDE the funeral home, Sergeant Fitzgerald was signing the release papers that gave Tom Loomis final possession of Michael's body; in turn, Sergeant Fitzgerald took Michael's Army dog tags. Gene had wanted to keep the dog tags, but the Captain had explained that they were part of Michael's military equipment and, as such, were retained for record by the United States Army.

Peg never did understand why Michael's dog tags meant so much to Gene, or why he still had his own dog tags from the Second World War. But Gene knew the expression "If you can't make it in the Army, you won't make it on the outside," and dog tags represented a souvenir not so much of war with an enemy (the Army gives men medals for that) as of war with oneself. To Gene, Michael's dog tags were a symbol that when his son was called upon to accept and perform his responsibilities as a man among his fellow-men he had done his duty.

Tom Loomis was saying, "Gene, I understand you've decided not to have a military funeral."

"That's right," Gene answered, looking straight at Captain Pringle.

"Well, when the casket is brought to your home today will you be wanting a flag draped across it?"

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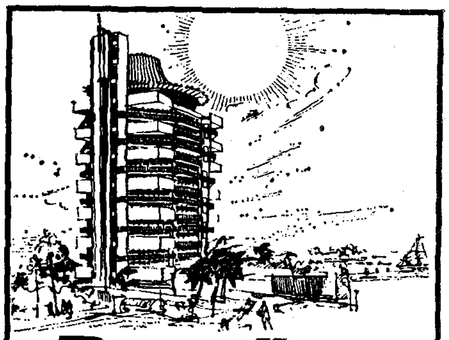

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Gene thought for a moment, then said, "Yes. Yes, I want a flag."

"I'll see that the flag is on the casket," Tom Loomis said. He made a little entry in his notebook. "And, let's see, we plan to have the casket out to your house around noon. Will that be suitable?"

"Noon will be fine," Gene said.

"And the funeral Mass is scheduled for ten o'clock tomorrow at the Sacred Heart in La Porte City?"

Gene nodded, and said, "Michael is to be buried in the family plot at Mt. Carmel, in Eagle Center."

"Mr. Mullen? Pardon me?" Captain Pringle said.

"Yes?"

"I can come to the service—I *have* to be there," Pringle said, correcting himself. "But I mean— Well, I can come to the service in civilian clothing if you'd like."

"Certainly not, Captain," Gene said. "I want you there in the uniform you represent."

"Fine, sir," Pringle said. He paused for a moment, then added, "I have one more question."

"Yes?"

"Where would you like me to sit?"

"*Sit?*" Gene asked.

"During the church service, sir," Pringle explained.

"Oh," Gene said. "I want you to sit right up in the front of the church, where everybody can see you."

"All right, sir. Fine," Pringle replied.

WHEN Gene and Peg and Patricia returned to the farm, the mail awaiting them consisted of letters from friends and from still more families who had lost husbands and sons. It was the tenth day since the Mullens had learned of Michael's death, and so far the only expressions of regret from the United States government had been the telegram from Major General Wickham that arrived the week before and the nine-by-twelve-inch White House envelope containing President Nixon's speeches on how capably and efficiently the South Vietnamese were carrying out their share of the war. The Mullens still knew no more about how Michael had died than the information given in Wickham's telegram. But if "artillery fire from friendly forces" had killed him, why did Michael appear to be totally unmarked?

In Michael's next-to-last letter, dated February 11th, he had written his parents, "We are still at bunker line—will be here a couple more days—will move out on a search mission for a week." The Mullens therefore knew that their son was on a combat assignment, that he was in the field conducting a search mission on February 18th, when he died. Now the Army was telling them that although he was killed by artillery "while at a night defensive position," he was considered a non-battle casualty. The Mullens wanted to know why.

AT noon, Michael Mullen's casket was brought to the farm and set in front of the picture window in the Mullens' living room. The strain in the relations between the family and their parish priest had not lessened. Father Shimon had not offered them any assistance in planning their son's funeral, nor had he reached Father Hemesath, whom the Mullens wished to have officiate at the Mass. The only help the Mullens had received had been from priests and sisters associated with Don Bosco.

Peg's older brother, William Goodyear, was pacing in front of Michael's casket. Finally, he pulled Peg and Gene aside and said in agitation, "You've got to find out what happened to him. *Look* at Michael! He could have had a stroke from the way he looks."

"No-o-o," Gene said. "Tom Loomis told me when he brought Michael here. He took me into the bedroom and said that the shell might have hit him back here." Gene pointed above his right kidney. "There was a hole no bigger than a pen top, about as big as that," he said, holding up the tip of his thumb.

"Well, all I can say is look at him," Bill Goodyear said. "I say you ought to check Michael yourself."

Gene, stricken, gestured toward the houseful of friends, relatives, young people. "*How?*" he asked. "How can we check him now?"

SHORTLY before Michael's casket was closed, on Tuesday, his brother and sisters each placed a small envelope in his crossed hands. None of the children ever revealed to their parents what they had written, nor did their parents ever ask. The casket was then closed, put back into the Loomis hearse, and taken in procession to La Porte City.

The Estep Motor Company, the local Ford dealer, provided three automobiles to transport the Mullen family to the Sacred Heart Church. Peg and Gene, their son John, and a cousin, Kathy Partridge, rode in the first car. Mary and Patricia; Mary's boyfriend, Rich DeJana; and Patricia's fiancé,

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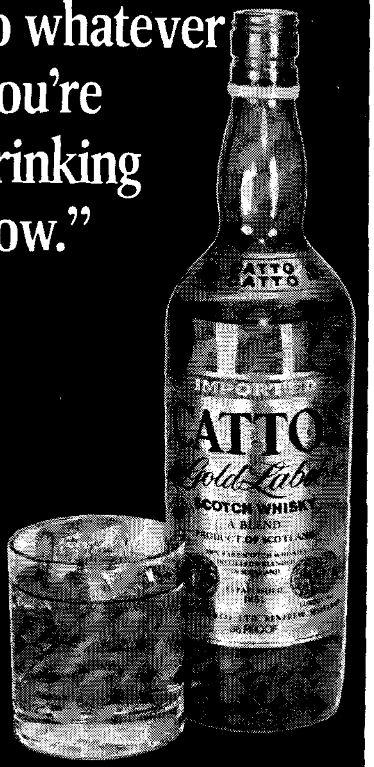

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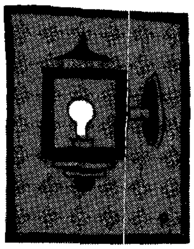
Alan Hulting, rode in the second. The third carried Michael's uncles and aunts.

It was overcast, damp, and chilly at ten o'clock, when the Mullen family pulled up at the church and walked into the vestibule. Tom Loomis had stationed three pallbearers, chosen from among John's and Michael's friends, on each side of Michael's flag-covered casket. Tom Hurley, in uniform and with a black armband on his sleeve, was one of them. A young boy was carrying the processional cross, and as soon as he and Father Shimon saw the casket brought into the church, they hastened up the aisle toward it, and the congregation rose.

The Mass was concelebrated by Father Shimon; Father Ronald Friedell, of the Don Bosco faculty; and Father William Schwartz, a former Don Bosco teacher and a longtime friend of the Mullens'. Father Robert Hirsch, principal of Don Bosco, had been invited to deliver the homily. Father Gregory Hemesath was not present. The members of the Don Bosco Chorus, led by Sister Mary Richard, were standing around a portable organ brought from the school. Mr. Loomis nodded that he was ready; the cross-bearer and Father Shimon positioned themselves at the head of Michael's casket, facing down the aisle toward the altar; and the three other priests, wearing the vestments indicative of a Requiem Mass, entered from behind the sacristy and gathered in the sanctuary. The Don Bosco Chorus began "How Great Thou Art," a hymn chosen by Gene, and the cross-bearer led the procession down the aisle toward the altar. Michael's family followed the casket, and when it reached the sanctuary Peg and Gene were guided into the front center pew, beside the casket. John, Mary, and Patricia filed into the second row, behind their parents, and the uncles and aunts were directed into the row behind that.



Father Shimon made the sign of the cross and said, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit . . ."

The congregation responded, "Amen."

Father Shimon extended his arms out from his sides. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all."

"And also with you."

"The grace and peace of God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

"Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Peg suddenly stiffened and poked Gene in the ribs.

"What's the matter?" Gene asked.

"The Lord be with you," Father Shimon was saying.

"And also with you," the congregation responded. Peg dipped her head toward Captain Pringle, who was standing in uniform all alone in the first pew on the right-hand side.

"I told him to sit there," Gene explained.

"*You* did?" Peg said. "Oh, I blamed it on the undertaker."

THE small, well-kept Catholic cemetery at Eagle Center is about ten miles from La Porte City. The cars slowed at the gates, then entered the drive and continued up a slight hill past the Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Catholic Church and past a Case backhoe machine, which had been used to dig Michael's grave. At the crest of the hill, the hearse stopped. The Mullens' cars pulled in behind it, and the other mourners parked their cars as best they could nearby.

During the drive from La Porte, the sun had broken through the overcast, and it now shone brightly down upon the cemetery. The sun stayed out throughout the burial service.

Michael's grave was at the top of the hill, in the Mullen family plot. Father Shimon waited while the family gathered around the open grave, then said, "Let us pray."

Peg slipped her arm through Gene's, and he gently rested his hand on hers. As the first prayers were spoken, Gene began to cry. Peg had wept only at the beginning of the church service, then had stopped, and had remained dry-eyed through the rest. Now, as she stood at the graveside, the bright sunlight seemed to give her strength, and when she felt Gene's hand tremble on her own, she squeezed his arm in sympathy.

"Give our brother peaceful rest in this grave," Father Shimon was praying, "until that day when You, the Resurrection and the Life, will raise him up in glory. Then may he see the light of Your presence, Lord Jesus, in the kingdom where You live for ever and ever."

"Amen," Peg said. Gene had to clear his throat, and his "Amen" followed a little after.

The pallbearers held the American flag taut as Michael's casket was slowly lowered beneath it into the grave.

"Since Almighty God has called our brother Michael from this life to Himself," Father Shimon continued, "we commit his body to the earth from which it was made. . . . Christ was the first to rise from the dead, and we know that He will raise up our mortal bodies to be like His in glory. . . . We commend our brother to the Lord: may the Lord receive him into His peace and raise up his body on the last day."

The flag was awkwardly folded by Michael's friends, with Father Shimon's help, while Captain Pringle stood by. The folded triangle was not crisp—bits of flag stuck out, and the folds and the stars did not end up quite right—but it was given to the Mullens anyway.

Michael Eugene Mullen was buried in his Army uniform near the gravestones of John and Ellen Dobshire, Patrick J. and Mary Ann Dobshire Mullen, and Oscar L. and Mary Ann Mullen, and the stone reserving the plot for Peg and Gene. From Michael's grave, the only buildings visible nearby are the Mt. Carmel Church and a few parish buildings. Everything else is farmland, and when the sun sets, the shadows rush across the rolling hills like an incoming ocean tide.

After the burial, the family returned to the Sacred Heart Church in La Porte for a lunch. There Captain Pringle neatly refolded the flag, and then said goodbye. Tom Hurley, too, had to leave, and before departing he drew Peg aside. All he said was "Mrs. Mullen, whatever you do, don't stop fighting against this war!"

By late afternoon, the uncles and aunts had gone, the friends had returned to their own homes, and Peg and Gene and their three surviving children were finally alone on their farm. It was the first opportunity Peg had had to open the day's mail. A new letter had arrived that morning from Washington:

> 25 February 1970
>
> DEAR MR. AND MRS. MULLEN:
>
> Please accept my deepest sympathy in the loss of your son, Sergeant Michael E. Mullen, on 18 February, in Vietnam.
>
> I know that the passing of a loved one is one of life's most tragic moments, but sincerely hope that you will find some measure of comfort in knowing that your son served his Nation with honor. His devoted service was in the finest traditions of American soldiers who on other battlefields and in other times of national peril have given the priceless gift of life to safeguard the blessings of freedom for their loved ones and for future generations. In Vietnam today brave Americans are defending the rights of men to choose

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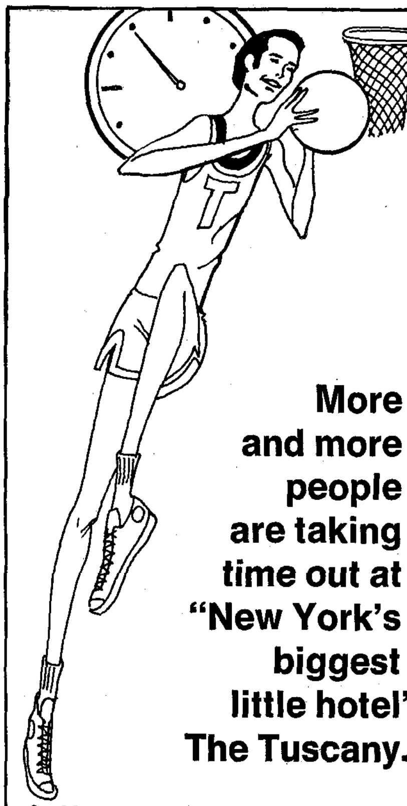

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their own destiny and to live in dignity and freedom.

All members of the United States Army join in sharing your burden of grief.

Sincerely,
s/
W. C. WESTMORELAND
General, United States Army
Chief of Staff

With a look of disgust, Peg skimmed the letter over to Gene.

THE next day, Gene Mullen returned to work at John Deere. As he was performing the final inspection on one of the big green-and-yellow tractors that had reached the end of the assembly line, he was approached by a supervisor who had failed to attend the wake or the funeral services. "Say, Oscar," the man said (at John Deere, Gene is addressed by his first name), "I'm awfully sorry to hear about your tough luck."

"Well, thank you," Gene said, over his shoulder.

The supervisor stood there while Gene made a note on his clipboard checklist. Then he said, "I couldn't get out there to your farm, Oscar. I just couldn't. I was too busy."

"You were *too busy*?" Gene asked, turning now to face the man. "You son of a bitch! My boy wasn't too busy to die for you, was he?"

The supervisor looked down at his feet.

"My boy *died* because you were too busy," Gene said. "How many others are you now going to let die for you?"

The supervisor blinked at Gene sadly. "All I meant was I'm awfully sorry."

"So am I," Gene said. "So am I." And he turned away from the supervisor and went to work.

A FEW days after Michael's funeral, a letter arrived at the Mullens' farm:

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS, 1ST BATTALION,
6TH INFANTRY
198TH INFANTRY BRIGADE,
AMERICAL DIVISION
APO SAN FRANCISCO 96219

2 Mar 1970

MR. AND MRS. OSCAR E. MULLEN
RURAL ROUTE 3,
LA PORTE CITY, IOWA 50651

DEAR MR. AND MRS. MULLEN:

It is with deepest sorrow that I extend to you the sympathy of the men of the 1st Battalion, 6th Infantry, for the loss of your son, Michael.

On the early morning of February 18, 1970, Michael's unit was located in their night defensive position near the village of Tu Chanh, approximately 13 miles south of Tam Ky City, in Quang Tin Province, Republic of Vietnam. At 2:50 A.M., the unit was adjusting artillery to provide a predetermined range of fire in the event of enemy contact. During the testing, Michael received a fatal missile wound when an artillery round fell short of its intended target and detonated near his position. May you gain some consolation in knowing that Michael was not subjected to any prolonged suffering.

I sincerely hope that the knowledge that Michael was an exemplary soldier who gave his life assisting his fellowman and in the service of his country will comfort you in this hour of great sorrow.

A memorial service was conducted for your son. Michael's comrades joined me in rendering military honors and final tribute to him. You were in our thoughts and prayers at that time also.

The sincere sympathy of this unit is extended to you in your bereavement.

Sincerely yours,
s/
H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF
LTC, Infantry
Commanding

The second paragraph was the only one that interested Peg. She picked up a ballpoint pen and carefully underlined "Tu Chanh," "13," "Tam Ky," "Quang Tin," and then, after a pause, she underlined "prolonged."

What did that mean? It could mean that Michael had suffered for anywhere from a few seconds to fifteen minutes or more. But he had certainly suffered.

"Near the village of Tu Chanh, approximately 13 miles south of Tam Ky City . . ." Peg's Hammond map of "Vietnam and Neighboring Countries" showed Tam Ky about twenty miles northwest of Chu Lai. Chu Lai was where he had been when he telephoned his mother. His final words had been "Mom, it is so sticky over here—goodbye."

"Michael's unit was located in their night defensive position," the letter stated. "At 2:50 A.M., the unit was adjusting artillery to provide a predetermined range of fire in the event of enemy contact." Peg read those two lines again: "Michael's unit was located . . . The unit was adjusting artillery . . ." It could mean only that Michael's unit was adjusting the artillery. In other words, someone in Michael's own outfit had called in the artillery that had killed her son. Why? And why at two-fifty—nearly three o'clock in the morning? It didn't make sense unless they were under attack. And yet the Mullens had been told that Michael was a non-battle casualty. The letter clearly implied that the unit hadn't been under attack, that the artillery had been called for "in the event of enemy contact"—*in case of* enemy contact. There was nothing in the letter about Vietcong infiltrating radio channels, no mention that the artillery was from a South Vietnamese unit. In fact, as Peg studied that paragraph, she became more and more suspicious.

Why had Michael's unit, which apparently was not under attack, asked for artillery to be fired over its position at three o'clock in the morning?

How could the one shell have "detonated near his position"—have exploded next to Michael—and left him virtually unmarked except for a small hole in his back the size of a pen top—or a bullet?

Why, if Michael's unit had called in the artillery, hadn't he been in a foxhole? Why hadn't he been wearing his flak jacket?

Why had the shell fallen short?

Why had the only letter that the Mullens received from anyone even remotely connected with their son been from the battalion commander? Why had they not heard from his company commander? His platoon leader? Why had she not heard from anyone in Michael's unit? He had been dead for two weeks. Hadn't Michael had any friends?

Had no one else been hurt?

There had not been any newspaper accounts of an accidental shelling—nothing on the evening news. The casualty list released the week Michael died listed only eighty-eight deaths, and yet three planeloads—planes supposedly carrying seventy-five bodies each—had flown into California in just two days.

What had *really* happened to her son?

—C. D. B. BRYAN

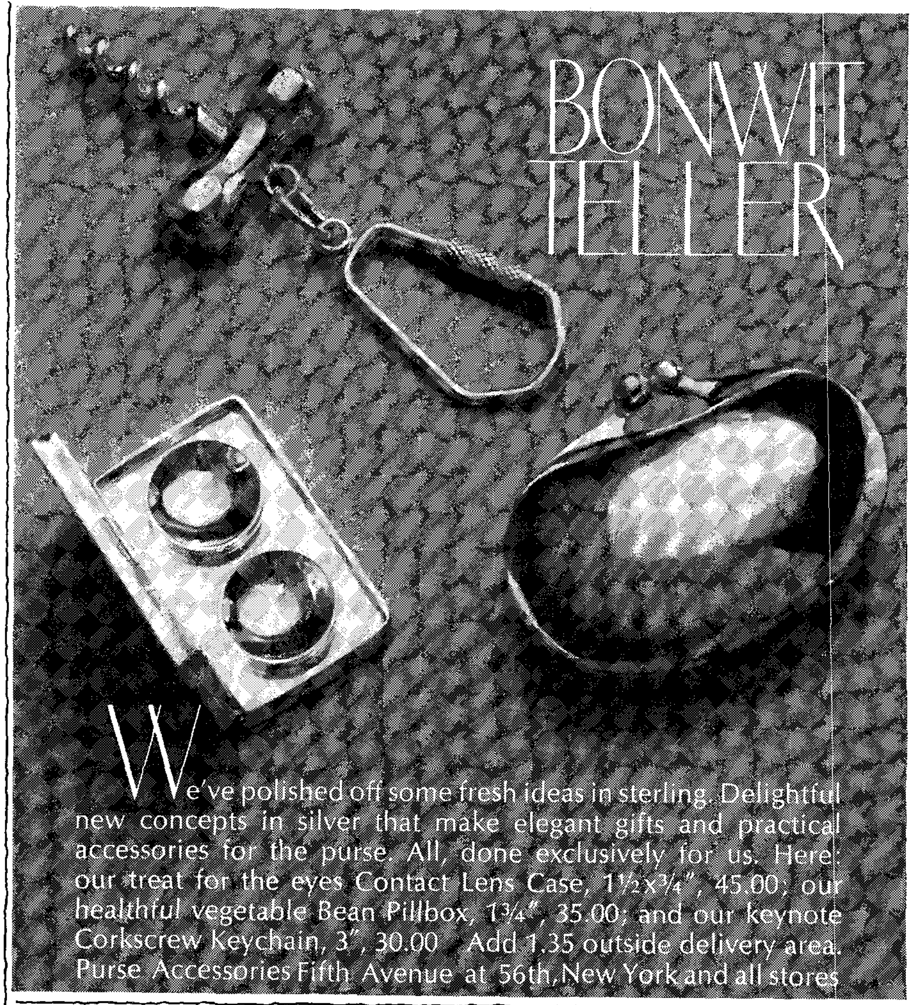
(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

◆

BEING A GIANT

It is hard
being a giant
in a place where there are few giants
and all of them crazy.
The loneliness is the worst part.
If he catches a glimpse
of the bodies of the little people
running in the fields below
it is all he can do
to keep from crying.
On white hot days
he wanders in the hills
eating cattle and young trees
ignoring the sharp pains in his belly.
He carries a small pocket mirror
in which he sometimes
looks at pieces
of his enormous face
and sometimes holds it out
flashing the commandments of the sun
to the empty hills.

—ROBERT MEZEY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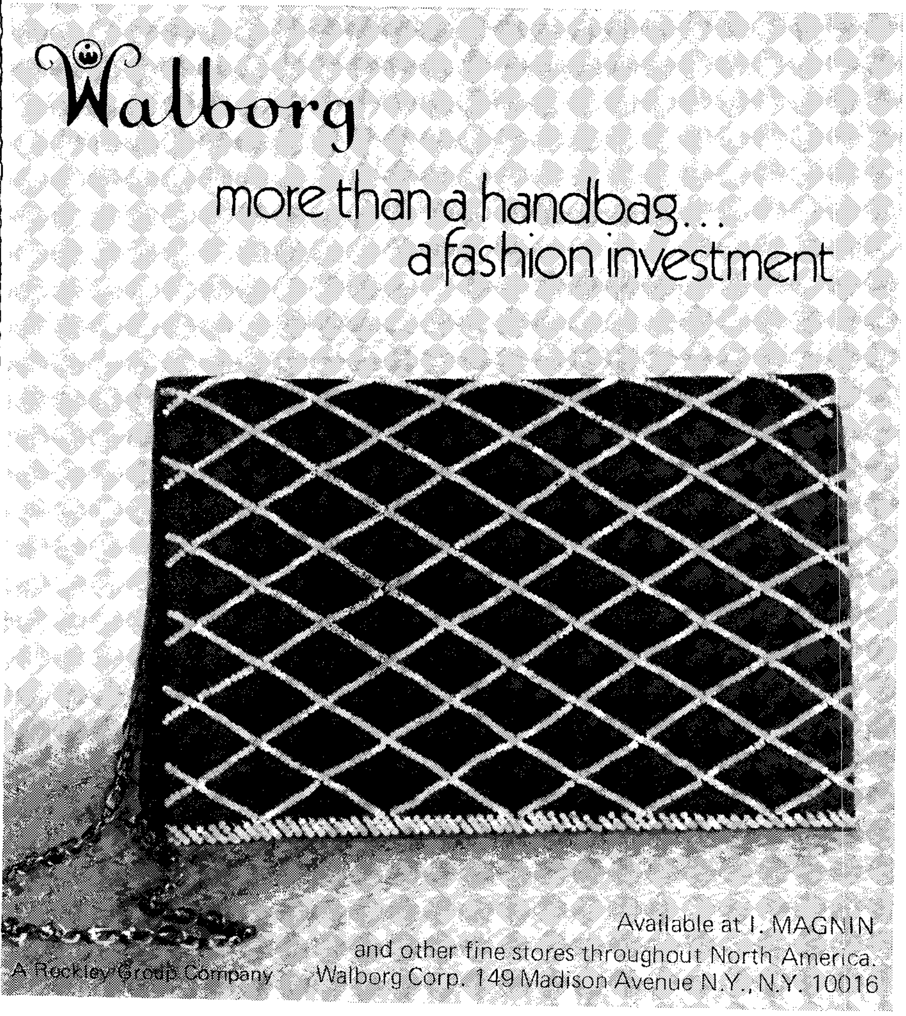
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THE THEATRE

TRASHING THE BARD

"ROCKABYE HAMLET" came to the Minskoff last week and gave a few maladroit performances in the big rumpus room there before expiring. It had been billed as a rock-opera version of "Hamlet," but it proved in execution to be neither rock nor opera nor "Hamlet." Nor had it the slightest thing to do with lullabies, in spite of the hint in the title—on the contrary, although from time to time we were offered samples of old-fashioned sixties musical whimpering ("Why Did He Have to Die?" was the name of the opening number), for the most part the sound of the production was as relentlessly loud and coarse as its words were mindless. To convey some idea of the degree of literary mutilation practiced upon the original by Cliff Jones, the composer of the show, I may just mention that the murder of Hamlet's father was described in a song entitled "He Got It in the Ear," while Laertes was informed of the death of Polonius in a song entitled "Your Daddy's Gone Away." At a climactic moment, a performer came drifting down out of the flies in a giant plastic ring singing, in an accent far from Shakespearean, "Somet'ing is rotten in Denmark;" at another climactic moment, Ophelia committed suicide by strangling herself with the electric cord attached to her hand-held mike. But stay! I perceive that I had better withhold any further evidence of Mr. Jones' peculiar gifts. Even as I set down his words and annotate his improvements to the plot, their total inappropriateness begins to seem eerily attractive; if I am not careful we will all find ourselves admiring him for his sheer awfulness.

Mr. Jones is a Canadian radio and TV writer, and his show is supposed to have been a hit on CBC radio a couple of years ago; presumably it reached Broadway on the strength of the fact that, much expanded in the course of further exposure north of the border, it was brought to the attention of Gower Champion, who agreed to choreograph and direct it. Like most directors of musical comedies when they are faced with a Grand Canyon of an occasion and a mere eyecupful of content, Mr. Champion chose to fall back upon overproducing the show, in the conventional vain hope that audiences can be seduced into mistaking distraction for entertainment. He saw to it that Kert F. Lundell provided a blockbuster of a setting, that Joseph G. Aulisi ran up a variety of sumptuous costumes, and that Jules Fisher designed lighting of a wattage sufficient to tempt Con Ed into raising its quarterly dividend. He then encouraged his performers to dance and sing and roar out their lines on a level of energy that threatened to reduce even the stout walls of the Minskoff to rubble. How they worked, Alan Weeks, Larry Marshall, Leata Galloway, Beverly D'Angelo, and the rest of the large and gallant company! But to no avail: there is more to the Bard than "The Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Boogie."

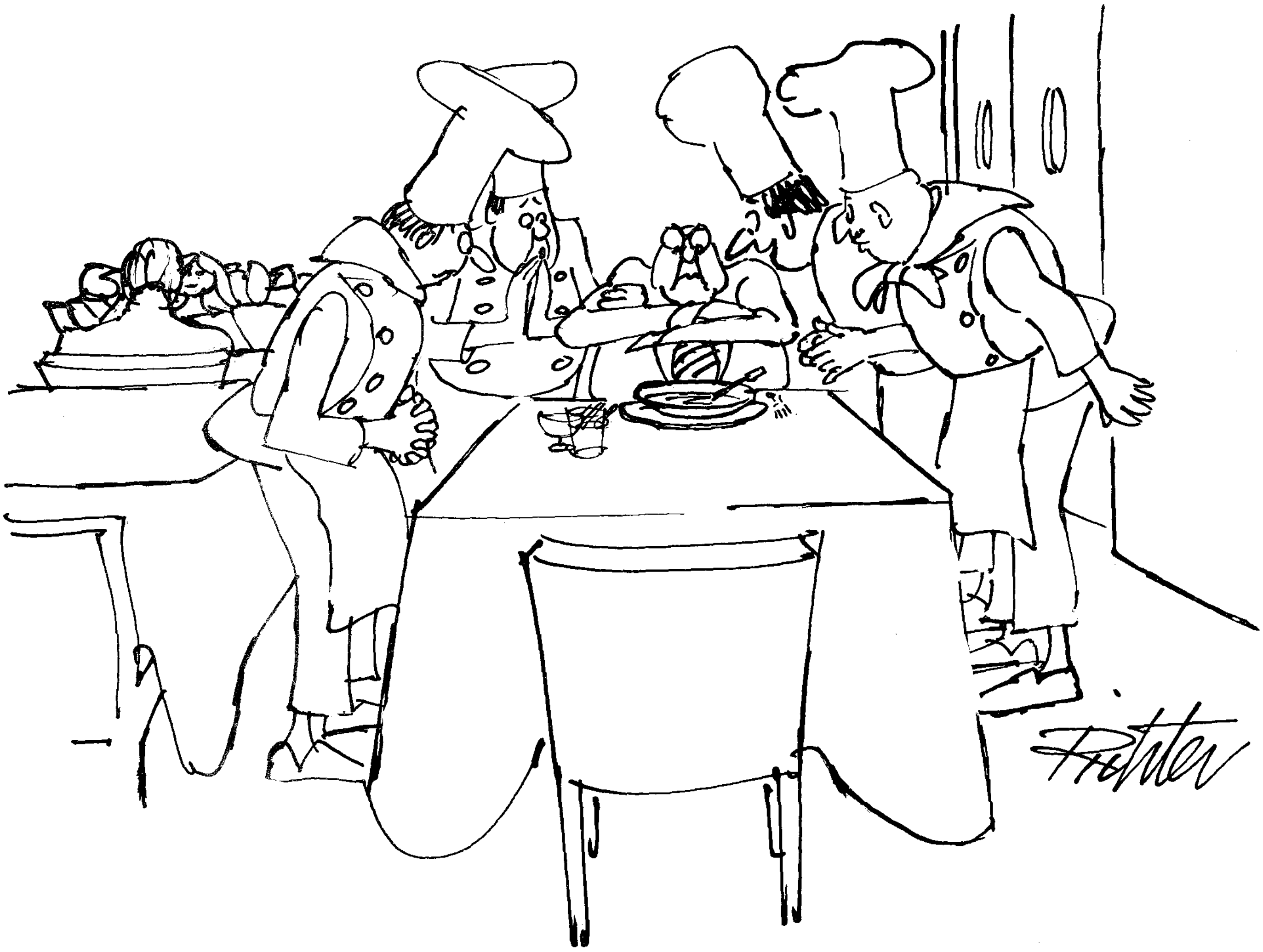
"MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION," which is one of Shaw's earliest plays (1893), is being given an odd and yet worthwhile production at the Vivian Beaumont. At the time it was written, the play was a shocker, and the Lord Chamberlain refused to allow it on the boards until 1902, several years after it was published in book form. Some of the reasons for its shockingness lie concealed in its innocent-seeming title: the facts are that Mrs. Warren's name isn't really Warren and that she isn't really a Mrs. and that she doesn't really have a profession. She is an unmarried businesswoman who runs a prosperous chain of brothels throughout Europe. She is also, though unmarried, a mother; her brilliant daughter has just come down from the university and they are on the threshold of learning to know each other for the first time. Shaw's thesis is wittily argued in the course of the play and, to our ears, is incontrovertible: despite all the handicaps imposed by a male-dominated society, Mrs. Warren has succeeded in making her way in the world; being neither a hypocrite nor a parasite, she feels entitled to her daughter's respect. As a Shavian heroine, the daughter is both idealistic and pragmatic; she repudiates her mother and the whole of the contemptible male society with which she has been surrounded since her birth and goes into business on her own—a business that will depend not upon the exploitation of other people's minds and bodies but upon her wits.

Lynn Redgrave is superb as the daughter; it is a performance not to be missed. With her intelligence and passion, she makes us believe that the Shavian heroine will yet emerge from the Shavian cat's cradle of social and political paradox and raise fruitful hell among us. Other admirable performances are being given by Edward Herrmann, as a beginning bounder; by Philip Bosco, as a seasoned bounder; and by Milo O'Shea, as a reformed bounder, comfortably immersed in alcohol and the Church of England. Ron Randell busies himself agreeably in the small role of Praed, whom Shaw, having given him a name and an occupation, appears to have immediately lost interest in. The oddity of the production springs from the fact that the critical role of Mrs. Warren is being played by Ruth Gordon; she ought to have seen that it was not for her. The amusingly realistic sets are by David Mitchell, and the direction is by Gerald Freedman. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

R. and F.

THE theme of John Guare's "Rich and Famous," which has at last opened at the Public after many a postponement, is success—or, more precisely, the drive toward success. As a theme, it's hardly overpowering, but—as one has come to know of this original and most mercurial playwright, who wrote "The House of Blue Leaves" and was the librettist and lyricist of the Central Park "Two Gentlemen of Verona"—Mr. Guare is at his best when he breaks free of his theme and allows his own irrepressible high spirits, his unlimited invention and wit and humor, to take over. I must confess that my heart sank when I looked at the program and saw listed among the characters Dante Alighieri, Beatrice, Virgil, the Spirit of the Entire Divine Comedy, Black People, White People, Straight People, and Gay People. A school pageant, I thought, but I need not have feared—not with Mr. Guare in charge. Although "Rich and Famous" breaks the rules by being a play about a playwright, the rules can be ignored for once, because the play works. The playwright is Bing Ringling, and "the events occur on the night of the first preview" of his first produced play. These events move back and forth in time and all over the place, and the brackets, so to speak, that enclose them—representing Bing's talis-



"Something wrong with the broth, sir?"

• •

man, the keys to his kingdom—are, unexpectedly, a pair of cufflinks, initialled "R." and "F.," for "Rich" and "Famous." At the beginning, Bing, with a flourish, puts them on; at the end, with an equal flourish, he takes them off and throws them away. Between the putting on and the flinging off, much has occurred.

William Atherton plays Bing, and Ron Leibman and Anita Gillette play everybody else (but never, by the way, anyone in that cast of characters I quoted). Mr. Guare is not only a sleight-of-hand artist but a sleight-of-ear artist, so his characters and the words they speak are full of merry surprises. The comedy is all in the writing, and Mr. Atherton must supply whatever sadness there is, standing downcast with mania all around him. I enjoyed Mr. Leibman most as one Anatol Torah, a composer and a collaborator of Bing's, ad-libbing lyrics in Yiddish as he fingers a harpsichord, strums a guitar, and bangs away at drums; then as a transvestite whore on patrol in front of the Algonquin; and finally as Tybalt Dunleavy, movie star, old classmate of Bing's, and our hero's model and object of envy. (Standing with Bing on a scaffold in front of a large billboard of himself, suspended high above Times Square, he is about to jump off, because suicide is the only act that can top the other events of his career.) I enjoyed Mr. Leibman least as Bing's hand-me-down Jewish father. (What's a character named Bing Ringling doing with a Jewish father, anyway? What's a dramatist of Irish-American background doing writing a Jewish-mother-and-father scene?) Miss Gillette is fine as Bing's leading lady, all girlish excitement and devotion until the play fails; then as Bing's producer, who longs for just one flop after a string of hits so she can make a comeback, like Nixon or Judy Garland; and finally as an old girl friend of his, unhappily married and stuck in the past. Bing himself, he says near the end, is stuck in a kind of purgatory, unable to take that final step into a paradise of fame and fortune, but Mr. Guare is never stuck; he moves, quicker than the eye, from one funny scene to the next. In his innocence and resilience, Bing is the Candide of Mr. Guare's picaresque proceedings, and Mr. Atherton plays him to perfection. At one point in the play, Anatol Torah says something to the effect that one must find one's mirror image and then collaborate with him. I can think of no more precise description of Mel Shapiro, who directed "Rich and Famous," also to perfection. The settings, by Dan Snyder; the costumes, by Theoni V. Aldredge; and the lighting, by Arden Fingerhut, are fine, too. "Rich and Famous" is not the miracle that "The House of Blue Leaves" was, but it is buoyant and original enough to raise all our spirits in this or any other season. My few minor reservations were all afterthoughts, and the hell with them.

PHILLIP HAYES DEAN is the author of "The Sty of the Blind Pig," which ran at the Negro Ensemble Company in 1971, and of "Freeman," which ran at American Place a couple of years later—both to considerable, and deserved, acclaim. Last week, he

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was back at American Place (subscribers only) with "Every Night When the Sun Goes Down," a play with some of the mystical strain of "Sty" but without quite the force or form of "Freeman." The setting is a hotel in the black neighborhood of a town called Moloch. Among those living there are a pimp and his girl, who goes out to whore on the miserable, filthy square nearby in order to supply him with money for drugs, and the light-skinned young wife of a man called Mr. Blood, formerly the proprietor of the hotel and the boss of most of the local rackets—numbers, sex, drugs—who is now in jail. In his absence, she has fallen in love with the current "dream merchant," and the hotel has fallen into the hands of one Clean Sam. The action opens with the return of Blood to confront his unfaithful wife, now a dancer in the downstairs café, and the new proprietor. But vengeance does not seem to be what he has in mind. The café opens, the bartender goes out for food for everyone—pork chops or chitlins—and Blood delivers an impassioned speech on the harmfulness of pork, so vivid that by the time he is through nobody has any appetite left. The action in the café becomes quite lively and often quite funny—the cop on the beat burlesques himself "gliding around the square;" the pimp imitates a lion and a monkey; his girl sings a haunting gospel blues, "Every Night When the Sun Goes Down." The play, we realize, is an attempt at allegory. ("Moloch" should have been a tipoff at the start.) Blood has been converted in prison, and he has returned not for vengeance but for conversion. Blacks, he says in effect, must stop destroying themselves and must destroy instead their terrible self-made environment. They are their only hope of salvation. He distributes bottles of kerosene to all present for purposes of arson.

The performance, under Gilbert Moses' direction, was very theatrical. What was missing was the subtle undertone of mystery that it had right from the beginning in its original production, at the O'Neill Theatre Center, in Connecticut, a couple of summers ago, under the sensitive, strong direction of Harold Scott—an undertone that is essential if the apocalyptic ending (which seems somehow out of key) is to be justified. As for the acting, no complaints whatever. Frank Adu, a recent replacement in the company, made a strong Blood. I also especially enjoyed Roscoe Orman as Pretty Eddie, the "happy dust" addict

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who pimps for his girl, and Marge Eliot as the girl; Richard Ward as Clean Sam; Norman Matlock as the cop; Billie Allen as Cockeyed Rose, a crazy old tenant; Joe Seneca as bartender and general factotum; and Marki Bey as Blood's wife. That's everybody, I guess.

ISRAEL HOROVITZ'S "The Primary English Class" is the first play of his in years that does not seem to me to be a composite—a pinch of Beckett here, a dollop of Pinter there. It is a one-act farce, and it, too, had a stopover at the O'Neill Center, in somewhat different and much shorter form, before coming to rest last week at Circle in the Square, on Bleecker Street. The setting is a classroom. One by one, five adult students enter—an Italian, a Frenchman, a German, an old Chinese woman, a young Japanese woman—and, last of all, the teacher, a young American woman. It is the first day of class; no student speaks English or a word of any other student's language, and the teacher speaks only English. All the jokes are misunderstanding jokes (most of which I found irresistible), and all the crises are misunderstanding crises. Every conceivable comic change is rung on bewilderment and—mostly in the case of the teacher—panic. Controlled chaos is what we aim at in farce, and controlled chaos is what Mr. Horovitz, his director, Edward Berkeley, and his proficient company have achieved. Mostly, Mr. H., who knows what he is up to with a script, is funny; occasionally he is just silly. My only complaint is that I ran out of laughter before he ran out of play. The actors are Tom Kubiak (school janitor); Richard Libertini, Jean-Pierre Stewart, Sol Frieder, Atsumi Sakato, and Lori Tan Chinn (students); and Diane Keaton (teacher).

A REVIVAL of "The Blood Knot," Athol Fugard's profound, stirring, and at times funny play about a pair of South African half brothers—one dark-skinned, the other light—with profound, stirring, and at times funny performances by Robert Christian and David Leary, will run at the Manhattan Theatre Club (weekends only) through February 29th.

—EDITH OLIVER

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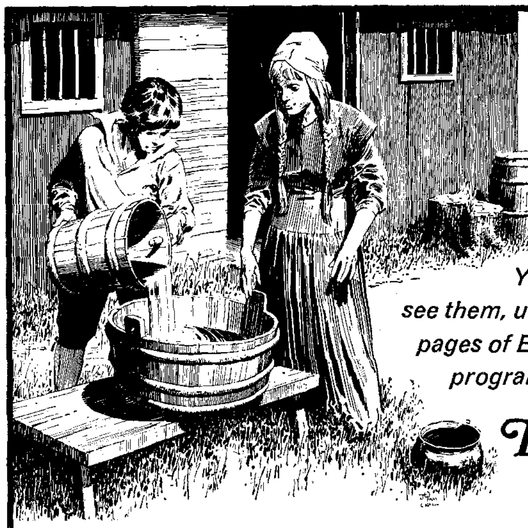

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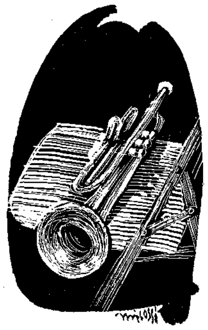
JAZZ

Bird

ARISTA RECORDS, a relatively new company that helps mind the avant-garde, has recently purchased the invaluable Savoy Records catalogue, and its first reissue is "Charles Christopher Parker, Jr.: Bird/The Savoy Recordings" (Savoy SJL 2201). The album includes the original masters of the thirty sides Parker recorded for Savoy between 1944 and 1948 (alternate takes, issued in a hopeless stew years ago, will be unscrambled for subsequent Arista reissues), and among them are the first small-band records he made ("Tiny's Tempo," "Red Cross," "Romance Without Finance," "I'll Always Love You Just the Same"), all under the name of the guitarist Tiny Grimes, as well as the first, and still classic, numbers done under his own name ("Billie's Bounce," "Now's the Time," "Ko Ko," "Thriving on a Riff," "Warming Up a Riff," and "Meandering"). Such later and equally imperishable efforts as "Parker's Mood," "Donna Lee," "Barbados," and "Blue Bird" are also present. The rest of the material tends to be uneven. Parker plays pale tenor saxophone on several tracks, and his accompanists, who generally include Miles Davis, John Lewis or Duke Jordan, a variety of bassists, and Max Roach, are sometimes leagues behind. Davis is dull, Lewis and Jordan don't quite have themselves together yet, and the ensembles are smudged. But, by and large, Parker is fresh and searching, and the album serves as a singular reminder that Parker, who died at the age of thirty-four, in 1955, was one of the wonders of twentieth-century music. Like his spiritual brother Dylan Thomas, who died a year or so earlier, Parker was labyrinthine. He was a tragic figure who helplessly consumed himself, and at the same time he was a demon who presided gleefully over the wreckage of his life. He was an original and fertile musician who had reached the edge of self-parody. He was an irresistibly attractive man who bit almost every hand that fed him. He lived outside convention (he probably never voted or paid an income tax), yet, though totally apolitical, he presaged, in his drives and fierce independence, the coming of Malcolm X and Eldridge Cleaver. And he was, albeit succored by a cult, largely unknown during his life.



Parker was born in Kansas City, Kansas, to a knockabout vaudevillian, Charles Parker, and a local girl, Addie Boyley. When he was seven or eight, his parents moved to Kansas City, Missouri, and when he was eleven, his father, who had become a Pullman chef, disappeared from his life. Grammar school went well, but after he had spent three years in high school as a freshman he dropped out, and by the time he was sixteen his life was already accelerating dangerously. He had got married and had a child, he had become a professional, self-taught alto saxophonist, he was a member of the musicians' union, he was a neophyte fixture of the teeming Kansas City night world, and he had begun using drugs. When he was eighteen, he went to Chicago and then to New York, where he became a dishwasher in a Harlem restaurant and fell under the sway of its pianist, Art Tatum. He also played in a taxi-dance-hall band, and jammed tentatively around Harlem. In 1940, he joined Jay McShann's Kansas City band. In his biography of Parker, "Bird Lives! The High Life and Hard Times of Charlie (Yardbird) Parker," Ross Russell notes the effect that McShann's radio broadcasts from the Savoy Ballroom had on John Lewis, then a student at the University of New Mexico: "The alto solos on those broadcasts opened up a whole new world of music for me. I'd known Jay McShann from the time he used to barnstorm in the Southwest . . . but the alto saxophone was new and years ahead of anybody in jazz. He was into a whole new system of sound and time. The emcee didn't even announce his name [and] I didn't learn that it was Charlie Parker until after the war." The effect of a McShann broadcast on the black members of Charlie Barnet's band, backstage at a Newark theatre they were working, was no less electric. They heard somebody play ten spectacular choruses of "Cherokee," and when their show was over they rushed to the Savoy, found out who the soloist was by asking McShann to play the tune again, and took Parker out to dinner. Parker quit McShann in 1942, and, after a period of rootlessness and semi-starvation in Harlem, joined Earl Hines' big band, a crazy, warring group made up of old-line musicians and young beboppers. He then passed briefly through the short-lived big band led by Billy Eckstine, and by 1945 had settled down with the many small bands he would lead and/or record with until his death.

He had also settled into the role of Gargantua. At twenty-two, he had been divorced and remarried, and the new marriage was, as far as anyone knows, the last legal liaison of the four he had. He lived in hotels and boarding houses. He had become a baffling and extraordinary drug addict—one who, unlike most addicts, was also a glutton, an alcoholic, and a man of insatiable sexual needs. He would eat twenty hamburgers in a row, drink sixteen double whiskeys in a couple of hours, and go to bed with two women at once. At times, he went berserk, and would throw his saxophone out a hotel window or walk into the ocean in a brand-new suit. His sense of humor was equally askew. Early one morning, he took a cab to a friend's apartment (Parker spent a good part of his life in cabs, using them as his office, as rendezvous, as places to sleep, as compact, mobile fortresses), got the friend out of bed, asked for a light, and went on his way. In 1946, he collapsed, and spent six months in a state mental hospital in California. He had gone to the Coast the year before with the first important bebop band to travel west of the Mississippi—it also included Dizzy Gillespie, Al Haig, Milt Jackson, and Ray Brown—and Russell's book opens with a description of Parker's behavior on opening night at Billy Berg's, in Los Angeles. The first set has started, but Parker deliberately remains in the tacky dressing room, where he methodically eats two huge Mexican dinners, washing them down with several beers. The owner of the club appears. Parker sasses him and refuses to sign the chit. Parker switches to gin, which he drinks by the glassful, and raps with his Boswell, a strange, subterranean man named Dean Benedetti, who followed him all over the country and secretly took down his solos on a wire recorder. (Benedetti is dead, and although a Grail-like search continues, the spools have never been found.) Finally, Parker sends word out front to Gillespie to start "Cherokee," and, hooking on his saxophone, he walks through the audience to the stage, playing at full force and at a numbing tempo. During his stay in the state hospital, where his astonishing recuperative powers soon became evident, Parker was looked out for by a doctor who was also a fan. Russell sets down the doctor's thoughts about Parker: "A man living from moment to moment. A man living for the pleasure principle, music, food, sex, drugs, kicks, his personality arrested at an infantile level. A man with almost no feeling of guilt and only the smallest, most atrophied nub of conscience. One of the army of psychopaths supplying the populations of prisons and mental institutions. Except for his music, a potential member of that population. But with Charlie Parker it is the music factor that makes all the difference. That's really the only reason we're interested in him. . . . The reason we're willing to stop our own lives and clean up his messes. People like Charlie require somebody like that."

ASTONISHINGLY, Parker's wild excesses never seemed—at least until the very end of his life—to interfere with his music. It is now generally agreed among jazz musicians that drugs dislocate and dilute their improvisations, but the reverse seemed true with Parker. The only times he could not function were when he was strung out and needed a fix. His style had matured completely by the time he began recording for Savoy. Parker's playing did not spring magically into being. Other musicians had a hand in its creation. When he was a teen-ager, Parker bathed night after night in the unique, rocking music of Kansas City. No matter where he went, he heard the blues—the heavy, sad, windblown blues of Hot Lips Page, Pete Johnson, Big Joe Turner, Herschel Evans, and Buddy Tate, and the light, rolling, new-coin blues of Count Basie and Lester Young. Young became his idol, and when Parker first went on the road he took along all Young's records and committed his solos to memory. Parker also worked with Buster Smith, a saxophonist whose style bears a speaking likeness to Parker's early playing. Parker picked up technical advice from a well-trained local bandleader, Tommy Douglas, and when he got to New York he studied Art Tatum, who unwittingly showed him how to play at lightning speeds, how to peel off sixty-fourth-note arpeggios, and how to devise wholly new harmonies. Some of his early wingings into the unknown were disastrous. When he was sixteen or seventeen, he brazened his way onto the bandstand during one of the tough, endless Kansas City jam sessions, and, trying some fancy stuff in a roaring "I Got Rhythm," lost his way. The drummer, Jo Jones, stopped playing, grabbed a cymbal, and threw it on the floor at Parker's feet: he had been "gonged off" the stand. But it is from such embarrassing acorns that Parkers grow.

Parker had a unique tone; no other saxophonist has achieved as *human* a sound. It could be edgy, and even sharp. (He used the hardest and most technically difficult of the reeds.) It could be smooth and big and sombre. It could be soft and husky. Unlike most saxophonists of his time, who took their cue from Coleman Hawkins, he used almost no vibrato; when he did, it was only a flutter, a murmur. The blues lived in every room of his style, and he was one of the most striking and affecting blues improvisers we have had. His slow blues had a preaching, admonitory quality ("Parker's Mood," "Barbados," and "Blue Bird"). He would begin a solo with a purposely stuttering four- or five-note announcement, pause for effect, repeat the phrase, bending its last note into silence, turn the phrase around backward and abruptly slip into double time, zigzag up the scale, circle around at the top, and plummet, the notes falling somewhere between silence and sound. (Parker was a master of dynamics and of the dramatic use of silence.) Another pause, and he would begin his second chorus with a dreaming, three-note figure, each of the notes running into the next and each held in prolonged, hymnlike fashion. He would shatter this brief spell by inserting two or three short arpeggios, disconnected and broken off, then he would float into a loafing half time and shoot into another climbing-and-falling double-time run, in which he would dart in and out of nearby keys. He would pause, then close the chorus with an amen figure resembling his opening announcement. Parker's medium-tempo blues had a glittering, monolithic quality, and his fast blues were multiplications of his slow blues. All of them contained an extraordinary variety of emotion. He cajoled, he attacked, he mourned, he sang, he laughed, he cursed. Perhaps his reliance on drugs and booze was an instinctive attempt to replenish his creative well, for every solo was a free and wondrously articulated giving of himself.

But there was another, quite different Parker—the Parker who played slow ballads, such as "Embraceable You" and "Don't Blame Me" and

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“White Christmas.” Here he went several steps further than he did with the blues. He literally dismantled a composer's song and put together a structure ten times as complex. New chords and harmonies appeared, along with new melodic lines that moved high above the unsounded original. (He would, though, always inject pieces of the melody as signposts for the listener.) He could do anything he liked with time, and in his ballads he lagged behind the beat, floated easily along on it, or leapt ahead of it; he did things with time that no one had yet thought of and that no one has yet surpassed. His ballads were dense visions, glimpses into an unknown musical dimension. Although they were perfectly structured, they seemed to have no beginnings and no endings; each was simply another of the visions that stirred and maddened his mind. Thus his 1947 version of “Embraceable You,” which, so brief, so intense, so beautiful, remains one of the monuments of music. (There is just one Parker ballad of this sort on the Savoy reissue—“Meandering”—and it is incomplete.) Parker's fast thirty-two-bar tunes were meteoric (“Ko Ko,” “Constellation”). He used multitudes of notes but never a superfluous one. His runs exploded like light spilling out an opened door. His rhythms had a muscled, chattering density. He crackled and poured and roared.

Parker turned the world of jazz around, and the effects are still felt. One hears him in the work of such saxophonists as Charles McPherson and Phil Woods and Sonny Stitt and Sonny Criss, and less openly in the playing of Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman. One hears him in almost every guitarist, pianist, trumpeter, bassist, drummer, and trombonist over forty, and he is still audible in the instrumentalists of the present generation, although most of them may not know it. But Parker's legion of admirers have, by and large, missed his main point. He widened the improvisational boundaries of time and harmony and melody, but he did not reject what had come before, for at bottom he was a conservative, who found new ways of expressing what King Oliver and Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet had said earlier. His admirers donned his form and ignored his content. Countless players appeared who used a thousand notes in every chorus, who had hard, smart tones, and who indulged in fancy rhythmic patterns. Yet they sidestepped the emotions that governed all that Parker played. The ironic results were the hard-boppers of the late fifties and the cul-de-sac avant-garde of the early sixties. Fortunately, most of this happened after he was dead, and he did not suffer the horrors that Lester Young endured during the last decade of his life—the musical claustrophobia of hearing yourself again and again in the work of almost every young saxophonist and of knowing, at the same time, that your own powers have shrunk to the point where the new men sound more like you than you do.

FOR a time after his release from the hospital in California, Parker cooled it. But the pace of his life quickened again, and by the early fifties it had gone completely out of control. He collapsed on the street, he got into horrendous fights, he tried to commit suicide. He slept, when he slept at all, on floors or in bathtubs or in the beds of friends. He cadged drinks, and he panhandled. His horn was usually in hock, and he missed gigs. And at last his playing faltered; he began to imitate himself. One reason was physical; he no longer had the stamina to sustain his extraordinary flights. The other was more subtle. Like Jackson Pollock, he felt that he had reached the end of his explorations. The blues and the thirty-two-bar song no longer were challenges. He had, he thought, discovered every chord change, every rhythmic turn, every adventurous harmony. He talked of writing big orchestral works, and he considered studying with the composers Stefan Wolpe and Edgard Varèse. But there were blazing exceptions to his faltering, and one of them was a concert given in May of 1953 in Massey Music Hall, in Toronto. (A recording of the entire evening has been reissued by Prestige as “The Greatest Jazz Concert Ever.”) On hand with Parker, who arrived without a horn and had to borrow one, were Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell, Charles Mingus, and Max Roach. Parker had long had ambivalent feelings about Gillespie. He admired him as a musician, but he resented Gillespie's fame—the story in *Life* about Gillespie and bebop, in which Parker was not even mentioned; the Profile of Gillespie written for this magazine by Richard O. Boyer. In addition to being a handy businessman, Gillespie is an accessible, kind man. He has long had life in focus. Parker was the opposite—a closed, secret, stormy, misshapen figure who continually barricaded himself behind the put-on. (Using his deepest voice, he announces on the record that Gillespie's "Salt Peanuts" is by "my worthy constituent.") Gillespie was a challenge that night, and so was the rhythm section, which played with ferocity and precision. Parker responded, and in "Wee," "Hot House," and "Night in Tunisia" he soloed with a fire and a brilliance that match anything in his earlier work.

Parker's death was an inevitable mixture of camp, irony, and melodrama. He had been befriended by the Baroness Pannonica de Koenigswarter, a wealthy, intelligent eccentric who lived in the Stanhope Hotel and drove herself to jazz clubs in a silver Rolls-Royce. Her apartment had become a salon for musicians. In March of 1955, Parker secured a gig at George Wein's Storyville, in Boston, and on his way out of New York he stopped at the Stanhope to say hello. The Baroness offered Parker a drink. To her astonishment, he refused, and asked for ice water. His ulcer was acting up, and cold water would, he said, quench its fire. Suddenly he started vomiting blood. The Baroness's doctor examined him and said that he would have to go to a hospital at once. He refused, so he was put to bed in her apartment and given antibiotics. Several days passed, and he seemed to improve. On a Saturday night, he was allowed to sit in the living room and watch Tommy Dorsey's television show. He was in good spirits. During a juggling act involving bricks, which he remembered having seen in Kansas City as a child, he started laughing, choked, and slumped in his chair. He died a minute or two later. At that instant, according to the Baroness, she heard a single huge clap of thunder. The official cause of death was lobar pneumonia, but Parker had simply worn out.

The tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate had run into Parker not long before. "I first knew him in Kansas City in the thirties, when I was with Andy Kirk," he said a while ago. "He hadn't gotten himself together yet, but he was admiring Buster Smith, who always played Kansas City style. When he first came to New York, we'd hang out together some. He didn't have any work, and nobody knew who he was yet, but he'd be up at Clark Monroe's Uptown House every night. I'd have him over to the house, and my wife

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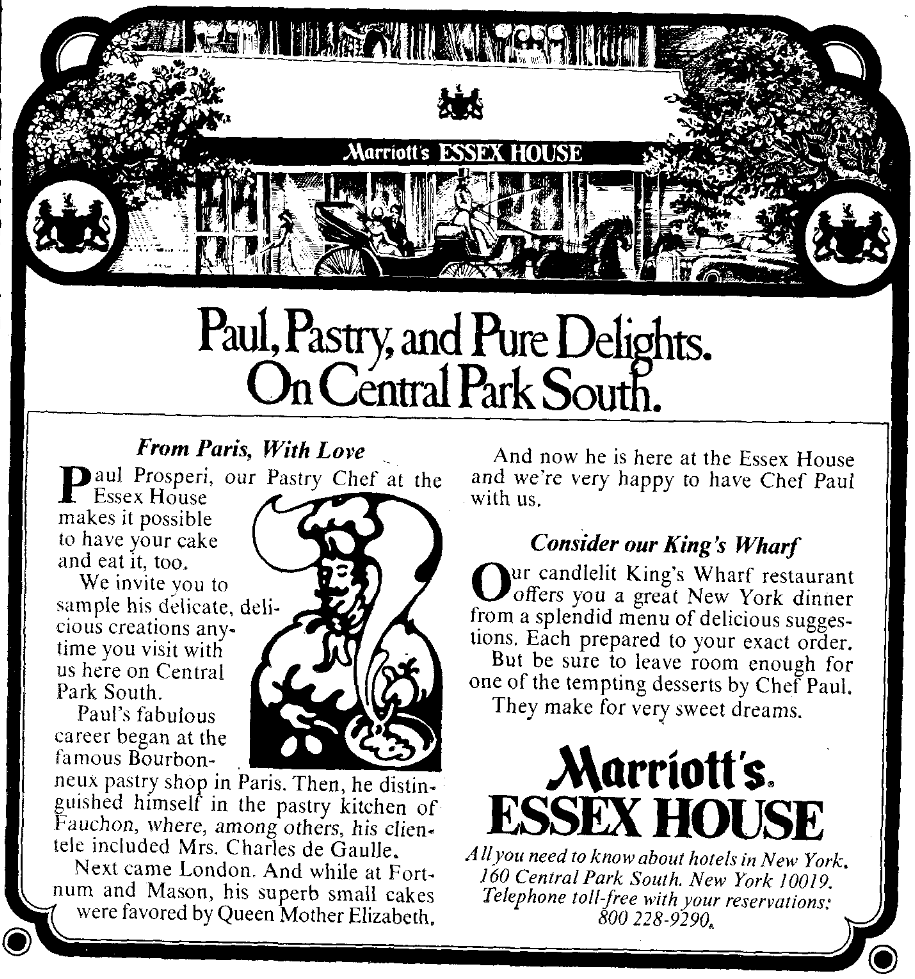

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would put on a pot, but he would never eat. I tried at the time to get him into Basie's band, but Basie wouldn't have him, and he never forgot that. But he was always nice and kind and soft around me. I never saw him mad at anybody.

"One morning a week before he died, I was walking along Forty-second Street toward Grand Central. It was about ten o'clock, and I'd been on some sort of big-band record date, just playing clarinet. I saw this man way down the sidewalk, and it was Bird. He was hard to miss, with those out-of-style suits that didn't fit, and those big old wide granddaddy suspenders he always wore. When I got close, I saw he was all swollen up. I knew he'd been very sick and in the psychiatric part of Bellevue.

"He said, 'I'm *so* glad to see you. How you been?'

"I told him fine, and he said, 'Take me for a taste.'

"We went into a bar, and I thought he'd settle down for a few, but he only had two shots. I'd heard he was so strung out he'd been sleeping on the stand at Birdland and that they'd had to fire him and that he owed the string section that had been backing him up twenty-five hundred dollars, which he didn't have. We talked about an hour. He said he wished people would call him for record dates like the one I'd just been on, and I told him they probably didn't because they'd think he'd want a thousand for a little old forty-two-dollar date, and he said no, he'd do it for free, just to sit in a section again and play with the other guys. Of course, he rarely had his own horn. He'd play anybody's, any old Sears, Roebuck job, so long as it had a mouthpiece and a reed. I told him I was working up at the Savoy, and he said, 'Oh, I been hearing about you, and I'm going up there to listen.' Bird had played with Jay McShann at the Savoy one of the first times he came to New York. But he never came uptown, and I never saw him again."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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THE RACE TRACK

Scratch, Stumble, Bump

A BOIL on the heel of Foolish Pleasure's left forefoot kept him out of the Widener Handicap at Hialeah last Saturday. The infection, which could have been caused by a sharp bit of gravel working into the hoof or by any number of other things, wasn't at all serious, but it prevented Foolish Pleasure from taking a final speed workout before the race, and he was scratched. His next start will most likely be in the Donn Handicap, the opening-day feature at Gulfstream Park, on March 6th. Had Foolish Pleasure run in the Widener despite his layoff (and LeRoy Jolley, who trains him, said he would have if he weren't such a valuable horse), he would have been a very short price and there would have been only five starters. As it was, seven horses entered the race, and the Greentree Stable's Hatchet Man won it by two lengths. Toonerville, the favorite, was second, and Hail the Pirates third. Prometido stumbled at the start, slamming into Hatchet Man, and although his rider, Gustines, straightened him out quickly, he was far behind the leaders before he really got into his stride. Then, too, he didn't like the dirt they kicked up in his face, so Gustines steered him to the outside of the track—the long way home. With half a mile to go, he began to move up. Toonerville had taken the lead after the far turn, but Hatchet Man wore him down in the stretch and was going away at the end. The mile and a quarter was run in 2:02. It was the first time the Greentree Stable has won the event since 1944, but it was Gustine's third consecutive Widener victory—a record.

Word also comes from Florida that Hialeah Park, for years the showplace of racing on the Eastern seaboard, was sold last week to John J. Brunetti, a successful real-estate developer, for fifteen million dollars. At a meeting with Hialeah's board of directors, Brunetti pledged that he would continue the operation of the track indefinitely. "That's the only reason I bought it," he said. He will not take control immediately. It seems that attorneys, banks, and the Florida Board of Business Regulation need a few months to tie up the loose ends. Hialeah has had a problem with diminishing returns from attendance and betting almost from the time John W. Galbreath and his associates bought it, in 1972, from the late Eugene Mori for what was said to be a price of twenty-one and a half million dollars. Mr. Brunetti is no stranger to racing; his father owned a half interest in Vertex, one of the leading racers in the late nineteen-fifties.

DAN LASATER picked off another race at Aqueduct last weekend—the $82,875 Grey Lag Handicap. After Lasater's Royal Glint bumped his head coming out of the gate at the start, he took the lead and never lost it, winning in the end by slightly more than a length from Sharp Gary, to whom he gave five pounds. Though seven ran, from the stands it looked like a two-horse affair, with Sharp Gary galloping just behind Royal Glint for most of the nine furlongs. Royal Glint, a rangy gelding by Round Table, has done well for Mr. Lasater, as have many of his other horses. He cost $87,000 and has earned nearly $700,000 in Lasater's colors, $49,725 of it in the Grey Lag.

The holiday last week was just about the best day Aqueduct has had this winter. More than 39,000 came out and saw nine lively races, not the least of them the Sporting Plate Handicap, in which Art Rooney's Christopher R. beat a bunch of nice sprinters, including the favorite, Gallant Bob, who had been doing so well recently. I'm still wondering what happened to Gallant Bob. For half a mile, he was in a neck-and-neck battle with North Call for the lead, but then he shortened his stride, and finished last.

PAUL MELLON, who sold many of his Rokeby Stable horses in an auction at Belmont last autumn, will maintain a string of forty-nine. Fifteen are two-year-olds. Eight are jumpers—a break for steeplechasing.

—AUDAX MINOR

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Joel T. Rosenthal, State University of New York, Stony Brook

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Lion-Hearted Women

IN the early sixties, Jeanne Moreau was the love-hungry-bored-wife goddess of the international cinema. The Moreau heroines kept their thoughts to themselves, but her famished mouth and the puffy shadows under her gentle, swollen eyes revealed a sulky dissatisfaction. Moreau had started in movies in 1948, at the age of twenty, and was thirty when she appeared in "The Lovers" and became that charismatic, intuitive, sensual heroine with so many undercurrents that her supple silences would often take over a movie. She's tantalizingly older in "French Provincial," which had its première at the last New York Film Festival but is just now opening. Age has made her seem like a battle-scarred sex veteran; the drooping, pouty face appears to have been ravaged by sensuality itself—she's love-punchy. Moreau has changed over the years more than most actresses do, and her resemblance to Bette Davis has become almost cartoonish; in her late forties, Moreau looks like the Davis of "Beyond the Forest," but with a lot of Lillian Gish in her, too, when the mouth pulls down and the softness in the cheeks goes mesmerically wrong. Moreau having been what she was to us, we simply cannot look at her performances now as if she were a new actress; seeing her is a richer, more ambiguous experience. At the start of "French Provincial," we may juggle our memories, uncomfortably trying to accept this older Moreau—whose face says that she's been through everything—as a young woman. Then we realize that we don't need to. This movie is, among other things, a chronicle of changing film styles, and Moreau is used for her associations, even when she deliberately plays against them. Her age is flexible, especially since her character, Berthe, is a seamstress who comes from the wrong side of the tracks and has had a rough-and-tumble early life. Walking with a determined, jerky little step, wearing plaids or prints and worrying about whether her makeup is too heavy to be respectable, Berthe is the sort of no-nonsense person you think of as stout even though she isn't. Moreau clearly enjoys Berthe's doughty peasant vitality. The outgoing, pragmatic Berthe doesn't know what boredom is.

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"French Provincial" (no way could be found to translate the original, punning title, "Souvenirs d'en France") presents an overview of French life and politics through the changes within one family in southwestern France. A flashback to the beginning of the century shows the arrival of Pedret, a Spanish immigrant, who becomes a blacksmith, and his marriage to Augustine, the daughter of the village baker. The movie proper takes up the life of this family in 1936, when Pedret's forge has become a foundry where his three sons are the managers, and carries it through the war and labor troubles into the seventies, when the business gets an influx of American capital. Homage is paid to the classic, tragicomic French-family movies by the casting of Orane Demazis, the heroine of "Harvest" and the Fanny of Pagnol's trilogy, as the bourgeois matriarch Augustine, but "French Provincial" has a very different impetus. When Augustine realizes that her son Hector (Michel Auclair) is having an affair with the seamstress, she tries to ruin Berthe's business and drive her out of town. But old Pedret, who knows that his sons have had their spirits broken, can see that Berthe has the blunt good sense they lack, and he arranges for Berthe and Hector to be married. While the bourgeois wives of the two other sons mope and become peevish, Berthe makes herself useful. In the war, she is a heroine of the Resistance; when the business is imperilled by a strike, she settles it by acceding to the workers' demands. She takes over the dominant role in management, and becomes the new matriarch as well.

On this level, "French Provincial" is an unabashed, playful, and politicized version of the kind of films that Irene Dunne and Barbara Stanwyck used to appear in, often based on Edna Ferber novels. It's "Stella Dallas" mixed in with "Cimarron" and "So Big" and "Mildred Pierce" and "Imitation of Life" and all the others; it's the American-dynasty stories and the "women's" pictures of the thirties come back to us transformed, and though "French Provincial" is by no means as startlingly innovative as Godard's transformations of the American gangster film, the cross-fertilization brings some juice to the traditional French saga of provincial life. The young director, André Téchiné (he's thirty-two), and his co-writer, Marilyn Goldin, an American in her early thirties, try to cram in too much; you practically need a road map to find your way through the movie—at the outset you feel stupid because you can't sort out who is married to whom. Téchiné's dashing style also presents a problem: he and Goldin prepare wonderful, humor-filled scenes, teasingly evocative of whole batches of earlier films, and then he skims over them so lightly that they often don't quite sink in and the story just seems sketchy. But this movie isn't very realistic anyway; it's an ironic romantic fantasy on women's-picture themes. And it has a tickling personality—consciously, sloppily casual here and there (the characters age inconsistently), and bumping around in time, yet always with the jittery, airy understanding that its own situations and characters are fair game. There's not a labored moment in it.

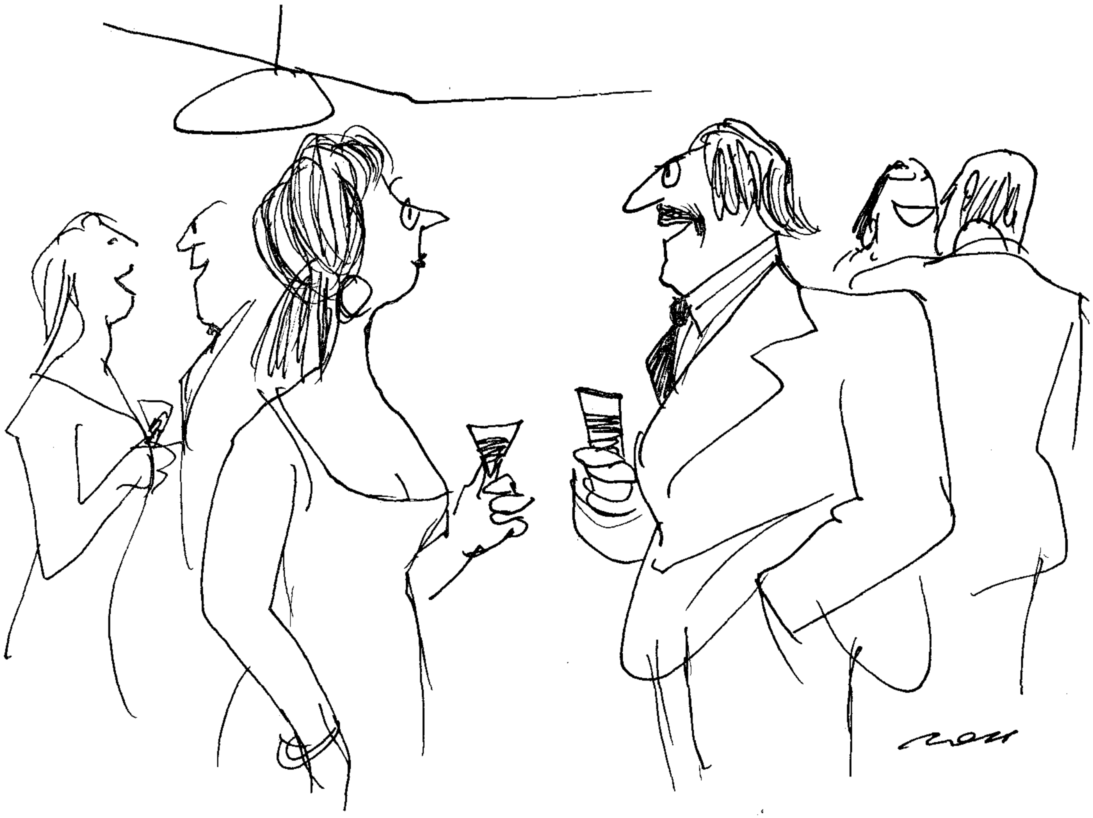
Earlier, the team of Téchiné and Goldin collaborated on a French TV program about the Brontës, and they've written a new movie, for Isabelle Adjani, which is being shot now. One can surmise that Téchiné provided much of the political background of "French Provincial," but surely the women's-fantasy structure must have come mostly from Marilyn Goldin, a former critic, who has also worked with Bertolucci and on the forthcoming Jerry Schatzberg film "The All-American Girl." "French Provincial" is that rare picture in which the basic conflict is between two women: Berthe the frump, who gets rich but never learns how to dress, and the slick, dark beauty Régina (Marie-France Pisier), who is married to Prosper (Claude Mann), Pedret's youngest son and the only one with a college education. Régina and the handsome, refined Prosper seem a mismatch from the word go; Berthe, with her soft little pot, and the clumsy, crumpled Hector seem a perfect pair for a comfortable existence. Yet both marriages fail, because both women are too much for their husbands. Régina is a rapacious dreamer. Fed up with the dull austerity of provincial society, she runs off with an American soldier, and she comes back years later, more stunning than ever, with an American industrialist lover. Whatever her emotional susceptibilities are, Régina keeps them hidden, but we're clued in on her hatreds when she and her industrialist visit the family home and (in a scene lifted from Proust) have sex with a silent third partner—a photograph of Pedret looking on. Régina is the cold villainess of earlier movies seen in a hot new light.

Early on, there's a choreographed showpiece sequence that declares the movie's obsession. Godard frequently displayed movie posters and made allusions to films that had a special meaning for him; when Bertolucci, Scorsese, and others have adopted this practice the films they refer to are usually action pictures, with male-fantasy heroes. But when the family of "French Provincial" go to the local theatre, the lobby is decorated with posters of pairs of lovers, and the film they see is Garbo's "Camille." Leaving the theatre and walking out into the rain, the members of the family are still in a trance, wiping their eyes and blowing their noses—all except the new bride Régina, who is laughing shrilly, in ostentatious contempt of the film's romanticism and the family's fatuousness. She whirls in the rain, defiant in her openness to the elements, exciting her half-admiring, half-embarrassed bridegroom. Régina's own romanticism is nose-thumbing effrontery—sneering and selfish, yet with a nasty grandeur. When she returns from America, brittle and swinger-chic, she is the exact opposite of Berthe. This is the story of two tough, fearless broads: one holds the family together; the other goes out looking for luxury and laughs.

"French Provincial" sees both women as heroines, yet it keeps a distance from them, too. We're not asked to admire them—that was what made the American prototypes gushy. We're merely invited to be alive to the women's portion of the human comedy. There are startling, original moments, like the one when Berthe, taking a bedpan to the ailing old Pedret, is taunted by her sisters-in-law, who say that there's not much pleasure to be had from "wiping an old man's ass." "How do you know?" Berthe asks. And, earlier, Moreau has a balletic routine all to herself. Raging over Augustine's maneuvers to force her to leave town, Berthe prepares herself a meal—an omelet and a salad. She sets them on the table, and then, angry and preoccupied, reaches for her hat and muffler, and goes out to confront Hector with what his mother is doing to her. There's a scrubby, zigzag humor in a woman's spurning her own cooking which is pure, irrational inspiration.

"French Provincial" is marvellous, even though in ordinary terms it isn't good. Téchiné's visual style is a passionate mingling of European and American masters—Godard, Bertolucci, Welles, William Wyler, Cocteau, Hitchcock, Jacques Tati, and God knows who. Scenes take you back through so many layers of film history that you can't sort out all the influences; you don't need to. You can see that this rich impasto is essentially new. Téchiné is a monstrously gifted romantic wit who has turned parody into something so emotionally charged that the meanings radiate every which way. The flashback sequence of Pedret's youth wings from "Wuthering Heights" and the flaming silhouettes of "Gone with the Wind" to "The Conformist" and "The Spider's Stratagem," with the characters spinning toward the camera in formalized turns that are Gothic variants of a Godard device. It's gorgeous, heady stuff, and, throughout, Téchiné invests the images with so much dramatic beauty that you're busy just taking it in. In some way that I can't figure out, he charges even static compositions. But Téchiné's talent runs away with him. "French Provincial" is effective on the most sophisticated level but seems naïve and scatterbrained on some of the simplest levels. He and Marilyn Goldin have had the slyly poetic idea of treating the bourgeois home as the primal, mysterious movie set, but they don't seem to have thought it all through. When Berthe delivers an arch little Godardian lecture to the head of the strike committee, we have no idea how to read the scene. At other times, the movie stoops to the kind of leftist-historian résumé of political events that does nothing for an audience. It doesn't add up, quite, and Berthe's character isn't as satisfyingly conceived as Régina's. But from scene to scene this movie is a film festival all by itself. I particularly liked the way Michel Auclair, with his resonances from the forties ("Beauty and the Beast," "Les Maudits"), was transformed into the burly, earthy figure of the humanitarian thirties. Téchiné and Goldin may not know anything except movies, but the way they know movies is enough for a fool like me.

IF there are gradations in the pits, "I Will, I Will . . . For Now" is even worse than "Gable and Lombard." It combines the most simperingly forced elements of fifties mistaken-identity farces with a mushy, soft-core version of the sex-manual pornos. The director, Norman Panama, who used to be



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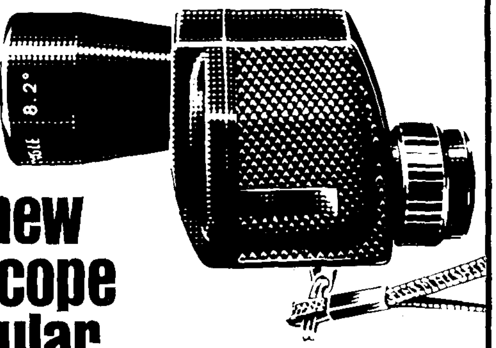

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half of the writing team of Panama and (Melvin) Frank, has shamelessly modelled this film on Frank's "A Touch of Class," even down to the hero's back going out—in this case, when he tries a new position from "The Joy of Sex." Elliott Gould is the unfortunate back patient; a Manhattan businessman who has a womblike office that looks as if Saarinen had carved it out of ice cream, and who earns a quarter of a million dollars a year, he suffers from premature ejaculation. His ex-wife, who suffers from frigidity, passivity, and compulsive cleanliness, is played by Diane Keaton. The Santa Barbara sex clinic they repair to is run by Madge Sinclair and Robert Alda; he exudes affability, like Liberace, and makes smily speeches, the gist of which—"Nothing is unnatural"—is also emblazoned in neon in the patients' cottages. The message is false: swallowing this movie is an unnatural act for any person of average intelligence. As Gould's lawyer, Paul Sorvino is also involved in the infantile games that Panama and his co-writer, Albert E. Lewin, devised; I'm not altogether sure that he deserves better. And if Elliott Gould, the best loose comedian we've got (when he's on his own frequency), doesn't know enough to keep his shirt on and stay out of Rock Hudson's tight shoes, he's going to lose the good will that he builds up whenever he works for Paul Mazursky or Robert Altman. However, Diane Keaton, whether she's in bed with Sorvino or with Gould, manages to keep her head, and she acts with such plangent friendliness that she proves it's possible to lie down with dogs and not get covered with fleas.

—PAULINE KAEL

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The Arizonan [Udall] delivers the message engagingly . . . festooning his direct prose style with quotations from Albert Campus, Mark Twain, Alexis de Tocqueville, and Walter Lippmann.

—*The Times.*

We recognize Campus, Twain, and Tocqueville, but who's this fellow Lippmann?

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

[*From an article in The Economist*]

Trade cycle troubles arise mainly because in economic matters Establishment forces tend to react against yesterday's effects of the day-before-yesterday's mistakes, just in time to intensify today's mistakes that will make tomorrow's consequences rather worse.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Music in Space

THE Church of St. Paul the Apostle, on Columbus Avenue at Fifty-ninth Street, begun by Jeremiah O'Rourke, is a large, awkward building, a heavy, clumsy attempt at a great basilica. Tucked away in its gloomy side chapels are some pieces of art worth investigation. By day, there are John LaFarge windows to look at; by night, when the lighting allows it to be seen, the roof is a blue vault spangled with stars, as the Sistine Chapel's used to be before Michelangelo got to work on it. In this church the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with the Westminster Choir, gave a performance of Berlioz's Requiem in memory of Charles Munch. (A second commemorative performance, during the orchestra's forthcoming visit to Paris, was to have been held in the church of the Invalides, where the Requiem had its first performance, in 1837, but has been shifted to the Palais des Congrès.) The Requiem is one of Berlioz's three great "architectural" works—the others being the Te Deum and the rarely heard cantata "L'Impériale." Their inspiration goes back to Berlioz's first visit to St. Peter's, as a young Prix de Rome winner. "Immense! sublime! overwhelming! Michelangelo, Raphael, Canova this side and that; underfoot, precious marbles and rare, beautiful mosaics; the solemn silence, the still, cool air . . . then a slight sound rising from some far, dim corner of the church and rolling around the great vaults like distant thunder. . . . As I thought of the glorious role my cherished art must play there, my heart began to beat with excitement." But the music Berlioz heard in St. Peter's was scrannel stuff, and it was years before he himself received the commissions to compose works that would animate—that, as he put it, would become the "soul" of—huge reverberant buildings. When Saint-Saëns heard the Requiem, he said that in the "Tuba mirum" it was "as if each separate slim column of the church became an organ pipe, and the whole edifice a vast organ." (He continued, "Even more, I admired the poignant feeling of this marvellous work, the constant and incredible elevation of style.") Berlioz believed—even then; what would he think now!—that most music was performed in spaces too large for it. Often, in the giant opera houses of this country, I am tempted to echo his complaint: "One hears, but one does not vibrate." In the score of the Requiem he asks for over a hundred strings, winds to match, and a chorus of over two hundred. A footnote suggests that the chorus can go up to eight hundred in the larger movements, with the orchestra increased in proportion. Conductors employ what forces they can muster. One of Beecham's last concerts was a Berlioz Requiem in the Albert Hall. He had the full complement of ten cymbal players needed to drum up that tremendous roll into the "Tuba mirum," and in the Sanctus—where Berlioz indicates only three pairs of cymbals—he used all ten players again, ringing the platform and creating, with their very gentle clashes, a mysterious apse of soft, shuddering tone. Seiji Ozawa, who conducted the Boston Symphony performance, had seven cymbal players. (In Paris, he will command the combined forces of the Boston Symphony and the Orchestre de Paris, two of Munch's former orchestras.) He stationed the four brass bands not, as Berlioz directs, "at the four corners of the large choral and instrumental mass" but at the four corners of the rectangular church, so that last trumps blew at the listeners from every side. The result was majestic, awe-inspiring. The church has the right sort of acoustics for the music, resonant enough for the silences to be "living" but not so reverberant that the strong, slow march of the harmonies clogs into confusion. In the Agnus Dei, the pedal tones of the trombones and the cluster of four flutes high above became single sounds, almost "shapes" that seemed to hover in the air. Stuart Burrows, the tenor soloist, singing from beneath the Stanford White baldacchino, filled the church with a flood of warm, expansive tone—perhaps too warm and forthright, not mystical enough in a movement that should evoke a haze of thick incense smoke with the prayer winding up through it. Mr. Ozawa's direction was very clear. The Westminster Choir sang well in the softer passages but lacked force, rhythmic energy, and bright, ardent tone in the climaxes. The church, just two blocks south of Lincoln Center, and seating about two thousand, is well placed to become an ecclesiastical annex of Fisher Hall; next time the Philharmonic tackles Berlioz's Te Deum, it might move there. Old St. Patrick's, on Mott Street, is a more pleasing and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Morningside Heights, a more impressive building, but both are farther from New York's musical center than the Church of St. Paul the Apostle. Thought, however, must be given to the lighting, which can do so much to create—or destroy—an apt atmosphere for musical enjoyment. (When a Francesco Cavalli Vesper sequence, drawn from his "Musiche Sacre," had its first performance in London, in January, Brompton Oratory was lit for the occasion by hundreds of candles.) The program leaflet for the Berlioz contained the text of the Requiem and a translation, but the lights were dimmed to a point that made it illegible.

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PUCCINI'S "Il Trittico" had its première at the Metropolitan Opera, in 1918. It was revived the following season, and then dismembered. "Suor Angelica" disappeared; "Il Tabarro" came back only in the 1945-46 season; "Gianni Schicchi" lived on as a curtain-raiser or afterpiece to such diverse works as "Pagliacci," "Salome," "Elektra," and

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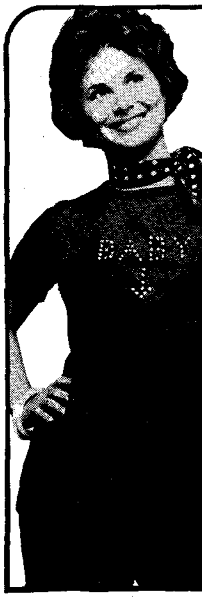

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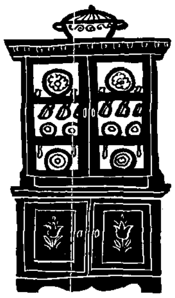
"Hansel and Gretel." This season, the triptych has been reassembled: a new "Tabarro" and "Suor Angelica" join the 1974 staging of "Gianni Schicchi." All three are directed by Fabrizio Melano and designed by David Reppa. The point about "Il Tabarro" and "Suor Angelica," I believe, is that, in addition to their dramatic content, they should captivate the audience as "pictures" for the eye and the ear at once; Puccini's scores are filled with small, fine episodes of instrumental painting. The point is not made in the Metropolitan version. Under Sixten Ehrling, the orchestral playing has been efficient but not bewitching. "Il Tabarro" is mounted on the right veristic lines, but neither the set nor the staging is polished in detail. "Suor Angelica" is mounted on the wrong lines. The opera had a bad press in New York from the start, and now, as if afraid to commit themselves to the composer's intentions, the Messrs. Melano and Reppa have endeavored to strip the piece of all its sentimentality and prettiness. There is no delightful garden, no garden of any kind, in the cloister; it is bare. There is no bubbling spring to catch the golden rays of the evening sun. Angelica does not build a little fire to brew her poison over; she heats it at a sort of outdoor cooking range, shaking in dried herbs reached down from the kitchen shelf. The setting suggests a women's prison in the desert. There is no miracle—no Virgin, no golden-haired little boy. And if "Suor Angelica" is not played as a sweetly and richly sentimental piece it loses all its character and charm. It is the most elegantly tender of Puccini's scores, as "Gianni Schicchi" is the most elegantly inventive. The Met "Schicchi" is a low, undisciplined romp. At the end, the medieval walls fly up to reveal Brunelleschi's dome, a century and a half in the future.

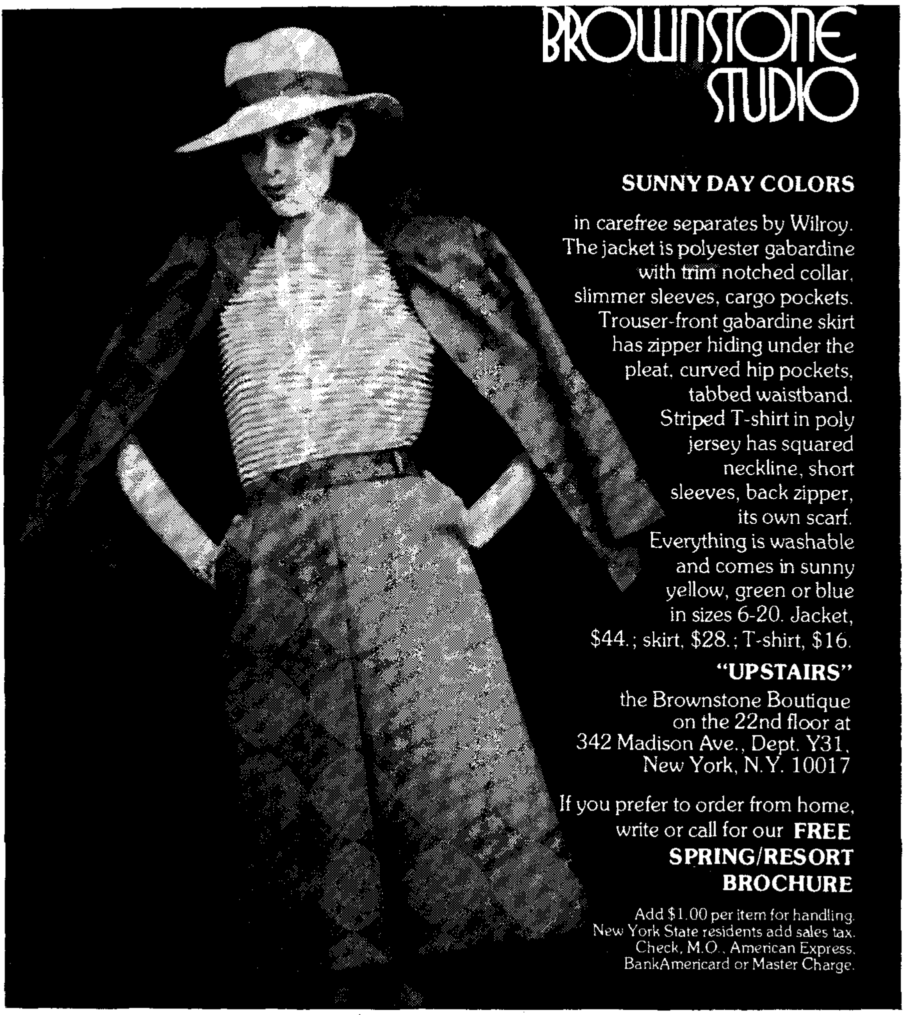


In the first cast, only Cornell MacNeil, as Michele and then as Schicchi, sang with distinction. Teresa Kubiak and Gilda Cruz-Romo were an acceptable Giorgetta and Angelica. Evelyn Mandac, in her Met début, as Lauretta, was very attractive but a shade small for the enormous house. Later, Renata Scotto undertook all three heroines; though their characters are very different, the combined vocal demands hardly exceed those on a Butterfly or a Manon Lescaut. Miss Scotto's Giorgetta and Angelica, both the first of her career, were assured interpretations but mannered in their execution, as her portrayals usually are. Intended by nature to be a lyric soprano and a delicious little butterball, she has invented a grand manner of her own and built up her voice to match. One can regret it, for she has acquired force at the expense of sweetness, but at the same time must admire and enjoy her thorough command, vocal and dramatic, of the spinto roles she essays. Nevertheless, it was as young Lauretta and in an effortlessly seductive account of "O mio babbino caro" that she was most enchanting. (She managed to hold the house silent and attentive, too much moved to crash in with applause, after Angelica's "Senza mamma.") At this performance, Frank Guarrera was the admirable Schicchi.

THE "Otello" that opened in Houston a few weeks ago is a production shared by the opera companies of Houston, Washington, San Diego, and Seattle. By Peter Wexler it has been designed to fit the stages and stage equipment of the four theatres concerned, and plays in a "one-truck décor" that can be transported with ease and stored in its truck when not in use. The idea is good, but Mr. Wexler's set itself is not especially distinguished, or helpful to Verdi's opera. A round central platform, thrust forward over the footlights, proves as cramping to the flow of action as such constructions on anything less than the Bayreuth scale generally do. The vertical component is a kind of large rope-strung loom, shifted about from place to place between scenes. Behind all this, a gallery traverses the stage, set too far back to be of much practical use; Desdemona walks across it to be greeted by the (in this production, invisible) chorus of Cypriots, in Act II, and Iago and Cassio cross it in the course of the "handkerchief" conversation. One scenic effect is striking: at the arrival of the Venetian envoys, in Act III, the stage fills very quickly with a mass of people costumed in brilliant red. This is the strong stroke in Fabrizio Melano's stage direction. Its weakest stroke is Othello's first entrance: he stumbles up through a hole in the stage, and after his "Esultate!" he stands about, shaking hands with the company and receiving their congratulations. "Esultate!" should be a blaze of passing glory, a pause in the warrior's progress before he enters the citadel. Mr. Melano was Franco Zeffirelli's assistant in the Met production of "Otello," and has inherited the quaint notion that Iago was not only ensign but also librarian to Othello.

Two of the individual performances were exceptional. Desdemona is a role that evidently lies very well on Evelyn Lear's voice; her singing and acting alike were richly colored, subtly molded, and affecting. And Sherrill Milnes was a powerful, impressive Iago. The company had Othello troubles: James King was stricken shortly before the première; Jon Andrew sang that, and then he, too, was stricken; Glade Peterson, the hero of the English-language performances that Houston alternated with its original-language presentations, stepped in for the second Italian performance, singing in English—and so sang Othello three days running. I was at the third Italian performance, when Herbert Doussant undertook the role, not inadequately; Othello's quick, keen suffering was movingly portrayed. The Houston chorus, prepared by Conoley Ballard, sang with force and fervor. Julius Rudel's conducting was skillful and sure. The opera was given with two large cuts: twelve pages of vocal score were missing from the Act II ensemble, and twenty-nine from the Act III finale.

ONE has come to expect performances by the Opera Company of Boston, conducted and staged by Sarah Caldwell, to provide operatic adventure on a very high level; to be rough at the edges, perhaps, since the Orpheum Theatre is no opera house and the orchestra and chorus are not full-time professionals attached to the company, but always inspired by an inner force that prompts a sharper, more intense experience of the work concerned than mere professional routine, on however smoothly accomplished a level, can do. All other productions I had seen of Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" and of Bellini's "I Capuleti ed i Montecchi" paled before the spirited Boston presentations of those works. So I expected Miss Caldwell's "Fidelio," last week, to be overwhelming—but it was not. On the first night, there were too many flawed performances and too many miscalculations for any grand vision of Beethoven's opera to stir and elevate mind and spirit. Perhaps it suffered from its director's divided attentions: the day before the première she was in New York, conducting "La Traviata" at the Metropolitan; the staging was credited jointly to her and her associate director David Gorin. On



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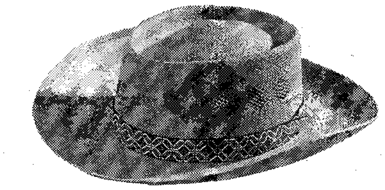

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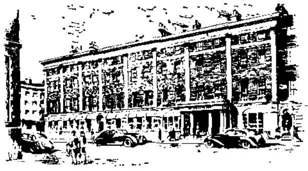

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a simple level, the Leonore, Teresa Kubiak, did not know her role securely; twice—in the first section of the aria and again in the Act II trio—she broke down. More seriously, she gave little sign of possessing the moral, intellectual, and emotional stature of a true Leonore; there was a strong, shiny voice to admire, and not much else. Jon Vickers is the great Florestan of our day, but he needs discipline, not encouragement. Miss Caldwell allowed him to overexpress, overinflect, overact. He chewed up as much of the scenery as his chains would let him reach. In spoken dialogue, he sounded like a rhetorical Welshman in full flood. The musical phrases were distorted by the weight of passion with which he bore down on them. Don Pizarro was undercast; Richard Van Allan's bass-baritone is too light for the role, and the weakness was compounded by his being stationed, for the aria, on a rampart walk high above and toward the back of the stage. The noble Don Fernando was played as a rosy-cheeked old fuddy-duddy and had a voice to match. When the final chorus, some onstage, some in the aisles of the theatre, some in the stage boxes, began to throw down rose petals, and Leonore and Florestan were hoisted up on the crowd's shoulders like football heroes, it seemed for a dreadful moment as if Miss Caldwell meant to mock the happy ending. Pizarro had the whole of the Harvard Glee Club in his cells; as scores of tousle-headed youths emerged, acting very badly, his prison seemed to become one for juvenile delinquents. Joey Evans was a charming Jaquino. Donald Gramm gave a dry, cleverly pointed portrayal of Rocco. But the star of the show was the Marzelline of Magdalena Falewicz, a lyric soprano from the Berlin State Opera, whose voice is clear and bright and full, and who joined her notes *into* smooth, shapely, lively phrases. —ANDREW PORTER

•

Q—Who was the first shoemaker in America to make separate shoes for the right and left foot?
A—The Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke.—*Clearwater* (*Fla.*) *Sun.*

Next question. And let's have a tough one this time.

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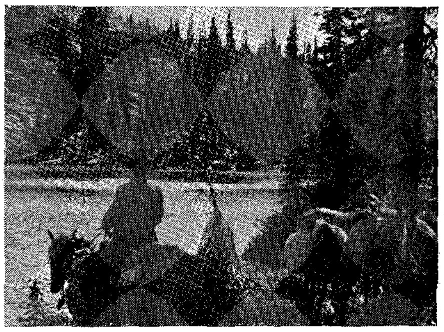

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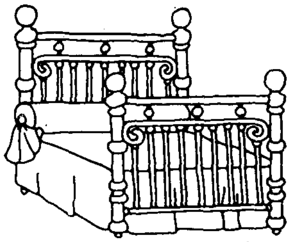

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BOOKS

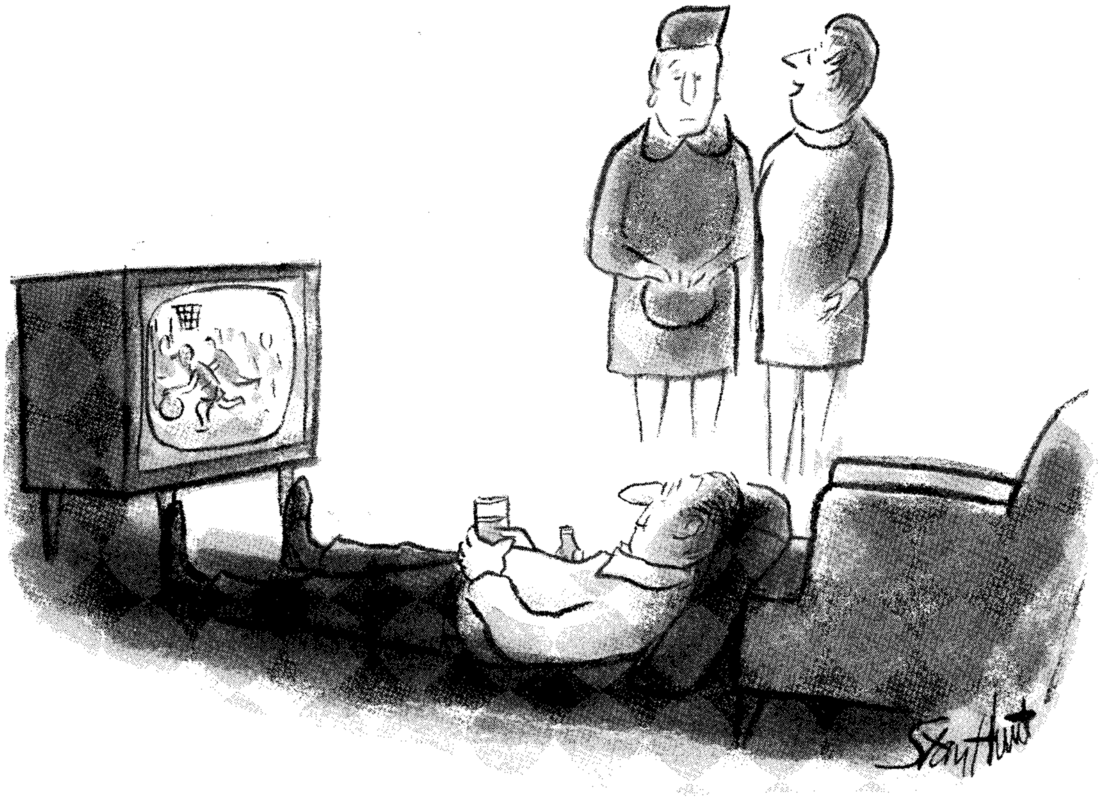
Simple-Minded Jim

JAMES JOYCE did not write letters for fun. Those in the first half of his "Selected Letters" (edited by Richard Ellmann; Viking) are mostly about his need for money, and those in the second are mostly about his work, its explication and promotion. Between these two kinds of begging there is a third kind, the erotically importunate ("Write me a long long letter . . . about yourself, darling. . . . Tell me the smallest things about yourself so long as they are obscene and secret and filthy. Write nothing else. Let every sentence be full of dirty immodest words and sounds. They are all lovely to hear and to see on paper even but the dirtiest are the most beautiful") letters that he addressed to his wife, Nora, when they were apart for a few months in 1909. These *are* fun, but in their way as utilitarian as the others; meant to facilitate masturbation in the sender and recipient, they are published in full for the first time in the four-hundred-page selection Mr. Ellmann has made from the approximately fourteen hundred pages of Joyce's letters that have been previously collected in three volumes—the first (1957) assembled by Joyce's friend Stuart Gilbert, the next two (1966) edited by Mr. Ellmann and consisting in large part of letters brought to light by him in the course of researching his huge and beautiful biography "James Joyce" (1959). Mr. Ellmann's saturation in Joyce's life and work is one of the wonders of present American literary scholarship; how delightful to find a wish expressed in an early letter ("we might take a small cottage outside Dublin in the suburbs") mated, in a footnote, to its echo nearly four decades later in "Finnegans Wake" ("a roseschelle cottage by the sea for nothing for ever")! Joyce's letters could have no more scrupulous, attentive shepherd into print. Mr. Ellmann has seized the opportunity of this published selection to bridge hiatuses not only in the scandalous letters to Nora Joyce but in Joyce's correspondence with his patroness Harriet Shaw Weaver, which was willed to the British Museum under seal. Additionally, two new letters to Lady Gregory have appeared, and Ellmann has brought Gilbert's transcriptions and footnotes up to snuff and restored all letters written in a language other than English to the original—translation, no doubt impeccable, being provided in footnotes. Against the obvious advantages of having a handy—though still bulky, and by no means cheap—volume of Joyce's epistolary essence, it must be said that, given an inordinate interest in Joyce (and he asked no other kind), the unabridged volumes, with their greater continuity and higher proportion of letters *to* Joyce, offer more sense of the master's daily existence, and of the life of the times around him. Ellmann, having once chronicled so thoroughly the external events of his hero's peripatetic, finagling earthly adventures, seems now to want to extract a testament, a record of the inner life. He says in his preface, "In making this selection I have chosen letters which seemed to me the most interesting, rather than those most conspicuous for information. . . . [Readers] will recognize here Joyce's principal assertions of his character and of his literary aims."

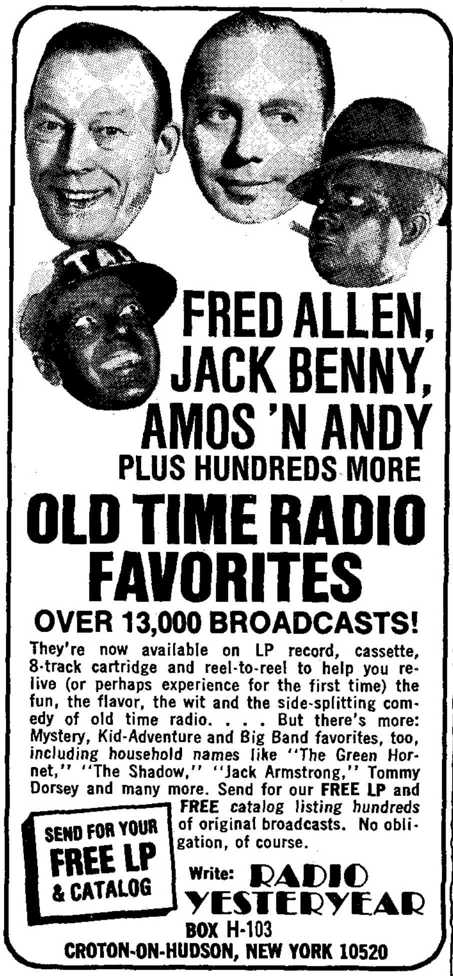
Joyce began asserting his character and his literary aims early; not long after his nineteenth birthday he dispatched his famous letter to Ibsen, which he himself translated into Dano-Norwegian, saluting the lofty recipient's seventy-third birthday in a tone commensurately lofty:

> I have sounded your name defiantly through the college where it was either unknown or known faintly and darkly. I have claimed for you your rightful place in the history of the drama. I have shown what, as it seemed to me, was your highest excellence—your lofty impersonal power. . . . Your battles inspired me—not the obvious material battles but those that were fought and won behind your forehead, how your wilful resolution to wrest the secret from life gave me heart and how in your absolute indifference to public canons of art, friends and shibboleths you walked in the light of your inward heroism.

From this blueprint of high intent and absolute indifference Joyce, as artist, never significantly wavered. His first book, the pallid "Chamber Music," was published without resistance, but "Dubliners" waited eight years, while evasive lawyers and irresolute publishers and censorial printers quarrelled, until its "nicely polished looking-glass" could be set before the public. "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Ulysses" were pushed to their final form



"*Burton is a retiree.*"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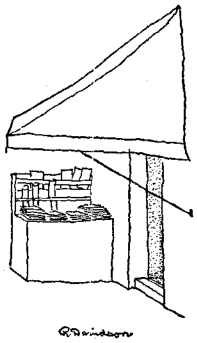
through a harrowing obstacle course of serialization, attempted bowdlerization, and incomprehension; and, after "Ulysses" had made his "lofty impersonal power" a matter of international fame, many admirers and longtime friends turned in dismay from the elaborate, jocular obscurities of "Finnegans Wake." His "wilful resolution" carried him from book to book, each one a genre in itself, each one a departure in style, and the battle behind his forehead to "wrest the secret from life" gave Joyce heart enough to withstand a thousand distractions and humiliations. His final accomplishment should be measured against his early situation as he described it to Lady Gregory (a nearer, though lesser, star than Ibsen) in 1902: "I have broken off my medical studies here. . . . I intend to study medicine at the University of Paris supporting myself there by teaching English. I am going alone and friendless. . . . I am not despondent however for I know that even if I fail to make my way such failure proves very little. I shall try myself against the powers of the world. All things are inconstant except the faith in the soul, which changes all things and fills their inconstancy with light. And though I seem to have been driven out of my country here as a misbeliever I have found no man yet with a faith like mine." And though a reader of his letters may weary of their tireless self-regard, and a patient biographer may blink, as Ellmann does, at their "absurdities," at Joyce's "power to read into his own inclinations the imperatives of cruel necessity," the heroism remains; Joyce is the wily Ulysses of modernism, the survivor who did everything he asked of himself. While undergoing the last and longest of his adventures, the composition of his "night-book" "Finnegans Wake," he blames some of "the indignant hostility shown to my experiment" upon the "personal rancours of disappointed artists who have wasted their talents or perhaps even their genius while I with poorer gifts and a dreadful lot of physical and mental hardship have or seem to have done something." A few years earlier, writing to John Quinn about "Ulysses" (a valuable letter not included in this selection), Joyce ended simply, "The book has reduced me to a state of helplessness in the face of many material difficulties . . . but I am satisfied that I have done what I set out to do." The filmmaker Eisenstein, meeting Joyce in the nineteen-thirties, said to a friend, "This fellow really *does* what all of you *wanted* to do."



Mr. Ellmann, thriftily reusing the biographical interlarding prepared for his earlier editions of the letters, has cast the book in five sections; each has its geographical locus and its central correspondents. The first, "Dublin and Paris (1882-1904)," shows Joyce as a young Dubliner and divides between stately dispatches to the greats he expects to join and letters home, many of a hurried and desperate sort. His mother's illness ("Dear Mother Please write to me at once if you can and tell me what is wrong," a postcard reads in its entirety) brings him back from Paris, and in June of the next year he meets Nora Barnacle. Very soon he is writing her sentences like "It is strange from what muddy pools the angels call forth a spirit of beauty," confessing his "contemptuous suspicious nature," and committing himself to his "dear simple-minded, excitable, deep-voiced, sleepy, impatient Nora." "How I hate God and death! How I like Nora!" he exclaims in one letter, and little more than a month later, in October of 1904, a flurry of notes to friends ("I have absolutely no boots/ J A J") signals his departure for the Continent, his life's mate at his side and the material of his life's work locked inside his head.

His two chief confidants in the decade of "Pola, Rome, Trieste (1904-1915)" are his brother Stanislaus, left behind in Dublin, and, for an interval when Joyce is also in Dublin, his wife, Nora, left behind in Trieste. During this time, four of his books are written, and the fifth ("Ulysses") is planned, yet the world remains ignorant of his genius. To Stanislaus he confides the domestic details of his survival, the travails of his Berlitz School teaching and the private English lessons he gave, the birth of his children, and the progress of his works. The highfalutin and frolicsome tone of the brilliant, arrogant student hardens to a kind of diffident iron: "The stories in *Dubliners* seem to be indisputably well done but, after all, perhaps many people could do them as well. I am not rewarded by any feeling of having overcome difficulties." And he reads; though hard to impress ("Without boasting I think I have little or nothing to learn from English novelists"), he is capable of generous enthusiasms—"As for Tolstoy I disagree with you altogether. Tol-

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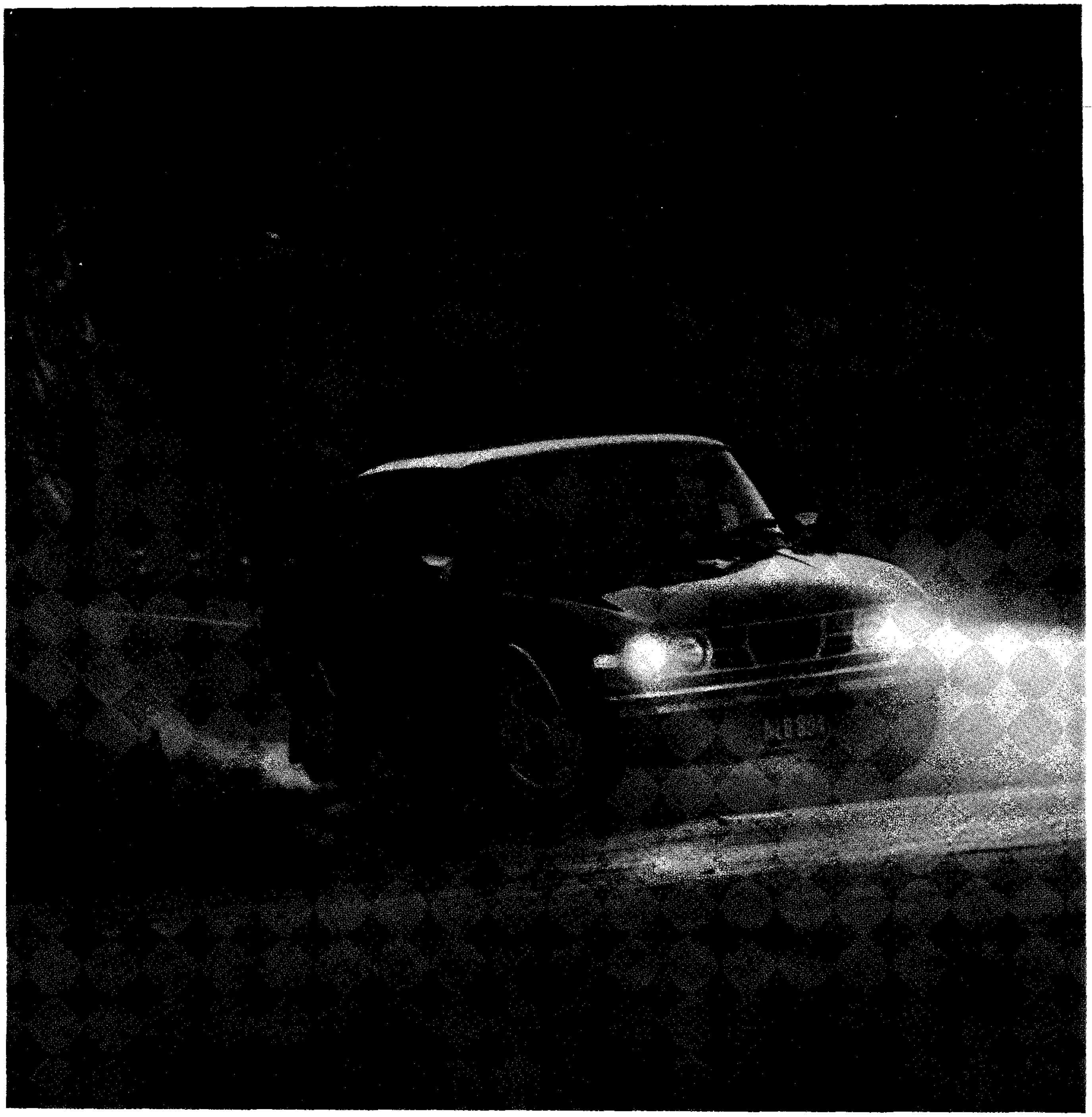

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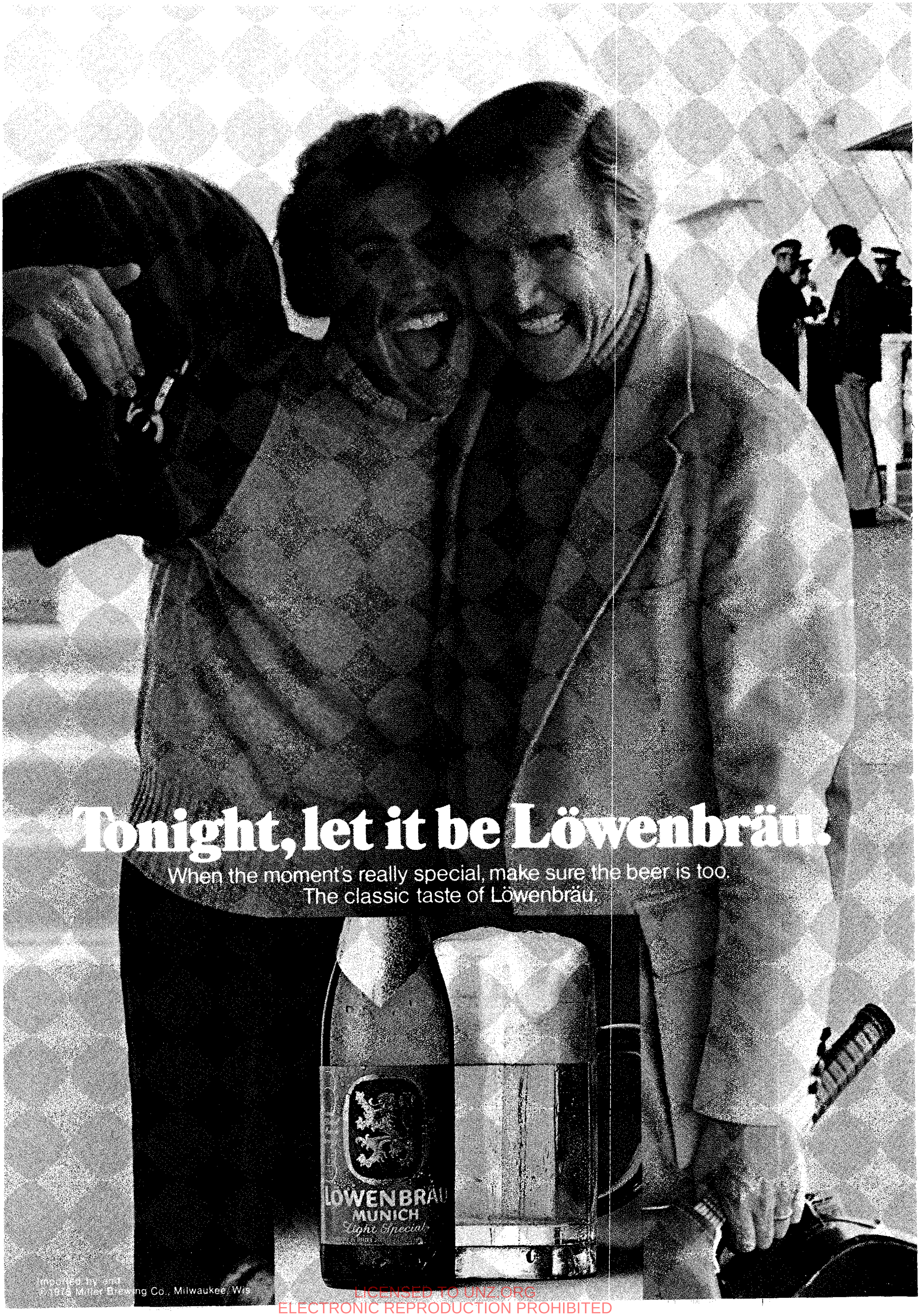
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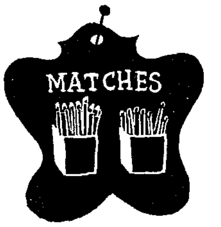
stoy is a magnificent writer. He is never dull, never stupid, never tired, never pedantic, never theatrical!" When the publisher Grant Richards begins the series of small balks that were to delay the publication of "Dubliners" for eight years, Joyce, only twenty-four, sounds the clarion note of his fully developed integrity:

> I cannot do any more than this. I cannot alter what I have written. All these objections of which the printer is now the mouthpiece arose in my mind when I was writing the book, both as to the themes of the stories and their manner of treatment. Had I listened to them I would not have written the book. I have come to the conclusion that I cannot write without offending people.... I can see plainly that there are two sides to the matter but unfortunately I can occupy only one of them.

In the annals of the writer-publisher relationship there is no nobler passage than this.

The "dirty" letters to Nora have claimed much of the attention this book has received, and Ellmann devotes several pages of his general introduction to a consideration of Joyce's erotic attitudes. "The atmosphere is not one of Catholic guilt, but it is certainly not one of pagan insouciance either. He feels compelled to set images of purity against images of impurity." What Joyce saw in Nora, and why he stayed with her, puzzled his contemporaries; his early letters to Stanislaus give glimpses of a shared "simplicity." "She says I have a beautiful character. She calls me simple-minded Jim." In one letter Joyce mildly complains, "Nora, of course, doesn't care a rambling damn about art," and in the next defends her: "You are harsh with Nora because she has an untrained mind.... Her disposition, as I see it, is much nobler than my own, her love also is greater than mine for her. I admire her and I love her and I trust her—I cannot tell how much. I trust her. So enough." Six months later, he writes, "Cosgrave, too, said I would never make anything of her, but it seems to me that in many points in which Cosgrave and I are deficient she does not require any making at all." One of these points, evidently, was a healthy sexuality—remarkably healthy, perhaps, for a provincial girl reared in Irish Catholicism. His letters of 1909 record an instance in which she taught him a new position, and trace her—at first reluctant—collaboration in an exchange of pornographic letters. None of hers have survived, but Joyce admits of one letter that "Yes, it is worse [than his own] in one part or two." His own become quite frenzied. The amorousness of this "extraordinary lover," as he styles himself, had a powerful voyeuristic component, and a pronounced gravitation toward the "bum" and its functions. That she cheerfully indulged his anal, puerile, even masochistic sexual nature considerably explains her value as wife to this man who, in most non-sexual respects, was a resolute "minority of one." His letters, savagely and laughably obscene as parts of them are, in other parts—in the same breath, indeed—become supremely tender, and overall testify, touchingly and convincingly, to that gift Joyce found it so hard to bestow, of trust. In these dozen or so pages, a mere rumor up to now, and no doubt destined to be pirated by the porno presses, one finds the Joyces' marital bond embodied—flesh given the more lasting flesh of words.



In "Zurich, Trieste (1915-1920)," Joyce, war-locked with his family in Switzerland, emerges as a published writer at last, a celebrity, and, to the growing number of his patrons and friends, a cause. Grant Richards had finally brought out "Dubliners," and Yeats' friend "Ezra Pound who is indeed a wonder worker" arranged for the serial publication in *The Egoist* of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." Harriet Shaw Weaver, editor of *The Egoist*, became Joyce's benefactress, sending him, anonymously at first, gifts of money; his letters to her have a tone of genuine humble gratitude unique in Joyce's correspondence:

> You have given me most generous and timely help. I wish I could feel myself worthy of it either as a poet or as a human being. All I can do is to thank you.

In 1916, he haughtily refers his newly acquired American publisher, B. W. Huebsch, to *Who's Who* for biographical information. His letters begin to be filled with mention of "the wretched book" that he is writing, "as Aristotle would say, by different means in different parts." He correctly predicts, "The elements needed will fuse only after a prolonged existence together." And in Zurich he makes the acquaintance of Frank Budgen, an expatriate English painter with whom he strikes up a comradely warmth absent from his letters since his relationship with Stanislaus cooled: "Need I tell you what a great privation it is to me to have not here within earshot your ever patient and friendly

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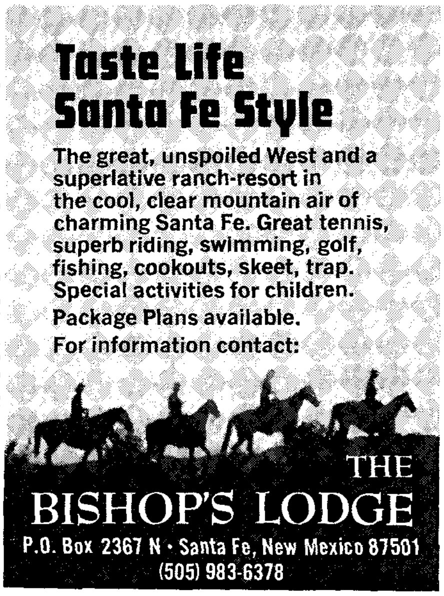
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MARCH 1, 1976

self?" Joyce's life was acquiring a proper equipment, of money, fame, and friends. Still, in 1920 as in 1904, he seemed to have no boots, writing to Ezra Pound, "I wear my son's boots (which are two sizes too large) and his castoff suit which is too narrow in the shoulders. . . . I spend the greater part of my time sprawled across two beds surrounded by mountains of notes."

"Paris (1920-1939)" holds the Joyce of literary legend, of "Ulysses" and Shakespeare and Company, of the mytho-comic encounters with Proust ("I've headaches every day. My eyes are terrible," Joyce is supposed to have said by one account, to which Proust replied, "My poor stomach. What am I going to do?") and Hemingway ("The report is that he and all his family are starving," Hemingway wrote Sherwood Anderson in 1922, "but you can find the whole celtic crew of them every night in Michaud's where Binney and I can only afford to go about once a week"). Joyce's letters from this time are rather dull. The epic event comes and goes early in the decade. In 1920, he writes Harriet Weaver, "The book contains (unfortunately) one episode more than you suppose in your last letter. I am very tired of it and so is everybody else." To Frank Budgen he writes of "*Circe* which by the way is a dreadful performance." To an Italian friend he writes of the "libraccio" (horrible book). To his Aunt Josephine, in Dublin, he writes three weeks before the projected publication date for information about Molly Bloom's prototype and her relatives: "Get an ordinary sheet of foolscap and a pencil and scribble any God damn drivel you may remember about these people." Then the book is out (on Joyce's fortieth birthday, thanks to the heroics of the Dijon printers), and the reader and the writer of these letters are left with the afterwash of a great achievement; celebrity does not bring ease, nor recognition wealth. "My position is a farce," Joyce wrote in 1927. "Picasso has not a higher name than I have, I suppose, and he can get 20,000 or 30,000 francs for a few hours work. I am not worth a penny a line . . ." For the twelve years to come, he is occupied with his daughter Lucia's growing madness and his son Giorgio's bad marriage and his own gathering blindness, and, above all, with the composition of "Finnegans Wake." We tend to picture the Joycean œuvre as a single peak with foothills (where the shallow stream of "Chamber Music"

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twinkles and the perfect gray village of "Dubliners" basks in its own "scrupulous meanness") that slope up through the confessional scree of "A Portrait" and "Exiles" to the mountain of "Ulysses," beyond whose grand crags there is a kind of giddy Irish mist none save graduate students of philology dare venture into. But from the perspective of Joyce's own life, as graphed by these selected letters, the creation of "Finnegans Wake" was the fondest and longest and bravest labor of all. By 1923, he was sending Miss Weaver fragments of the strange "Omniboss" he was building in his head; in March of 1924, he wrote,

> I have finished the Anna Livia piece. Here it is. After it I have hardly energy enough to hold the pen and as a result of work, worry, bad light, general circumstances and the rest. A few words to explain.

He kept explaining "Finnegans Wake" to her, hoping she would like it; several of the newly published letters are word-by-word breakdowns of individual passages as they appeared in the Paris review *transition*. "One great part of every human existence is passed in a state which cannot be rendered sensible by the use of wideawake language, cutandry grammar and goahead plot. I think you will like this piece better than sample." She wrote, "It seems to me you are wasting your genius," and cited Ezra Pound in support. Joyce said, "It is possible Pound is right but I cannot go back," and, amid a hail of familial and medical problems, he went slowly forward, shedding old supporters and gaining a few new ones, accumulating the compacted puns of the most esoteric book ever written, a verbal Book of Kells that must be read letter by letter. Looking into "Finnegans Wake" naïvely, without benefit of the analyses that can now be found in every paperback bookstore, one receives, unexpectedly, an impression of joy, of exclamation (has any book ever had so many exclamation points?), of ceaseless Irish talk. Though the meaning is in most places obscure, the accent is everywhere unmistakable. Through his long exile, Joyce attempted to re-create the sound of the voices that had surrounded him in Dublin's homes and streets and pubs; of "Ulysses" he told Djuna Barnes, "They are all there, the great talkers, they and the things they forgot"—the remark is even truer of "Finnegans Wake." "A high old tide for the barheated publics and the whole day as gratiis!" Perhaps one should not even resist the impression of drunken

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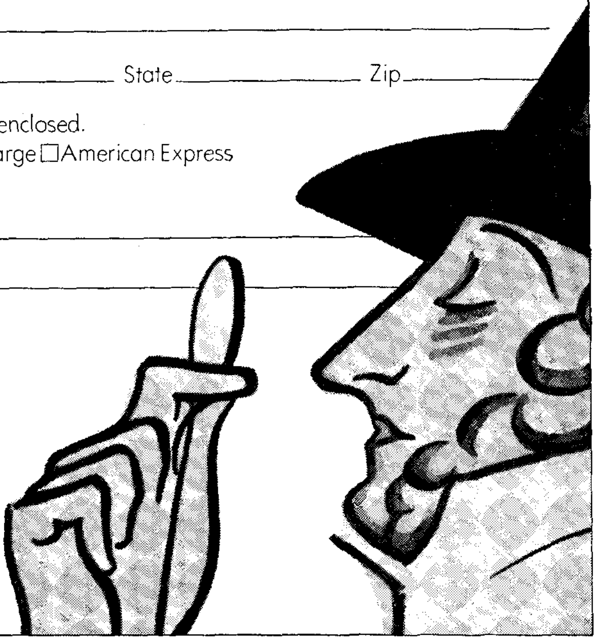

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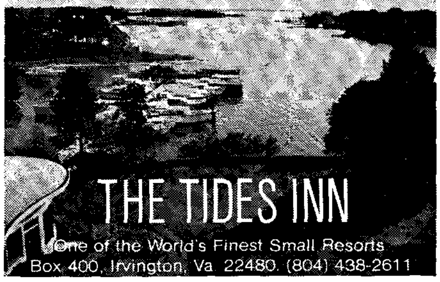

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mumbling, of children's mispronunciation. The book brims with games, with childish manipulations, with shouting, and there is something on every page to make us laugh aloud. The last chapters of "Ulysses" and all of "Finnegans Wake" are remarkably cheerful. Through the polymathic richness of allusion—the "enigmas and puzzles that . . . will keep the professors busy for centuries arguing over what I meant"—we gaze into a strange simplicity, the simple-mindedness that Nora Barnacle had felt in her young lover and that Joyce had confessed to Frank Budgen, saying, "With me, the thought is always simple." At the outset, Joyce had credited Ibsen with wresting "the secret from life;" "Finnegans Wake," that illiterate-looking climax of literacy, that babble of "barheated" voices, offers Joyce's secret. Its paradox of simplicity and complexity descends from the father of whom Joyce writes to Harriet Weaver in 1932, upon his death, "He was the silliest man I ever knew and yet cruelly shrewd. . . . Hundreds of pages and scores of characters in my books came from him." That same year, he confides to Alfred Bergan, "No man could be worthy of such intense love as my father had for me." His secret, then, and the secret of his demonic powers of celebration and defiance, may be this simple: he felt loved by a father he loved.

"Saint-Gérand-le-Puy, Zurich (1939-1941)" sees Joyce into the grave. The coming of war chased him from Paris, as he had been chased from Trieste in 1915. He writes most of his letters now in other languages, in French, Italian, and German. He does not, though idle, begin a new book. His last one feels to have fallen into silence. "*Vous me parlez d'un certain 'roman' que j'ai écrit,*" he writes from the village, near Vichy, of Saint-Gérand. "*Ici personne n'a soufflé mot de son existence.*" Not a word of its existence. Not a word, either, of a new beginning; he rereads "Finnegans Wake," "adding commas." An old friend and amanuensis, Paul Léon, shows up in the village, fleeing the Germans. He and Joyce together methodically compile the list of nine hundred misprints in "Finnegans Wake" that is Joyce's last literary labor. In 1906, he wrote his brother, "I have written quite enough and before I do any more in that line I must see some reason why—I am not a literary Jesus Christ." In 1941, he writes his brother, in Italian, a list of people who might help Stanislaus survive in Hitler's Europe, and within the month is dead, of a duodenal ulcer he had been harboring. His desk was clean. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

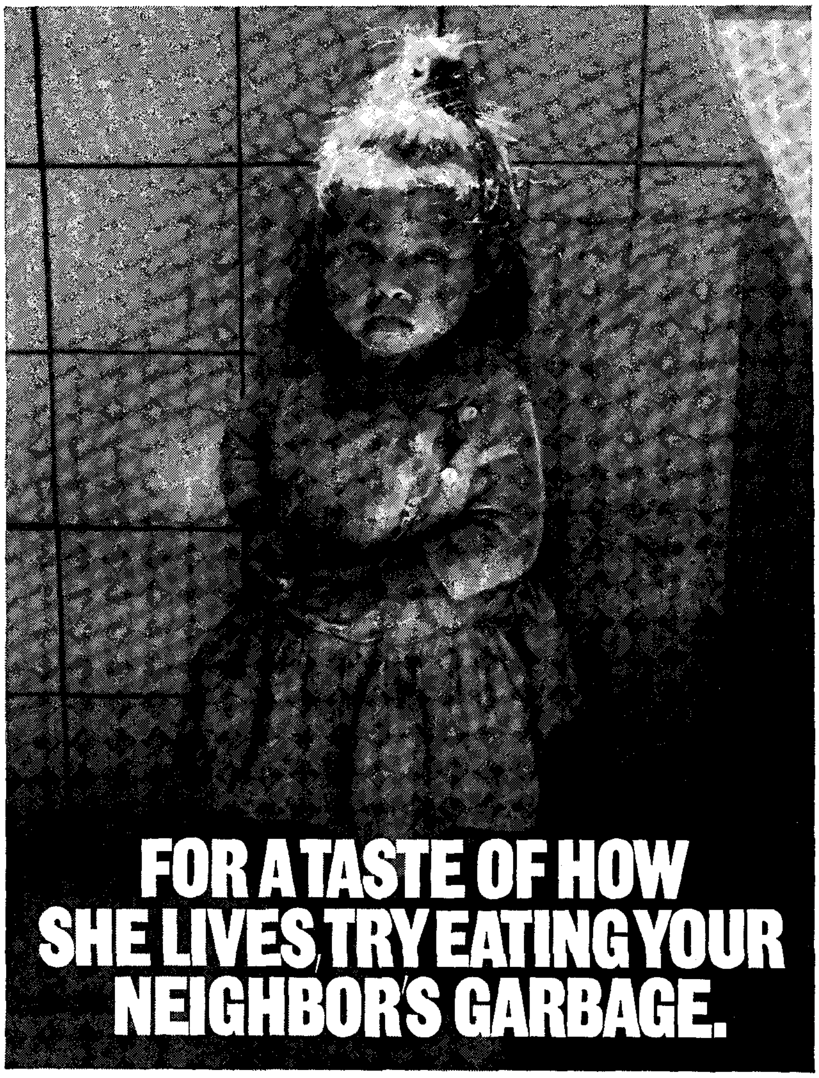
THE TRUE AMERICAN, by Melvin Van Peebles (Doubleday). When George Abraham Carver, a young black turn-of-the-century prisoner working with other black prisoners in a Georgia quarry, gets killed in a rock slide, he is sent by the Heavenly tribunal to Hell, for reasons as unfair and as capricious as those that landed him in jail on earth. For a black, however, life in the American sector of Hell turns out to be not half bad—a lot better, in fact, than it ever had been for Abe in Georgia. The Devil, it seems, hopes to keep only a majority of his sinners unhappy, and since the majority is white, black souls are given preferential treatment, because "any contentment the Blacks have only adds to the misery of the others." Thus, promisingly, unwinds this "folk fable," which then proceeds to describe Abe's education in Hell and his misadventures during two return trips to life on earth—one during the First World War, the second for a longer period, into the nineteen-sixties, which ends with his being attacked by Southern rednecks. Unfortunately, the book never really lives up to its promise, largely because of its pasteboard characters, its meandering plot, and its author's tendency to use a two-ton sledgehammer to drive home every point he makes about racist America.

OH'S PROFIT, by John Goulet (Morrow). A gorilla who has been taught sign language—his name is Oh—becomes a pawn in an academic battle. On one side are scientists (many of them behaviorists and firm believers in experimentation) who hold that language is learned simply as a response to stimuli, and on the other side are scientists (called in this book Genesis Grammarians) who contend that the basic structure of any language is innate in the human brain. That division—roughly sketched—is the basis, and "Oh's Profit" takes off from there. It tells us that the Genesis Grammarians would be so horribly embarrassed by a gorilla who learned human language that they would attempt, in the most dastardly ways imaginable, to sabotage the experiment. The villainous leader of their party is a Yale professor named Sandground, and the resemblance between his ideas and those of the real M.I.T. linguist Noam Chomsky (inventor of a science called Generative Grammar) is a bit too close for Mr. Goulet's good. Sandground's adversary is an Indiana professor named Liedlich; gloomy, alcoholic, unable to satisfy his young wife, Liedlich is rightly paranoid about his professional rivals. But center stage belongs to his star pupil, Oh, who is not just a smart ape but a feeling, remembering, aspiring, wistful, complicated one as well—an affable variant of those sci-fi creatures from outer space who turn out to be more humane than human beings. Oh redeems this book from its in-jokes; he gives it a strong core.

GENERAL

A Passionate Prodigality: Letters to Alan Bird from Richard Aldington 1949-62, edited and with an introduction by Miriam J. Benkovitz (New York Public Library/Readex Books). Crackling, curmudgeonly letters, written by a noted English author (then residing in France and old enough not to give a damn what anybody thought) to a young scholar who assisted him in an iconoclastic biography of T. E. Lawrence. Aldington considered Lawrence to be a "national fraud," and he had to fight the Establishment to get his book published. Roughly half of these letters are concerned with that battle, and he also has devastating comments on Robert Graves, Winston Churchill, Ezra Pound, B. H. Liddell Hart, T. S. Eliot, F. R. Leavis, John Milton, Bernard Berenson, George Bernard Shaw, Thomas Carlyle, book reviewers, homosexuals, and various other Englishmen, Americans, Russians, and Frenchmen. Remarkably, Aldington can express violently opposed opinions without seeming to be a split personality; T. S. Eliot, for example, he calls a "genius as a poet" and "after [T. E. Lawrence] the biggest fraud and cleverest literary strategist and self-advertiser of this century," yet the voice remains that of the same, fiercely honest man.

Up from Communism, by John P. Diggins (Harper & Row). A richly textured account of certain aspects of American intellectual history from 1912 to the present. The core of the book is an examination of the ca-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reers of four American writers—Max Eastman, John Dos Passos, James Burnham, and Will Herberg—who became political radicals early in life and, over the years, moved from the far left to the far right: from communism to the kind of conservatism espoused by William Buckley's *National Review*, a publication that all four of them have served as contributors or editors. If it were no more than a record of their case histories, the book would be of limited interest, but Mr. Diggins vividly re-creates the literary and political atmosphere of the period, and places the four men in relation to dozens of their contemporaries. In the process, he provides new insights into the kind of liberal society that ours essentially is—one in which radicals "cannot make a revolution" and conservatives "cannot create a tradition." But as radicals and as conservatives, these men saw liberals as contemptible allies of the menacing ideologies—fascism on the one hand, communism on the other—they opposed. The sympathies of the author are clearly left of center, but the book is anything but a liberal or radical polemic. Unlike others of his persuasion, he does not accuse any of his subjects of intellectual dishonesty or opportunism; he sees them as having in common an idealism of considerable intensity. Because Mr. Diggins, a professor of history at the University of California, has an interesting and well-stocked mind of his own, and because he writes with uncommon felicity, his book, in addition to being instructive and stimulating, is a pleasure to read.

PURITAN'S PROGRESS, by Monica Furlong (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). Lucid, simple, and thorough, this admirable biography not only tells all that the author has found out about John Bunyan's life but examines his work and his personality from psychological, theological, historical, literary, and plain-commonsensical points of view. Mrs. Furlong's paragraphs are so graceful and succinct that a hasty critic might accuse them of being superficial; in fact, they are based on firm knowledge and sympathy. With Bunyanesque skill, she presents her subject as a tinker's son who achieved fame, a dissenter who went to prison for his beliefs, and a tormented soul who felt persecuted by God even as he sought freedom through faith. One's only quibble with this book is that it

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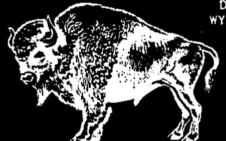

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includes a long synopsis of "The Pilgrim's Progress," which is not, after all, hot off the press.

WORLD OF OUR FATHERS: THE JOURNEY OF THE EAST EUROPEAN JEWS TO AMERICA, AND THE LIFE THEY FOUND AND MADE, by Irving Howe (Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich). The single most illuminating item in this large, thoughtful history is the first of its several photographs, taken in some unidentified *shtetl*, which shows unmistakably the rural squalor in which the Jews of the old Russian Empire lived. The scene compares unfavorably with, say, sharecroppers' shanties or with Indians' hogans on the worst of our reservations, and it illustrates a point that the author is making: the heavy immigration of Yiddish-speaking Jews that began in the eighteen-eighties was another instance of a repeated pattern of modern times—the migration of rural poor to urban centers, in this case New York City. Mr. Howe covers nearly a century—which means, of course, a huge variety of experience, from that of the actual immigrant generation to that of their children and grandchildren—and touches on innumerable subjects that will interest the reader who cares about New York City history as well as about the Jewish past. He himself, though, is most interested in these Jews' verbal culture—Yiddish prose, poetry, and folk speech—which is now dying out.

PRESIDENTIAL STYLE: SOME GIANTS AND A PYGMY IN THE WHITE HOUSE, by Samuel and Dorothy Rosenman, with an introduction by James MacGregor Burns (Harper & Row). The giant Presidents the authors study are Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Harry Truman; the pygmy is Warren G. Harding. The authors (Samuel Rosenman was special counsel to F.D.R.) see plenty of faults in their heroes—T.R.'s "impetuousness," on the one hand, and his distant cousin's "secretiveness," on the other. What emerges as the single characteristic shared by the giants is outsize self-assurance; the contrast with Harding's uncertainty, diffidence, and dependence on the judgment of others is striking indeed.

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—*South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.*

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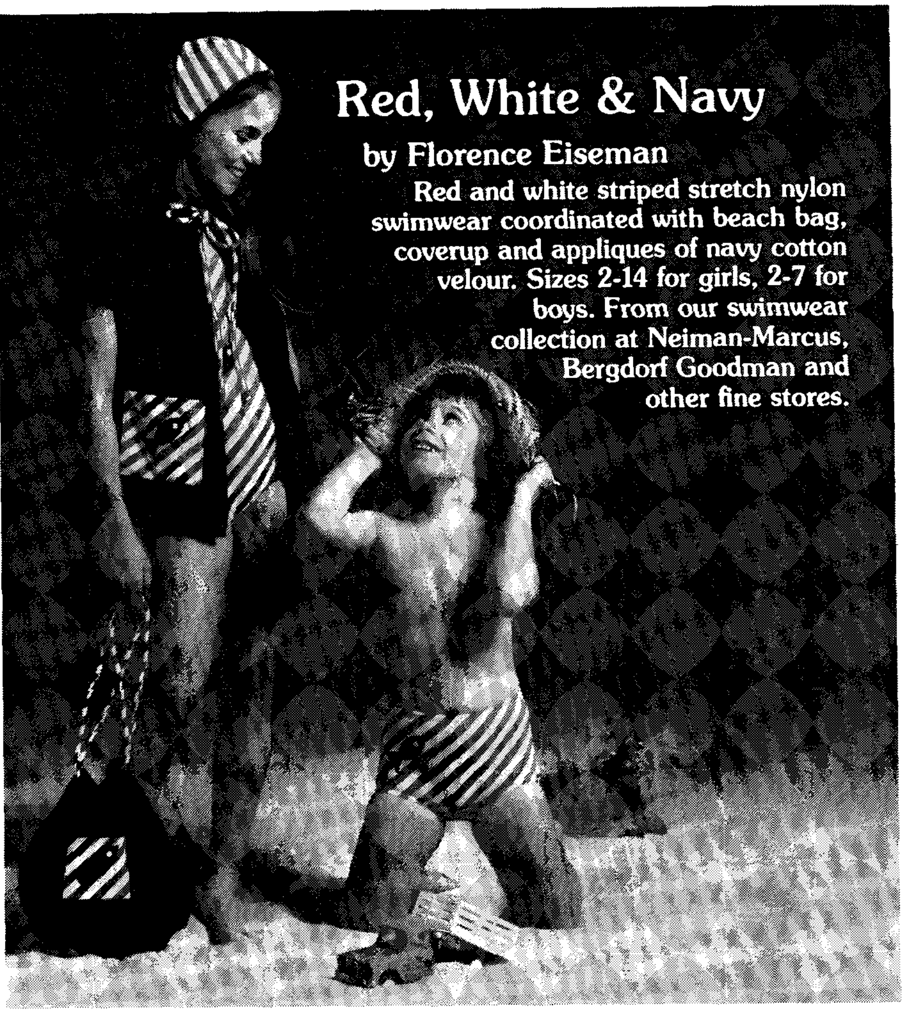
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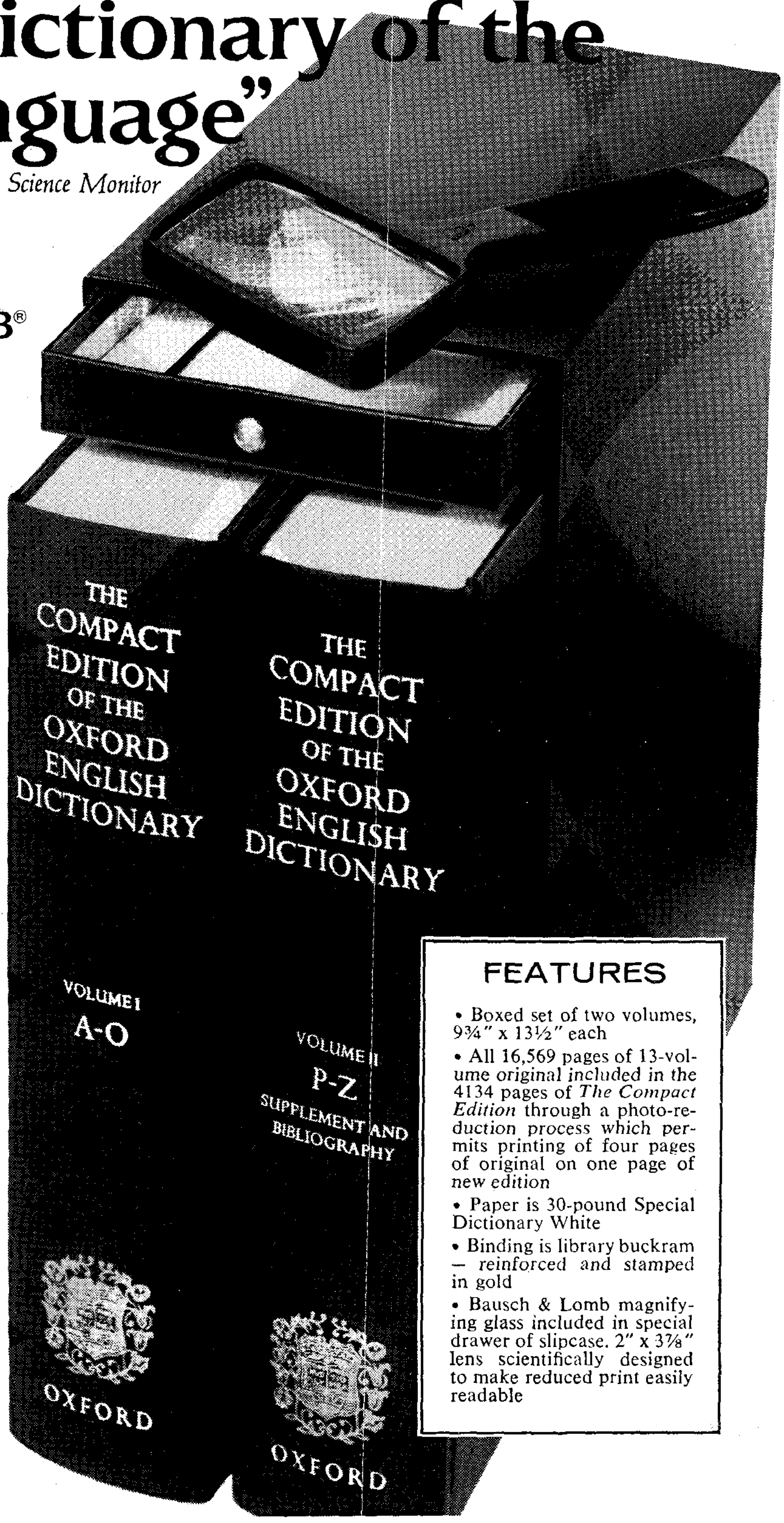
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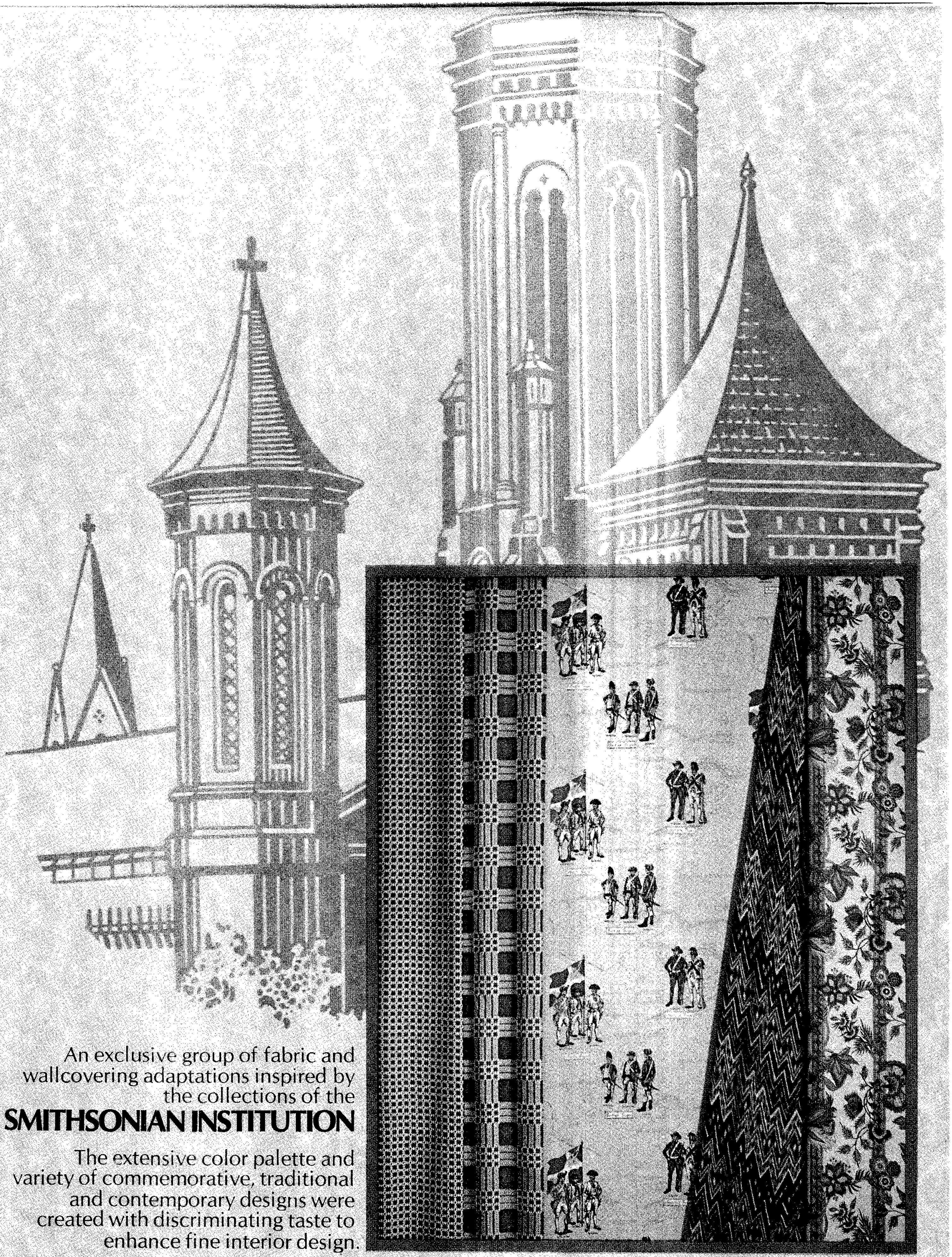

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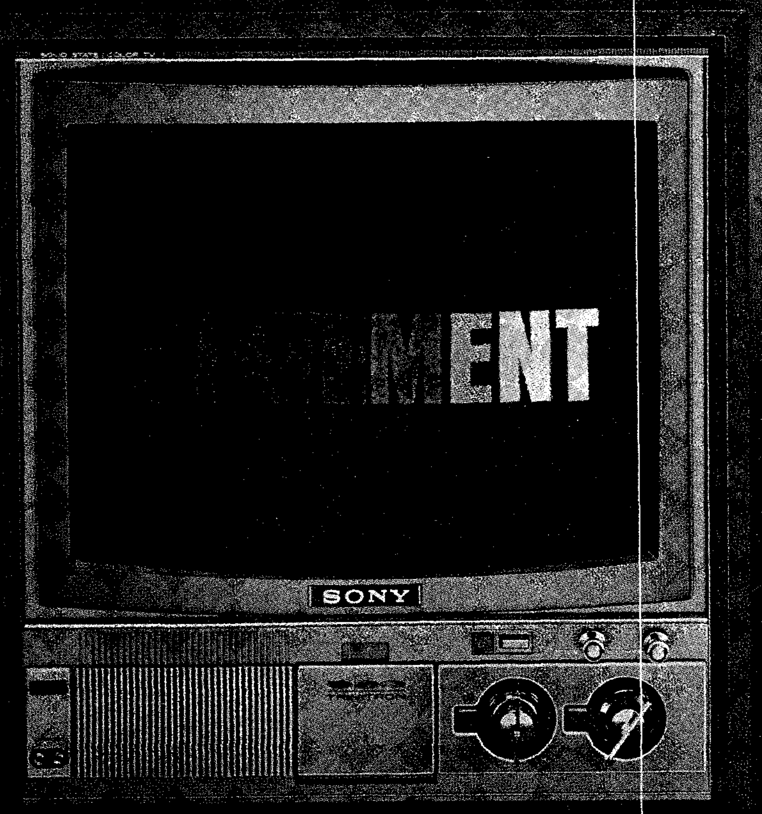

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